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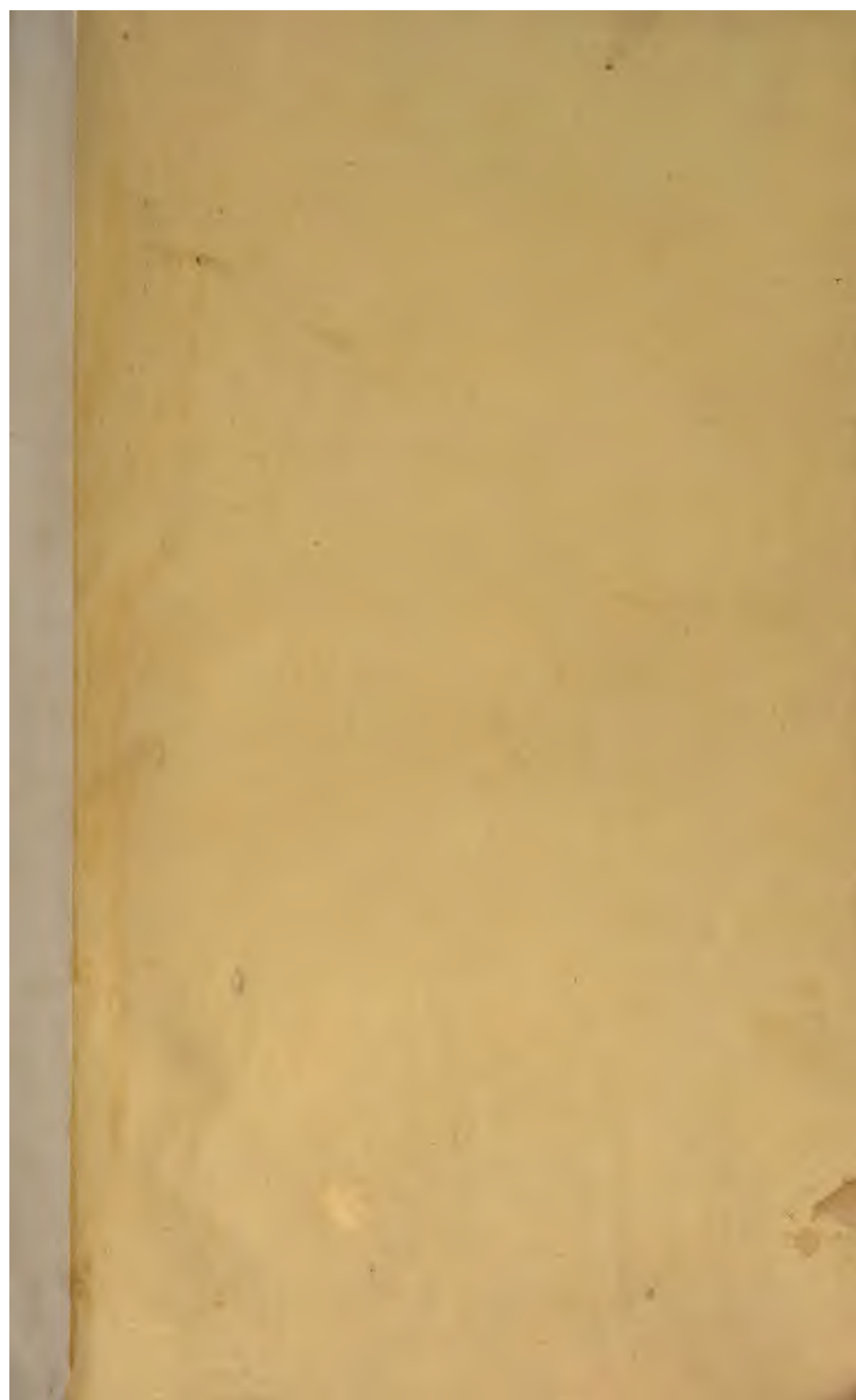
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SPIRITUALISM:  
ITS NATURE AND MISSION.

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BY S. B. BRITTAN.

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"The Spirit giveth life."—PAUL.

A SUPERFICIAL system of philosophy will always be material in its nature, since it regards only the outward forms and visible phenomena of the Universe, while a profound philosophy will necessarily be spiritual, because it seeks the mysterious depths of existence, and aims to discover those hidden laws and spiritual forces on which all physical developments depend. The deepest philosophy will, therefore, be the most religious, if not in the popular apprehension, at least in a rational and true sense. If "the undevout Astronomer is mad," it would seem that all our investigations into Nature should serve but to deepen the reverence of the truly rational mind. Those who look at Nature from without — who question her oracles from the world's remote position — never hear the responses from her inmost shrine. They know as little of her divine utterances as the traveler, in a strange land, may know of the forms of worship peculiar to the country he is in, while he only gazes from a distance at the walls of its temples. We must *enter* the divine precincts — *breathe* the spiritual atmosphere — and bow at the altars from which the incense of perpetual worship ascends. Standing within the veil, we discover that the illuminated seers, and the inspired poets and prophets of all ages, in their sublimest moods, have but echoed the voices of Nature, or spoken the words of God, from out the inner courts of his Sanctuary.

The motto at the head of this article involves the consideration, that the vital principle in all things is *Spiritual*. In every object

we trace the presence of a power, greater than all material things, as the actuating principle is superior to the gross forms it governs. The comparative immobility of matter, in its inferior combinations, is incompatible with the existence of the superior forms and functions of organized being. The susceptibility of matter to motion, must be increased, by the attenuation of the physical elements, in order to develop those changes and combinations, among the ultimate particles which are indispensable to organic formation. It is evident that, among the more ethereal conditions which matter assumes, the atomic relations are constantly changing; and as we traverse the great spiral of ascending life, the forms in each succeeding gradation become more curious and beautiful, and their functions the more mysterious and divine. Enthroned above the dead elements in an unparticled essence, is the spiritual power from which their vitality is derived. The meanest form in Nature—the feeblest thing in which the living principle is enshrined and revealed—receives the quickening energy from the infinite Sensorium. From Nature's great heart the vital currents flow out through all the arteries of Being. All life is the action of Mind on Matter; it is the revelation of a spiritual presence—of God's presence! If we ascend to those sublime heights, where thought folds her weary pinions, and aspiration seeks repose; or, if we descend into the mysterious and fathomless abyss—to the vast profound, where the shadows of nonentity veil the germs of existence—in every place, and in all natures, is God revealed. In the endless cycles of material and spiritual development—from the deep Center to the undiscovered circumference of being—His thoughts are written; and from all spheres accessible by men or angels, it is revealed that, "the Spirit giveth life."

Here we may announce, as the subject of this disquisition, **THE NATURE AND MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.**

It must be sufficiently obvious, that the religious faith and scientific philosophy of the world have been sadly at variance. It is impossible to disguise the fact, that many of the most exalted minds have, on this account, been driven away from the great truths which most intimately concern the peace of the soul.—This has resulted in a great degree, from the materialistic attributes and tendencies of modern Theology, which have been mis-

taken, even by men of great spiritual powers, for the divine realities of Christ's religion. This theology, as it appears to us, does virtually divorce the indwelling Divinity of the Universe from its outward form; it severs all direct connection between the Creator and the spirits he has made; it closes up the avenues of spiritual sensation, and, by its cold formalism and materiality would ossify the very souls of men, so that the Divine energy and the thoughts of angelic beings might no more flow into the human mind! Whatever is inexplicable by the known laws of physical nature, this theology is disposed to regard as *supernatural*; it limits all inspiration to the writers of a single Book, teaching that the day of revelation and miracle is past, and that man may no longer receive divine communications. The baptism of this theology in the name of Jesus, did not divest it of its outward corruptions, or cleanse it from its inherent grossness and materialism. The creature was about to enwrap himself in the dark folds of a cheerless and painful skepticism. The scholastic theology did not satisfy the rational faculties. Accordingly, Man sought for the evidence of his immortality in the nature of things, but being unable to perceive interior principles, or to trace the connection between material and spiritual existences, the sweet hope of immortal life was ready to expire in the soul. He paused in his investigations, lest he should discover the fallacy of all his cherished hopes. He sought to retire to the dim obscurity, in which he had slumbered so long; but deep, and thrilling utterances came from the invisible depths, and the unresting spirit was moved by a mysterious and unknown power.

To the old, arbitrary Formalism we oppose a divine Philosophy, which regards spirit as the Origin and End of all things—the cause of all external forms, and the source of all visible phenomena. It teaches that Deity pervades and governs, by established laws, the Universe of material and spiritual existence; that all truth is *natural*, and adapted to the rational faculties; that God is enshrined in the human soul; and, moreover, that all men, as they become God-like in spirit and life, are rendered susceptible to divine impressions, and may derive instruction from a higher sphere of intelligence. The spiritual idea will be found to comprehend the results of our faith and philosophy. From this point of observa-

tion we perceive that, by an almost infinite series of imperceptible gradations, the material elements are sublimated to ethereality, and organic existence becomes individualized and immortal. The relations of the visible and invisible worlds are here discoverable. Existence is seen to be one unbroken chain, beginning in Deity and ending in the lowest forms of matter; while faith and science, for the first time, meet and harmonize in one grand system of universal truth. In the light of these views, we discover that the limits of Nature are not to be determined by the capacity of the senses and the understanding to perceive and comprehend them. Nature, if not absolutely illimitable, extends immeasurably beyond the limits of all human observation. The essential principles of Revelation have been presumed to be at war with Nature, only because our investigations of the latter have been restricted to the circumscribed sphere of visible existence. The external world contains many grand and beautiful revelations of power and wisdom, but as we leave the mere surface of being and descend into the great deep from which the elements of all life and thought are evolved, we feel a still stronger conviction that God is in all things, and that

"Order is Heaven's first law."

We are not discussing the doubtful merits of a mere human invention; not for some idle fancy or strange hallucination do we demand a serious and candid examination. It is a system of universal philosophy for which we ask a careful hearing and an honest judgment. This philosophy opens to man spheres of thought in which the free spirit may revel forever; surpassing all our former conceptions in the divinity of its principles, the comprehensiveness of its details, and the spirituality and unspeakable grandeur of its objects and results. It is the light of the Spiritual World which now shines out through Nature's material vestments. Neither the discovery nor the application of its principles should, as it appears to us, be passed to the credit of any individual man. It is HUMANITY'S best thought in the great day of its Resurrection. From England, France and Germany, as well as other advanced portions of the earth, the light is seen to radiate. The Heavens, so long veiled in gloom, are beginning to be illuminated

with divine coruscations, as though the Shekinah was about to be revealed anew in one vast halo encircling the nations.

It may be proper to observe, in this connection, that the outward circumstances and events which constitute the chief elements of human history sufficiently indicate the inward nature and controlling ideas of men. The great purpose of life, and the general pursuits in which one is most actively employed, will be found to bear his own image. Every day opens a new chapter for the world's observation, in which the individual man writes his history in living and immortal characters. A man's life *is* himself. Employ an artist to represent the Virgin, and whether he will paint the Madonna or the Venus, will depend on the measure of his own spiritual growth. His idea will be incarnated in a voluptuous or in a spiritual form, in proportion as the sense or the soul has the preponderance. The sensualist — though gifted with the spirit of poesy and endowed with a masterly eloquence—if he were required to describe Heaven, would portray the paradise of the Arabian Prophet, peopled with those forms of physical grace and loveliness which ravish the senses while they enthrall the soul. The highest heaven of a refined sensualist would correspond to the Turkish seraglio, rather than the ethereal abodes of angelic life. Thus does every man embody himself in his works, and especially do we find in his religious life the autobiography of his inward being. It indicates the specific degree of development to which he has attained. If his religion be material, it is because his nature is so. While the higher faculties of the soul are slumbering in embryo, the religious principle very naturally clothes itself with material vestments, and the objects of its adoration are those forms which address themselves to the outward senses. In a state of savagism, men worship some visible object. Thus the sun, moon, and stars, the elements, and even beasts, birds, reptiles and plants, have been invested with a sacred importance, and with those attributes which command the reverence of the benighted human spirit.

If we apply this principle to Christ—and to his religion, as taught and practically illustrated by himself—it will be found to warrant the loftiest ideal of his spirituality. His religion was the farthest possible remove from a mere ritualism. Notwithstanding

the old Pharisees were constantly citing the authority of Moses and the Prophets, Christ offered no written creed or deified books, to which an unreasoning conformity was demanded. Not one of the early Apostles required subscription to any sharply defined standard of opinion, either as the condition of present fellowship or of future salvation. It was manifestly no part of their mission thus to tempt the weak and the unworthy. Christianity never contemplated a *oneness of opinion*, it aimed at a more glorious consummation — “THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.” In this view of the subject, we have no occasion to undervalue its beautiful precepts, or to neglect the proper and obvious distinction between its spiritual realities and the materialism of popular theology.

While mortals would have honored Christ as the world delights to honor its own, he would accept no earthly jurisdiction, but sought the humblest place, saying, — “My kingdom is not of this world.” And yet that kingdom was not far removed. No fathomless gulf separated his throne from the sphere of man’s present existence. He fixed the seat of his empire, and signified the spiritual nature of his government, when he said, — “The kingdom of God is with you.” Christianity — not, indeed, as it is defined in the theological systems of the world, but the Christianity of Christ — the religion of that divinely beautiful life — was a SPIRITUALISM. It had no visible material object of worship; it required the observance of no costly rites and ceremonies; no gilded altars and fashionable temples — reared by the sweat and blood of the poor — were consecrated to its service. Christ announced the existence of one God — an all-pervading spiritual presence. The Heaven he disclosed — the Heaven reflected from the calm depths of his own beautiful spirit — was HARMONY. With him, the Universe was the temple of that Being whose appropriate worship — the pure offering of the grateful soul — was alike acceptable in all places. The worshiper was no more required to climb the Sacred Mount to be heard of God; the poor pilgrim, on his way to some distant shrine, hallowed by the worship of ages, might pause and seek repose, conscious of the Divine presence and protection. The Father of all spirits — the Infinite which Christ revealed — was there — was everywhere — to watch over his children. The lonely

mountain, the desolate wilderness, and the tempestuous sea, were alike consecrated by the holy Presence.

But the spiritualism of Christ's religion was not manifest merely in his moral precepts, in the simplicity of his worship and the divinity of his life, but in the views it unfolds of the relations of the visible and invisible worlds. The power of departed spirits to influence mankind — to infuse their thoughts into the human soul, or to present themselves in the forms which characterized their earthly existence — is everywhere recognized. Christ and his Apostles, as well as the Seers and Prophets of all ages and countries, entertained this idea. All men, from the highest to the lowest capacity of earth, were presumed to be influenced, in a greater or less degree, by invisible spiritual agents. Jesus is said to have been led of the spirit into the wilderness, where he fasted forty days; at the baptism, a spirit descended and rested on him in the form of a dove; in the mount of transfiguration — when the face of Jesus shone "as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light" — Moses and Elias appeared and conversed with the disciples. — (Matt. xvii. 2, 3.) Faith in the constant presence and frequent appearance of disembodied spirits, was universal among the early Christians, or we have read the New Testament to no purpose. — When the disciples were at sea in the night, and Jesus approached them, they were troubled and said it is a spirit. After the Crucifixion, when the disciples were assembled at Jerusalem, Jesus appeared in their midst and they were terrified, supposing that they had seen a spirit. The Revelator testified that he was in the spirit on the Lord's day; and again, that he was carried away in the spirit. Paul speaks of being "caught up to the third heaven," and of hearing "unspeakable words, not lawful for a man to utter." The same Apostle, writing to the Hebrews, of those who have departed this life, says, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Under the preaching of Peter, as would appear from the narration, about three thousand persons were, on one occasion, introduced into a psychical state, so that they began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance — in other words as they were impressed. There are numerous allusions in every part of the Scriptures to the presence and power of spirits, and many per-

sons are declared to have been subject to the guardianship of some invisible agency.

Now to say that all these experiences ceased with the age of the Apostles, is not merely taking for granted what never has been proved, it is a gratuitous assumption for which there is no warrant either in Nature or Revelation. The Universe is one vast repository of means and instruments directed by the Omniscient Mind to the accomplishment of his great designs. The material elements and all the refined agents in Nature, are at his disposal, and subject to those laws which are but the expression of his eternal thought. Reason and analogy authorize the inference that, in the spiritual as well as the physical world, various instrumentalities are employed to secure the results of the Divine administration. If God moves in the elements, and governs the revolutions of material nature, His presence is still more gloriously displayed as we ascend to those spheres where existence becomes more ethereal and divine. All subordinate intelligences may, therefore, be regarded as His ministers, sent forth in his name, armed with a measure of his power, and in some way subservient to his chief design. It is every where allowed, by the believers in revealed religion, that the deep things of the Spirit once found an utterance on earth — that Angels were sent to converse with mortals. Alas! have they bid a final adieu to the sphere of Man's present existence? To the spiritually-minded, it is a grave and important question which concerns the fate of those spirits who were wont to visit the earth, and to influence man in the olden time. Where, O, where *are* they? Will some authorized expounder of the modern scholastic divinity inform us whether they are all *dead*, or on a *journey*, that they are so generally presumed to have suspended their functions?

It is a curious fact that while the outward Church arrogates the exclusive possession of all the divine powers and graces now existing on the earth, it has little or no real faith in any thing spiritual. Its theology separates, by an impassable gulf, the spheres of visible and invisible life; it virtually denies to the soul any present susceptibility to the influence of more exalted natures; it sunders the golden chain which binds the spirit to the sphere of its immortal birth — hurles it down from the high heaven of its

aspirations and the companionship of Angels—and leaves Man to grovel among the dead elements of earth. True, it gives the vague promise of immortality hereafter, but it affords no definite conception of the relations of that state and the present, while it utterly discards the idea that spirits, in these last days, have any thing whatever to do with the affairs of men. Its heaven is afar off, or is peopled with inert spirits who seem to love their ease and forget their friends. It will be perceived, I think, that Materialism does not find all or its most distinguished advocates without the pale of the visible church. The ablest defenders of the so-called Christian theology, denounce Spiritualism as a most insidious heresy. When some susceptible nature is seen to yield to psychological action, or to exhibit a faith in the great principles of spiritual science, the inference is that he may be a fool, a knave, a madman, or perhaps that he is “filled with new wine.” They no more believe that angels ever speak to mortals, or manifest the powers by which they once influenced human thought and action. The whole Spirit-world is supposed to be silent now—and powerless—as though palsy were an epidemic in Heaven! Modern theology suggests the idea of a huge *petrification*, existing, to be sure, in a remarkable state of preservation; but—so lifeless—so cold—so stony, that the contemplation chills the soul. But unlike the fossil remains of some ancient body from which the life has departed; not like an old man bending beneath the weight of years and iniquities; nor yet, like the sculptured marble—white but cold—is Spiritualism. Rather is it a warm, living, and divine creation, invested with celestial light and immortal beauty. Spiritualism brings Heaven and our departed friends back to us. It shows heaven to exist where it was in Christ’s time—in the soul—“*within you.*” It teaches that,

“No curtain hides from view the spheres Elysian,  
But this poor shell of half-transparent dust;  
While all that blinds our spiritual vision,  
Is pride, and hate, and lust.”

While Spiritualism claims for Christianity all that the most devout believer can rationally require, it violates no principle of Nature, nor does it insult the enlightened human understanding

by withholding its sanction from a scientific philosophy. It respects the claims of each. Nor is this all; it harmonizes their respective claims. It can not be denied that, among the believers in this spiritual philosophy are many who have been avowed Materialists, and the most determined opposers of all revealed religion, as well as many others who have long been numbered with the most exemplary Christian believers. It is a remarkable fact that Spiritualism is bringing into one vast communion those who have hitherto entertained the most discordant theological opinions. The disciples alike of Voltaire and Rousseau, Lord Herbert, Bolingbroke, Hume and Thomas Paine, of Swendenborg, Elias Hicks, John Calvin, John Wesley, John Murry, Priestley and Channing are here; and with one spirit, and in a great degree with one mind, they are uniting in a new, and—in its consummation we trust—a more spiritual and glorious union. It is now manifest that when our faith shall be rationalized and our philosophy spiritualized, they will meet and form one comprehensive system of material and spiritual science, sanctioned by the illuminated reason and sanctified by the universal faith and worship of man.

But it is in vain to expect that order will prevail until the transition is accomplished. The changes in the moral, social and religious ideas of men, like the great political struggles of the world are ever attended with scenes of strife and confusion. When the storm gathers and breaks over earth and sea, there will always be some loose particles thrown off from the mass of elements, and left to float awhile at random, seemingly obedient to no law save the airy impulse of the hour. If these are not always the creatures of light, they are light creatures, floating on the surface of the mental deep, and whose erratic movements sufficiently indicate the direction of the various currents. But the staid and philosophic mind moves like the stately ship, majestically forward, unshaken by the little eddies that ripple the surface of the waters. Sometimes these volatile geniuses, ascending through the gaseous exhalations of earth become luminous, and are seen as wandering lights, which, to some poor mundane observers appear like sublime stars in the distant firmament. They circumvolve in the most eccentric orbits, yet around no center real or imaginary. In this great transition, where the motion of the elements is rapid and

powerful, some will become giddy and lose their balance. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the extremes to which these may go. Well, let them go. Our faith and hope, as regards the final issue, are not left to rest on the incidental and local appearances which accompany the period of revolution. The philosopher looks on with a calm spirit, with unshaken nerves and an unfaltering trust, knowing that the spirit of God moves above the uplifted elements of strife, and that Order will come forth from Chaos.

"The spirit giveth life." But it is especially necessary to the continuance of the life functions that the body be complete. When the integrity of the structure is lost; when the organic relation and dependence is once destroyed, and the members are scattered, it is impossible for the true life to remain. From the ruins of the falling temple the divinity soars triumphantly away to some holier shrine. We have here the present condition of the outward Church. It has been possessed of the demon of Sectarism, until the body is rent in pieces and the fragments are scattered and quivering in the pangs of expiring life. As certainly as vitality can not remain in a mutilated body, the divine life can not be exhibited in the present state of the Church. These many members must first be united — must become one body — harmoniously constituted, and then the whole will be animated by the spirit of God. If the Christian world is to realize this union; if the organs of that mystical body are ever brought into their true relations, it must be on the plane which Spiritualism presents. It is only a system predicated on the spiritual idea, which harmonizes our faith and philosophy, and brings the Infidel and the Christian together, that can possibly secure this most desirable consummation. The time for that great union is rapidly approaching, and the voice that speaks to us in the events of To-day, may be the trumpet of the Resurrection!

In conclusion, it may be well to observe that, the divine energy of a true Spiritualism is required to save man from his sordid, earthly tendencies. When the soul's claims are denied—the spirit crushed and imprisoned, even by those who claim to minister to its necessities—the lusts of the flesh are left to exert a fearful power and to achieve a mortal triumph. The sanctuary is polluted, the soul is paralyzed, and its beautiful functions are suspended by the

magnetism of Earth and Hell. Oppression and War, with all their startling colors and infernal machinery, are suffered to desolate the world, and

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless millions mourn."

While man has thus walked according to the flesh, unreasoning passion and brute force have ruled the earth with an iron scepter, spreading a fearful pall over the fairest fields of life and joy. It is now time for the SPIRIT to have its turn in the government of the world. And what great, God-gifted messenger shall bear away from Heaven's own altars the immortal fire, and kindle the flame in these earthly temples, to which Pride, and Fashion, and Mammon invite their worshipers? Who shall cast down the modern Dagon, and enthrone the grieved and insulted Spirit in its place? A reform so grand and comprehensive in its objects; a mission so benignant and glorious in its issues, is worthy the consecration of all human and angelic powers. In the Spiritual Philosophy we find those elements which inspire within us a brilliant and immortal hope that this great work will be accomplished. Through its divine agency the world may yet realize the bright visions of the Prophets, and witness in the presence of men and Angels that reign of universal righteousness, and peace, and joy, whose faint and distant images dazzled the sight of the ancient Bards, and caused the slumbering strings of a thousand harps to awake to their highest notes of inspiration. Then shall the listening world hear the glad sounds which entranced the soul of the Poet:

"When through the silence overhead  
An Angel, with a trumpet said,  
Forevermore, Forevermore,  
The reign of Violence is o'er.  
Then like an instrument, that flings  
Its music on another's strings,  
The Trumpet of the Angel cast  
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast;  
And on—from sphere to sphere—the words  
Redechoed down the burning chords,  
Forevermore, forevermore,  
The Reign of Violence is o'er!"

## TIME AND THE AGES.

BY FANNY GREEN.

### PROEM.

Down to the depths of Being we are carried ;  
And forms appear that are for ever hidden,  
But from such potent eyes as fashion Thought  
With all the elements and powers of Life,  
And by their own *clairvoyance*, through old Chaos  
Pour the full beams of recreative light.

### CANTO I.

*Analysis.* Time and his youngest child, the Present Age, are represented. The daughter entreats her father for some connected history of her departed sisters.—A bird's-eye view of the past.—The Pastoral Age is represented.—Birth of Poetry and Music.—Songs of the shepherds.—The spirit of the Pastoral Age appears, and chaunts a dirge over her departed children.

A sound of rushing pinions woke the air,  
As some great bird, in its stupendous flight,  
Smote with its massive plumage the still depths,  
Until it roused a vortex, and a current,  
Making the silence voiceful. Then there came,  
Wheeling in mid-air, a majestic car  
Borne by six eagles, black as Erebus,  
Ere from his marriage with congenial Night,  
Sprang forth, with roseate smile, the new-born Day.  
Their piercing eyes were thrice quadruple stars,  
That beamed through the deep Future, drinking light  
From the veiled radiance of their central Sun.  
The car was wrought of a substantial darkness,

Inlaid with brilliants, spoils of all the Past—  
Rich germs of Life, plucked from the crown of Death.

Surmounting this strange vehicle, two forms,  
Human in shape, in essence all divine,  
To the rapt vision now arose to view.  
The first appeared a venerable Sage,  
In whose benignant yet majestic mien  
Were regal stateliness, and childlike truth.  
The whiteness of his brow had scarce grown dim;  
And yet its early fairness was surpassed  
By the fine luster that shone over it,  
As Parian marble gains a mellower hue,  
Concentrated from light it hath drunk up  
In the still lapse of ages. On that brow  
Were the deep traces of all human thought,  
While every feature seemed a history  
Of human disappointments, sorrows, joys,  
Affections, hopes, and passions infinite.  
As the fine head was turned, its silvery hair,  
Swept backward by the wind, revealed an eye  
That burned with aspiration, urging still  
A course forever onward, to the goal  
That lay embosomed in Eternity.  
Time, father of the Ages, ne'er before  
Beheld by mortal eyes, stood forth revealed.

Close by his side nestled a lovelier one,  
Radiant with female beauty, yet endowed  
With such a majesty of look and mien,  
As fixed the admiring eye, yet stayed approach,  
She seemed to wear the cestus underneath  
Her potent armor of Minervan shield.  
She lifted her white arms, each one as fair  
As if 't were molded of the purest light;  
Resting her head upon his scarry breast,  
She clung unto the Sage, and murmured low  
In tenderest whispers, that half died away,  
Dissolved in their own sweetness; but the music  
Could not be lost—the loving atmosphere

Caught and diffused it, as it were the breath  
 Of Rose, or Lily—perfume audible :  
 And as she spoke, her soft, beseeching eyes,  
 Blue as the lotus flower, were turned to his.  
 Her features were so radiant, yet inspired  
 With all the sweet affections of the heart,  
 The burning soul beamed softlier through their curves,  
 Giving their sweetness a diviner charm ;  
 While over the fair neck and ample brow,  
 Streamed the refulgence of her clustering hair,  
 Golden as early sunbeams. Gently then  
 Bent down the Sage, to catch her tender voice,  
 As thus the music flowed out into words.

“ My father ! I, alone, am left to thee  
 Of all thy children. Tell me of the Past,  
 Now, while old Phœbus drives his burning wain  
 Over the rounding billows of the West,  
 And the young Moon, a timid nursling, clings  
 With soft arms to the shadowy robe of Night ;  
 O, bless me, gentle father, with the lore  
 My heart so long hath yearned for—of the Dead !  
 Speak of my sisters, that are sleeping still  
 In the deep tomb of Ages.”

With a smile  
 That passed o’er his stern features, leaving there  
 A trace of fairest sunshine, he embraced  
 The gentle creature with one massive arm,  
 And in the fullness of his love, replied,  
 “ The dead, sayest thou, my child ! *There are no dead.*”  
 His voice woke, surging, like the distant sea  
 Pouring its strong bass through some pearly cave,  
 That softened, while it deepened the rich tones.  
 “ My children ! It is true they all are gone—  
 All gone, but thee, my last and loveliest one !  
 Singly they came ; singly they all departed ;  
 And when their work was done, lay down to sleep ;  
 But never one hath died. True, forms may change,  
 But spirit is *immortal*. Thou, my child,

Art the concentrate essence of *all* Time,  
As were thy sisters, each one, of the Times  
That lay behind her. Each, in passing, left  
Her mantling soul to swaddle the new-born;  
So have thy sisters done; and so shalt thou.

"The vortex of all Matter, and all Spirit,  
Creates continual motion; but the changes  
Are constant renovation, and not death.  
Yet shall thy prayer be answered; and for thee  
I will evoke the Spirits of the Ages,  
That thou may'st learn thy destiny in theirs.  
Bend thy gaze hither. See! this horoscope  
Unfoldeth not the Future, but the Past."

There was a plain around them, neither vast  
In its proportions, nor yet circumscribed.  
The atmosphere was blushing in a glow  
Of earliest morning. O'er the hill beyond,  
A region robed in gorgeous sunset lay.  
The silvery crescent and her evening star,  
Just visible, were nestling in the blue,  
Where lingered yet some opalescent rays  
Of amber, beaming through the amethyst.  
Still farther, twilight hovered. The pale stars  
Looked forth inquiringly, as if they feared  
They had come out too early. But the shadows  
Grew deeper every instant, spreading far,  
Till lost in darkness thick and palpable.  
Arch beyond arch, receding avenues,  
Still lessening, and still deepening, stretched away  
Through the dim distance. Here and there, a star  
Came thrilling through the walls of solid gloom,  
Revealing boundaries that lay between  
The long departed Ages. But again,  
In surging accents, woke the voice of Time.

"Behold, my daughter! what thou hast called death  
Is but transition. Lo, the immortal ones!  
Stars of all time—stars of eternity!  
Reflecting back their radiance from yon spheres

Of love, and glory, yet reveal the gloom  
 Whence they emerged, with all their highest powers,  
 Lustrous with life, unquenched—unquenchable—  
 The Immortal shining through Mortality.  
 “Darkness and death are but residuum—  
 The grosser portion of all human hopes,  
 Thoughts, struggles, passions, labors, and desires—  
 Whence the ethereal essence hath burnt out—  
 The ashes of the Past;—yet even this  
 Hath made soil for the Future. Not one trace  
 Of life can ever perish. ’Mid all changes  
 Of Mind and Matter, every ray of light,  
 All hope, all faith, all action, and all thought,  
 That has vitality within itself,  
 Lives for a fellowship with purer light—  
 With loftier action, thought, and hope, and faith—  
 Lives with an ever concentrating power,  
 Which, as it strengthens, reaches centerward.

“Would’st thou behold the Ages? They shall rise,  
 Obedient to thy wish. Bend now thy gaze,  
 And fix it on the farthest verge of sight,  
 Where the black walls of darkness seem to meet,  
 Converging to one single radiant point.”

That single ray expanded. Spreading far,  
 Still it expanded, generating light,  
 Till the whole earth was clearly visible.

O, beautiful, beyond the highest power  
 Of human art to picture, was the scene!  
 Freshness of early morning over all  
 Had spread its dewy blessing, lit with love,  
 Which, like the sunlight, ever gushing forth,  
 Smiled on the Age of happy Innocence,  
 Imparting rosy hints of hope and joy.

’Mid the green hills, enameled with bright flowers,  
 Shepherds led forth their flocks at early dawn,  
 As joyous and as innocent as they!  
 When Noon had reached its zenith, they lay down  
 Beneath the shadow of acacia trees,

Or vaulted banian, musing of the Life  
That yet wore vestal freshness. All they saw  
Smiling around, the beautiful—the grand—  
Touched a responsive chord within their hearts.  
Then, like an angel essence in themselves,  
Fair Poesy awoke, and sang of Love,  
Life, Beauty, Strength, and Majesty, and Power,  
Till heroes swelled to gods—and wood, and stream,  
Dark mountain and broad ocean, hill and dale,  
Grew bright, and voiceful, with celestial forms.

A youth reposing, lay at eventide,  
In a green bower where myrtle blossoms paled  
Beside the clustering roses. Nightingales  
Were calling to each other; and the bee  
Poured through his murmur the hyblæan sweets  
He had been sucking from the flowers all day.

But yonder the soft eye of Hesperus  
Is penciling, with its faint, golden rays,  
The light-enameled azure, well nigh lost  
'Mid the ethereal sapphire, whose clear depths  
It scarcely dares to fathom, like a Thought  
That yearns to utter the Unspeakable,  
Losing itself amid infinitude.

The pendent Osier stooped to kiss the Waves,  
Rising, to watch the dimples that awoke  
At his caresses; and the Willow-tree,  
Waving her plume-like foliage, bent to hear  
The song the Brook was singing in her praise.  
Down to their couches in the crystal flood  
Went the fair Lotus, and the Water-Lily;  
And insects, as they cluster in their cells,  
With a love-murmur bless their evening home.  
By some mysterious sympathy, the boy  
Hangs on the strain of sighing Zephyrus,  
As he, enamored, o'er the Mimosa bends.  
Her tender form, quivering in every nerve,  
Shrinks from the utterance of his soft "good night!"  
But now, inspired by an intenser thrill,

As unforbidden comes the dewy kiss,  
 She folds her verdant arms, with scarce a sigh  
 To dip its plumage in her fragrant breath,  
 As from the full heart it had flown away  
 To whisper of the deeper, tenderer joy,  
 That feels itself in blessing, only, blest.

His human heart responsive, the pale boy  
 Turned, ever restless, as if seeking somewhat  
 An all-pervading Presence—yet not there  
 In its embodiment. His tuneful lips,  
 Instructed by kind Nature, thus poured forth  
 A sweet solution of the mystery.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

“Dew-drops of the early morn,  
 Meeting on the verdant corn,  
 Gently, lovingly unite,  
 Sparkling praises to the Light.  
 Each to each inclines its lips,  
 And the honeyed nectar sips ;  
 Why then, Zoé, should not mine  
 Drink the honey-dews from thine ?

“Rosy Clouds, that softly lie  
 In the foldings of the sky,  
 Nestling on their couches white,  
 Stretch abroad their arms of light,  
 With a soft, ethereal grace  
 One another to embrace—  
 Tell me, Zoé, if there be  
 No embrace for thee and me ?

“Hark ! the Trees that bend above,  
 Murmur forth a song of love ;  
 Stirring Boughs, with mutual bliss,  
 Only wave themselves to kiss,  
 While the tendrils of the vine  
 Softly, tenderly entwine ;  
 Why then, Zoé, should there be  
 Distance between thee and me ?

“Sedges hear the singing Brooks  
 With Love's music in their looks

Birds and insects, winds and waves,  
 Whispering in their pearly caves—  
 Chanting in the woodland bower—  
 Own the Universal Power.  
 Why then, Zoé, should there be  
 Silence between thee and me?"

Is some fair Spirit answering to the strain,  
 By one as tender, and as musical?

## THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

"When with thee the shadowy even  
 Never seemeth chilly;  
 But o'er us the starry heaven  
 Bendeth soft and stilly!  
 Then my heart, though such a lisper  
 In the words that move thee,  
 With each throbbing pulse may whisper  
 Its deep joy to love thee!"

"Dove-eyed Hopes to me are bringing  
 Taste of future sweetness,  
 Rosy Loves to thee are winging,  
 With an arrowy fleetness!  
 Radiant Joy now seems to borrow  
 The soft crown of Sadness;  
 While the beauty of to-morrow  
 Smiles through tears of gladness.

"As the floweret to the sunbeam,  
 Which its heart is filling,  
 Turn I, ever, to catch one beam  
 From thy deep eyes thrilling!  
 It is such a holy pleasure  
 Thus to bend before thee—  
 Dearest, sweetest, only treasure!  
 I would fain adore thee!"

The song is hushed; but with the silence now  
 Blendeth a rapture words could never speak,  
 When all the infinite of two young hearts  
 Is first unfolded. \* \* \* \* \*

Exalted by the Ideal, with hushed heart  
 They listened ever to the harmonies

That breathed in all things, from the Ocean's roar,  
 Hurling defiance at the angry Storm,  
 To the soft prattling of the Rivulet  
 Among the listening Sedges; and they caught  
 One single lesson—it was melody,  
 Still craving only utterance. When they heard  
 The voice of deep-mouthed Thunders, calling out  
 From the rent cloud, or from the smitten rock;  
 Or listened to the hovering Zephyr's strain,  
 That lingered, with a murmur soft and low,  
 Around the love-sick Floweret—all the grand,  
 The sweet, the tender, of their yearning souls,  
 Struggled for being that should make them one  
 With Nature, in her harmony divine.  
 Thus Music lived the second-born of Heaven,  
 Giving expression, impulse, to such thoughts  
 As die in verbal language.

There was still  
 A something that transcended earthly bonds,  
 Asserting—craving—kindred—fellowship—  
 With all the Infinite that lay around—  
 That stretched afar, pervading the unseen—  
 Pervading all the Great—the Possible.

On a wild crag that overhung the sea  
 Reclined a youth whose deeply seeing eyes  
 Punctured the crust—the Semblance—drawing forth  
 Light from the closely veiled Reality;  
 And thus he gave his burning thought to song.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

“What is mightier than the Ocean,  
 When, amid his stormy billows,  
 Goading them to wild commotion,  
 His rough head he pillows?  
 Lo, there standeth ONE behind him,  
 Than the Ocean stronger,  
 With an iron Will to bind him—  
 Tyrant, now, no longer;  
 But he lays an offering meet  
 At his peerless Conqueror's feet.

"What is grander than the arches  
 That embrace the circling earth,  
 Where the Stars, in silent marches,  
 Tread the country of their birth?  
 Grander than the starry legions—  
 Far beyond the deep blue sky—  
 Dwelleth, in the Spirit-Regions,  
 ONE, the shadow of whose eye  
 Paleth sun, and paleth star,  
 With its glories, brighter far.

"What is stronger than the Mountains,  
 With their ribs of girdling rock,  
 Sending forth the river fountains,  
 Battling with the tempest shock?  
 HE who piled the rocks, and laid them  
 On the high and towering land.  
 HE whose sinewy hand hath made them,  
 And hath bound them as they stand!  
 At the Mountain shrine we bow,  
 As the shadow of His brow.

"What more terrible than Lightning,  
 When its fierce eye gleameth under  
 Yon black drift, with sudden brightening,  
 Ere it calleth out the Thunder?  
 HE whose hand the lightning sendeth,  
 Fire-wing'd, from His flaming quiver—  
 Before whose potency Power bendeth,  
 Of all Strength the Giver!—  
 Grandest forms of Thought and Sense,  
 Vanish in His Omnipotence."

Scarce had the numbers sent their dying thrill  
 O'er the rich harp-strings, when a minstrel maid,  
 With starry eyes, fair brow, and midnight hair,  
 Came from a flowery valley, whose green arms  
 Embraced a verdant hill-side, with soft step  
 And look of modest sweetness, drawing near  
 The minstrel youth. Then woke her own sweet lyre.

## THE MINSTREL MAIDEN'S SONG.

"Dweller of the arching sky,  
 Angel of the blooming earth,

In the starry bowers on high  
 Was thy radiant birth?  
 Beauty! Beauty! answer me;  
 For my soul flows forth to thee!

"Painted on the blushing flower  
 Are the features of thy face;  
 Waving in the forest bower  
 Vine wreaths catch thy grace;  
 Thou the rainbow's arching form  
 Settest on the passing storm.

"Flowing rivers, fountains clear,  
 Shell, and bird, and insect wing,  
 This cerulean atmosphere,  
 All, abroad thy radiance fling;  
 And we catch thine image true,  
 Orbed within a drop of dew.

"Tendrils waving in the air,  
 Golden with the early day,  
 Simulate thy clustering hair;  
 Ardent Noon, with sunny ray,  
 And the starry midnight skies,  
 Beam with glory of thine eyes.

"Morn and evening both are fair  
 With the blushes of thy cheek;  
 Zephyrs breathe thy music rare;  
 Murmuring brooks thy language speak;  
 Beauty! Beauty! ever free,  
 Thou inspirest all we see!"

Again the Minstrel's tuneful harp awoke,  
 As if his Soul held converse with the Maid's;  
 The music thus flowed back, and answered her.

## SONG.

"Question the Flowers at early dawn,  
 Soft blushing angels of the morn;  
 Bend close thine Ear, and ask them, where  
 The Spirit dwelleth, who so fair  
 Hath made them? Echo answereth, 'Where?'

"Go ask the Sky, and ask the Dew,  
 What molds the drop, and paints the blue;

Seek, if the Spirit dwelleth there :  
 A voice comes sobbing through the air—  
 'Tis only Echo murmuring, ' There !'

" Now whisper to the whispering breeze  
 That bendeth the acacia trees ;  
 And listen, if it telleth who  
 Gave it the first breath that it drew ;  
 But Echo only answereth, ' Who !'

" Question the Spirit in thy breast,  
 That, waking, sleeping, ne'er hath rest,  
 If it hath wings for soaring higher ;  
 Thrilling, as with a tongue of fire,  
 Shouts joyful Echo, ' Higher ! Higher !' "

Thus when the massive wings of Midnight spread  
 Their ebon plumage over the wide earth,  
 And all the Stars were looking through the gloom,  
 With their deep earnest eyes, the wondering Soul,  
 Touched with a talisman of deeper life,  
 Beheld strange glimpses of Infinitude,  
 And woke half conscious of its destiny,  
 To higher thought and purpose. Night by night  
 They pondered on the deep, mysterious lore,  
 And wrought the science of the eternal stars  
 With the frail web of human destiny.

On the rude summit of a mountain brow,  
 As hoary, and as rugged as his own,  
 Arose and stood a venerable Sage,  
 His silvery hair flowed loosely on the wind,  
 Revealing the deep glory of an Eye  
 Which had drunk in Chaldea's mystic lore.—  
 He had drunk deeply ; but his burning thirst  
 Had quickened with his knowledge ; for there came  
 Never a word from planet or from star  
 To answer him his questions. There he stood,  
 Perusing with keen eyes the starry page,  
 As with a tremulous, but deep-toned voice,  
 He poured interrogation into song.

## SONG OF THE CHALDEAN SAGE.

"Stars of midnight! do ye see  
Through this human mystery?  
Have ye seen, and will ye show,  
Whence we come, and where we go?

"Can the work of Death be wrought  
On the free and living Thought,  
That from sensual bondage springs,  
Soaring, as on eagle wings?—

"Is there any power to bind  
Fetters on the chainless mind?  
Is the spirit only breath?  
Can ye tell us what is death?

"Why, ah, why! do we aspire,  
Mounting as on wings of fire?  
Wherefore live, and feel, and think;  
Then to voiceless nothing sink?

"Year by year, and day by day,  
Generations pass away;  
Were they only made to be  
Tortured by their mystery?

"Have your rays e'er passed the screen  
That enveileth the UNSEEN?  
Tell us—tell us!—if ye know,  
Whence we come, and where we go!"

Of in the noon-hush when they lay at rest,  
And the acacias lulled them to repose,  
They dreamed again their beautiful, strange dreams,  
While Truth came ever nearer, though she wore  
The irised robes of Fancy. Thus they lived,  
By fine gradations rising; till at length  
Their mission was accomplished—and they slept.  
Such was the Infancy of Human Life.

The shadows passed away, but not the scene.  
A death-like stillness followed. From the tomb—  
A cave that opened 'neath a jutting rock—  
Came forth a Spirit in its ghostly cerements.

By her majestic innocence I know  
 The eldest of the Ages. With a smile  
 Of the most touching sadness, yet inspired  
 With such true love as made it beautiful,  
 She gazed on every dear, familiar thing—  
 Long loved and long forgotten. A deep faith  
 Sublimed her simple features, in whose light  
 The womanly passed into the divine.  
 Then, with a low chime like the voice of brooks,  
 Chanting the monody of withered Flowers  
 That fell in pleasant places, thus she sang :

## DIRGE.

" Sleep, my children !—Soft and fair  
 Beams the moon, and breathes the air ;  
 Gentle rain, and pearly dew,  
 Shed their freshness over you !  
 Children of the early morn,  
 Ye are gone—all gone.

" One by one I gave you rest,  
 In our loving mother's breast,  
 Where the chirping swallows play  
 And the singing waters stray,  
 And the light is soft as dawn—  
 Ye are gone—all gone.

" Ye were lovely as the flowers,  
 That awoke within your bowers,  
 Gentle as the bleating flocks,  
 That ye led among the rocks ;  
 But my early hopes are shorn ;  
 Ye are gone—all gone.

" Children of the sunny clime,  
 Earliest, fairest—born of Time !  
 I have hushed in sweetest sleep,  
 Eyes that scarcely learned to weep.  
 Hearts that might have been forlorn—  
 Ye are gone—all gone.

" But your virtues could not die  
 They are set like stars on high,

Beaming with a purer light  
'Mid the mysteries of Night;  
Through the portals of the Morn.  
Ye are gone—all gone!"

With the last strain she stretched her arms toward Heaven;  
And as if borne upon a car of light  
Whose very fineness hid it from the view,  
She passed away, while from his furrowed check  
The oft-bereavéd Father wiped a tear.

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## SCIENCE OF HISTORY.

BY O. W. WIGHT.

IN the Grecian mythology, Clio, eldest of the Muses, was not more the daughter of Memory, than of Jupiter, the Supreme Mind. History, in like manner, should not only be regarded as the *record* of man's acts, but also as the acts themselves, recorded or unrecorded. All History, then, is the manifestation of mind in outward deeds, the revelation of an unseen force in visible works: it is the result of the activity of man's spiritual nature. We are accustomed to regard spirit as something altogether airy; if not as a mere creation of fancy, yet as a thing entirely unsubstantial, which defies the touch, and, like the image of the Trojan hero's father, mocks the embrace of living arms. We have all been delighted with the fairies in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; we have all been terrified by the witches in *Macbeth*, or have shrieked while beholding the ghost of Hamlet's father; we have read with a solemn shudder the story of Samuel and the witch of Endor; but many of us have not looked beneath material things to find a spiritual force which is the only source of action. We often speak of physical force, but there is no such thing. Attraction, of whatever kind, is an invisible agent. The body of man, without the unseen spirit, is perfectly powerless. The form is perhaps perfect as ever, but, deserted by the soul, there is no power in it.

Material organization is but the instrument used by the invisible spirit. We look upon the remains of a friend with reverential awe, with solemn feeling and solemn thought, while we forget the departure that has taken place in the twinkling of an eye. The eye is not sight; the ear is not hearing; the brain is not thought; thought is not the soul; but the soul's action. The spirituality of man's being is declared even by the etymology of the word English, *man*; German, *Mensch*; Latin, *Mens* or mind; Sanscrit, *Manusehya* or man, the root of which *Manu* means spirit: which shows that the orientals are at least not behind us in spiritual insight. "Like Apollo keeping the flocks of Admetus every man is a god in disguise."

Mankind then are a viewless spirit host, the announcement of whose approach was the words of the Almighty when he said, "*Let us make man in our image*," the announcement of whose departure will be the sound of the *last* trumpet. The world's history is the embodiment of the thoughts, passions, feelings and sentiments of human souls, in social, political, religious institutions; in cities, kingdoms, written and printed books, senates and battle fields; in "the issues of life" "out of the heart." From the beginning to the present hour the myriad host have been rushing on across the track of Being. The dead earth was given by God to man to be subdued. It can not resist living spirits, in whose course seas have been filled up, mountains leveled. Empires have been founded, mighty cities have been built. Stormy oceans have been crossed, the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth have yielded to the dominion of man. Patriarchal families have been lost in universal monarchies; kingdom has come, with earthquake shock, in contact with kingdom; king has stamped beneath his iron heel the heart of king. Mourning millions have wept beside rivers of blood upon which the ambitious have floated to dominion. Walls have been raised to heaven by one generation to be leveled with the earth by another. Conflagrations kindled by the men of one age have left an open field to be occupied by those of another age. Sometimes one place, sometimes another, has been the seat of universal empire. Gallingly tyranny has been followed by the fierce whirlwinds of revolution, and out of the ruins of monarchies have grown republics.

New continents have been discovered, depopulated and populated again. Earth has been ransacked for her concealed treasures, and nourishes her subduers with her fruits. Man in his work of conquering the earth has managed, like the Hebrew warrior with the enemies of the Lord, to turn nature against herself. Winds have been made to carry on his noisy commerce, running brooks have been made to grind his corn, boiling water has been pressed into the service of spinning and weaving his garments and propelling his floating palaces round the globe. The lightning runs with messages for man to and from the ends of the earth. Solomon's Temple, Mosque of St. Sophia, Parthenon, St. Peters, Westminster Abbey, have been built, and man has worshipped the Infinite in stone, plant, statue, beast, stars, his fellow man, or in all space. Phydias and Praxitiles have made the cold marble breathe; Raphael and Angelo, Prometheus-like, have stolen fire from heaven to give life to canvass; Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Goethe have sent spear-music ringing along the ages. The actors in the wild drama, one by one, have come and gone. The plastic earth has been molded into millions of sacred temples for the Holy Spirit, and thus has been hallowed the very dust that man shakes from his foot. Crumbling all around us are the remains of those temples once consecrated by the breath of Jehovah, whose ruins are infinitely more solemn, than those of Egyptian pyramids or the Coliseum. We tread with every footstep on the ashes of the departed and feast on the fruits of the earth that spring from the decaying bosoms of our dead fathers. Unspeakably solemn, mysterious world!

But of that great field of Time on which the Ages are sown, which lies shadowy between us and creation, what do we know? God, as he looks upon the world, sees not only all acts but all thoughts, not only of the present but of all time. In his mind are the secrets of all hearts, all the deeds of men, the beginning and end of the world, and the destiny of the human race. Of all this what records have we? We know that mighty cities of old existed, but what do we know of the actual life of the inhabitants? Thebes could send forth from her hundred gates a million of warriors, but what do we know of their domestic, social, religious life? We search in the dust of her times for some memo-

rial of the past. The Arab guide leads us to capacious catacombs, jumps up and down upon vast piles of mummies which wave and crack beneath his feet, and we learn the important lesson—that human art has cheated our common parent earth for a season out of the dust that is her due. Troy once the metropolis of Western Asia, the theater where was enacted the bloodiest tragedy in the world's history, was left by the conquering Greeks smoking to the ground, and now both earth and oblivion refuse to give up their dead. What would we not give for an inventory of all the household goods in Priam's palace, or a business directory of Trojan shopkeepers? We would exchange the meeting of Hector and Andromache, dear as the price would be, for the nursery tales that were repeated to the sons and daughters of 'Mother Hecuba.' Plato, Socrates, Xenophon, Homer, Pindar and Demosthenes, speak to us from Greece across the ages, but how much do we know of Grecian manners and private life? We would almost exchange the *Anabasis* for a curtain lecture of Xantippe, or the *Memorabilia* for a verbatim report of an hour's conversation among a group of Grecian youths. It is said Rome still rules the world. Roman life indeed now lives in all civilized nations. Roman energy to this day rouses slumbering humanity. We hear the din of the "Eternal City" in its world-conquering activity echoing across the oblivious sea of the past. We can see in imagination the excited busy crowds sweeping along the paved ways. The 'yellow Tiber' seaward rolls its flood, conniving at the assassin's crime, and promising secrecy to him who has never learned that the "Everlasting has fixed his canon against self-slaughter." We can see the nobility, the wealth, the fashion of the great city assembling, in the spacious Coliseum to feast their eyes upon a thousand slain to make a Roman holy-day! These look down upon that bloody arena beauty as peerless as ever won a monarch's heart, wit as sparkling as ever graced an emperor's court, kings as proud as the world ever saw. Here and there banquet halls ring with shouts of obscene revelry, and noisy mirth. The senate "awful in its majesty," is maturing plans for subjugating distant nations. The vestals are watching the eternal fire of the goddess, and in the temples the statues of the gods stand silent on their pedestals. Fable has already claimed early Rome for her own, and we know as much of the city of the

Cæsars as the traveler knows of a town who looks upon it from a neighboring hight. How many Livys would we not give for a Roman Morning Chronicle or a Roman Daily Atlas with its current news, and long columns of advertisements? We would exchange all we have of Polybius for the diary of aristocratic old Cato while he was learning Greek with his young wife. We would almost exchange the 'Art of Poetry' for an hour's talk of Horace while in the tennis-court. We would give all of Phædrus and half of Ovid for one chapter of the talk the Roman women used to Cæsar when he began to run alone. The Past is an oblivious sea, not *altogether* shoreless, over which the roar of distant ages comes swelling on to the Present. Upon its fathomless depths rests almost cimmerian night, through which here and there gleam auroral rays of civilization, and fires of revolutions flash up from beneath 'to make the darkness visible.'

Let us examine in the first place the various means we have of knowing the past. No people have ever shown any want of concern or care in regard to transmitting a record of themselves to the future. "Of all mankind," says Carlyle, "there is no tribe so rude that it has not attempted history, though several have not arithmetic enough to count five. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather-pictures, with wampum-belts; still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn; for the Celt and the Copt, the Red man as well as the White, lives between two eternities, and, warring against Oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation he is already united, with the whole Future and the whole Past."

Of man's very earliest history we search in vain for any records. We have no poems, no Sibylline Books, no laws, no monuments, no traditions from the Antediluvians. There appear first *Mythus* formed out of idea, and *saga* idealized out of real deeds. Legends, run in the mold of each new story-teller's mind, survive as the merest shadows of facts. Egyptian Hieroglyphics, the characters and emblems in the tomb of Osymandyas; the altars of the Hebrews; the stone-heaps of the Celts; the paintings of the Mexicans; curious etymologies in which are safely embalm-

ed unremembered facts, all are more or less obscure records of the past, and show the struggle of man to preserve something of himself from Forgetfulness.

A single page disposes of thousands of years of earliest history, but as time advances channels are multiplied through which the past flows to us. The civil historians of a people; Herodotus, Thucydias, and Plutarch; Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus; Guicciardini; Froisart, De'Thou, Davila, and Hume; all of that class, tell us as well as they can, what kind of men have lived in former times. Literature is also a channel through which we learn something still more significant. If we have not already learned, we shall soon be required to learn, that there is history in Homer, Euripides, Anacreon, Virgil, Lucretius, Ariosto, Calderon, Cervantes, Moliere, Raime, Schiller, Richter, Chaucer, Dryden, and Coleridge, as well as in those we have dignified with the name of historians. There is history in Prometheus Vincetus, in the Divina Commedia, in the Nibelungen Lied, and in the old English Ballads, not less than in the Cyropedia, the Jugurthine War, or the writings of Clarendon. Painting is another means of recording past events, and is itself its own history. Sculpture and Architecture are no less valuable than Annals. The laws of a nation, too, as a source of historical information, have been greatly overlooked. "Everything of the nature of law," says Dr. Arnold, "has a peculiar interest and value, because it is the expression of the deliberate mind of the supreme government of society." In the remains of religious temples and sacred books of nations, there is no small amount of history. There is history in the ringing of the brazen kettles of Dodona, in a sobbing ode of Sappho, in a peristyle of the Parthenon, as well as in the Arundelian Marbles, or ancient coins. According to our definition of history, all that we know of the past in every way, all records of man's doings, sacredly, belong to the eldest daughter of Memory. "Strictly considered," says Carlyle, "what is all knowledge too but recorded Experience, and a product of History, of which, therefore, Reasoning and Belief, no less than Action and Passion, are essential materials? The Principia of Newton and the Philosophy of Plato are then history, for they are recorded Experience." If we would tear off the Nessus' shirt of custom, we should soon come to regard the experience of Plato,

recorded in his works, as a history of much more value than the story of the Pharaohs, or the Plantagenets.

We are accustomed to consider many things in regard to the past as fabulous, which contain a deep meaning and significant truth. Mythologies are regarded as mere inventions of priests for their own convenience. It would be just as wise to call beef-eating an invention of butchers. Mythologies are something more than exaggerated, restricted, embellished, travestied readings of actual history. They have their reality in the fact that they are life-products of nations. Beautifully and truly has Michelet expressed this in his Roman History: 'The myths and the poetry of barbarous nations show the traditions of the times; they are usually the true national history of a people, such as their genius has enabled them to conceive. It is of very little importance whether it conforms with facts. The history of William Tell has made for ages the enthusiasm of the Swiss. The same story is actually found in Saxo, the ancient historian of Denmark. The story can not possibly be real, nevertheless it is eminently true, that is, perfectly conformed to the character of the people who have given it for history. The history of Roland, Nephew of Charlemagne, is false in its details. Eginhard spoke but a single word; he reported that at Roncevaux perished *Ronaldus præfectus Britannicilimitis*. Upon a foundation so narrow has been built a true history, that is, conformed to the genius and to the situation of those who have invented it.' "Constant have been the efforts to produce a resurrection, so to speak, of the past, to do away this wild, savage and preposterous There or Then, and introduce in its place the Here and the Now"; but nearly all history, in the true sense of the word, is yet to be written. We have had chronicles heaped upon chronicles, enough to make the mind sick and the heart ache; we have had flippant poetic narration; we have had dissertations of foolish pedantry, atheistic philosophy, and visionary theories; we have had lying party-pamphlets, and exhibitions of the fine writing of a *dilettante* literature, guiltless alike of thought, sense, or information of any kind; but we have not yet had any real history. That thing which has called itself history has claimed the office of "philosophy teaching by example," of supplying us with "experiences of the past to be

applied to the exigencies of the present," and of furnishing us with "rules of conduct." Notwithstanding so many high pretensions, old methods of writing history have been impotent and false. No historian has yet written history while looking upon the world from a divine point of view, if we may thus express it. "As formerly written," says a Reviewer, "nothing could be more barbarous with reference to social science—popes, kings, and emperors; courts, camps, and dungeons—these have filled the 'swelling scene,' to the exclusion of all that was important, vital—all that produced *them* and much else. Battles, conspiracies, dethronements, decapitations, treaties, and extortions, have been deemed the great events, the staple of historic interest, and on them writers have spun their dissertations upon moral right and immoral wrong, on despotism, liberty, and 'flourishing civilization.'" The old historians, including Hume, Robertson, and even Gibbon, have written "books which were more or less amusing and instructive—monuments of erudite industry, but not history—not the story of the life, growth, and development of a nation, its characteristics, its greatness, its errors, and above all its connection with preceding and succeeding states of humanity."

We would not be understood as sneering at erudition. Facts are valuable, but they are not history. You might as well call unquarried granite a cathedral, or a block of marble a statue. Augustine Thierry gets into the very heart of the matter when he says, "The research and discussion of facts, purely with a view to exactness, is but one side to every historical problem; and that accomplished it becomes necessary to interpret and to paint; to detect the law which chains one fact to another; to give events their significance and character—in a word, their life, which should never be absent from the spectacle of human things.

"History gives lessons and in turn receives them; its master is experience, which teaches it from epoch to epoch to judge itself better. The events of the last fifty years—events hitherto unheard of—have taught us to understand the revolutions of the middle ages, to perceive the spirit beneath the letter of the chronicler, to draw from the writings of the Benedictines that which those learned men never saw, or saw only in a partial, incomplete

manner, without suspecting its significance. They wanted the comprehension and sentiment of great social transformations. They have curiously studied the laws, public acts, judicial formulæ, private contracts, etc.; they have discussed, classified, analyzed texts with astonishing sagacity; but the political sense—all that was living beneath the dead letter—the perception of the society and its adverse elements, whether young or old, whether barbarous or civilized, escapes them, and hence the insufficiency of their works. This perception we have acquired through our experience; we owe it to the prodigious changes of power and of society which have operated before our eyes."

If the past is so little understood, the question which we are obliged to meet is, can it be better understood? We are convinced that it can, but that will not be until we have a *science* of history, which is yet unwritten. It has not been supposed until quite recently that there could possibly be such a thing. The world's history is chaotic enough, and it has seemed to be without form and void, but behind all acts lies the spiritual force of humanity, and in its development human life is governed by certain laws. The great laws of human development are as yet imperfectly understood, and have not been applied to any great extent for the explanation of historical facts.

It may seem strange that so many able men should have devoted their lives to historical study without so much as recognizing the fact that there may be a science of history; that they should have discovered none of the great laws of humanity; but has not the same thing been true in regard to every other science? Did not the Chaldean shepherds gaze at the stars without even supposing that there could be a science of Astronomy? Their minds might have been deeply affected while beholding the "silent stars," the moon in its silvery beauty, and the sun rising in awful grandeur or setting in gold and crimson clouds, but they understood none of the laws which regulate the motion of the heavenly bodies. A comet or an eclipse was an object of terror, for they knew not the exact and harmonious movement of the spheres. Ptolemy and others discovered certain facts, interpreted them by foolish theories, but Astronomy had to wait for her Galileo. The doings of

mankind have been observed from age to age, facts have been explained by theories not only insufficient but also opposed to truth, and there is yet no fully developed science of history. The great sun of history may still be revolving round some inferior orb. History wants its Galileo, and its Copernicus,—its Kepler, its Newton, its Herschel, will soon follow.

Physiology is now a tolerably exact science, and there have been discovered certain laws of organization. Man had not neglected to question himself in regard to his own physical being, but even the circulation of the blood was unknown till the discovery of Hervey. We need to lose our reverence for any historical *Æsculapius*; we need to forget the Galens of history whose books may be readily weighed in avoirdupois scales. History needs its Hervey,—its Cuviers shall not then be long wanting.

If we stroll through woods and fields on a spring-day, we can see on every hand beautiful flowers and green foliage. We do not wonder that poets are enraptured with nature. An untaught observer, however, would not readily suspect that in all the wild variety of vegetable life there are discoverable organic laws, few and simple; that all plants grew in accordance with certain fixed laws. Yet no science is better understood than Botany.—We dwell amid the wild scenes of the past, in man's history, and do not suspect the influence of the eternal laws of humanity. Let some Linnæus discover those laws, then historical facts ranged in classes and orders can be easily understood.

Men lived on this globe nearly six thousand years, observing oceans, islands, rivers, lakes, mountains, rocks, plains, coal basins, veins of ore, earthquakes, and volcanoes, without perceiving any order in the formation of the earth. In all this seeming confusion there is a beautiful harmony, and Geology is now regarded as one of the exact sciences. Fixed laws govern the upheaving of mountains, the hollowing out of lakes, the eruptions of volcanoes, and the practiced geologist can read everywhere the physical history of the earth. And is there law, harmony, and order in the rocky world upon which man treads, while there are no governing principles that regulate his development? Just as sure as there are laws of mind, and principles of human nature, we are to have a

science of History. History in its present state is like Chemistry without the law of Definite Proportions, and with the old nomenclature. History, by being made a science, will lose none of its attractions.

It is somewhat gratifying to know that an ecclesiastic was the first to distinctly declare that there must be law and order in man's history. Bossuet, in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle, pour expliquer la suite de la Religion et les changemens des Empires*, (1681) attempted to explain the ways of God to man, and to show the presence of Deity in human affairs. He recognized the fact that the world is God's world, that human history is the manifestation of God's purposes on earth, but his "Discours," aside from its rhetoric, has no merit except as a first attempt to write philosophy of history. The eloquent Bishop of Meaux did not recognize the eternal laws of human nature, for he felt not its dignity; he did not recognize man's eternal right to political and religious freedom, for he had not conceived the sublime ideas of the Paternity of God and the Brotherhood of the human race; he was weltering in a theological pool to whose filthy waters no healing virtue could be imparted, even by the dip of an angel's wing.

Giambattista Vico, who wrote in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, was the first to make an attempt to produce a science of history. Vico was educated for the law, which he left for Plato, Bacon, and Dante, and for a poorly paid rhetoric professorship. In 1725 appeared the first edition of the "*Scienza Nuova*," which may be with some exaggeration called the *novum organum* of history. Michelet justly says of the author of the "New Science," "there is no discoverer, perhaps, whose guides and predecessors it is so difficult to indicate." Vico, at times intense as Dante, at times tedious as the author of the *Memoirs of Lord Burleigh*, original and melancholy, must not be judged by the ideal standard of one who is familiar with the recent historians of France and Germany, but must be considered as boldly applying the principles of induction to facts, or rather shadows of facts, that lie dimly scattered over the ages. From the very necessity of the case, he would be expected to make unwarranted assertions, to assume faulty premises, to draw erroneous conclusions. In his attempt to apply the principles of generalization to human history,

to bring order out of chaos, he could take but few, although they might be important steps. He was the first one who had any real conception of a science of history. In this lies his chief merit. By his attempt a new direction has been given to historical speculation. Vico has shown that there are eternal principles, *leggi eterne*, which run through all nations in all time, universal ideas common to humanity; that there is a universal history reproduced in every partial history, true in every new nation, living in every *palingenesis* of society; and has demonstrated, although he has by no means actually produced it, that there may be a science of history, of which Herder says, in the present state of our knowledge no complete system can be elaborated, and further declares that its completion may require perhaps a thousand years. Vico, therefore, stands between antiquity and modern times. "That historic science," says Cousin, "that philosophy of history was unknown to the ancients, and ought to have been; the ancients had not seen enough to be wearied with the fatiguing nobility of the spectacle, and with the sterile variety of those frequent catastrophes, which would appear to have no other result than one changeably useless on the face of human affairs. Younger, more active, less speculative, more contented than the moderns with the social order such as they had made, the ancients, in general more calm, complained little of destiny, for that destiny had not broken them with strokes so terrible and so multiplied."

It is not our purpose at this time to review the works of Vico. Those who are interested in the subject will find the best edition of them to be that by Ferrari, Milan, 1835-37; and the best of them have been translated by Michelet. There is one point, however, which we can not pass over. Vico was the first to read the real history there is in Mythology. We can best explain our meaning by quoting a paragraph from Emerson: "The beautiful fables of the Greeks, being proper creations of the Imagination and not of the Fancy, are universal verities. What a range of meanings and what perpetual pertinence has the story of Prometheus! Besides its primary value as the first chapter of the history of Europe, (the mythology thinly veiling authentic facts, the invention of the mechanic arts, and the migration of colonies,) it gives the history of religion with some closeness to the faith of

latter ages. Prometheus is the Jesus of the old mythology. He is the friend of man; stand between the unjust 'justice' of the Eternal Father, and the race of mortals; and readily suffers all things on their account. But where it departs from the Calvinistic Christianity, and exhibits him as the defier of Jove, it represents a state of mind which readily appears wherever the doctrine of Theism is taught in a crude, objective form, and which seems the self-defense of man against this untruth, namely, a discontent with the believed fact that a God exists, and a feeling that the obligation of reverence is onerous. It would steal, if it could, the fire of the Creator, and live apart from him, and independent of him. The Prometheus Vincetus is the romance of skepticism. Not less true to all time are all the details of that stately apologue. Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if Heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out into their native music and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mope and wallow like dogs. When the gods come among men they are not known. Jesus was not; Socrates and Shakspeare were not. Antæus was suffocated by the gripe of Hercules, but every time he touched his mother earth his strength was renewed. Man is the broken giant, and in all his weakness both his body and mind are invigorated by habits of conversation with Nature. The power of music, the power of poetry to unfix, and, as it were, clap wings to all solid nature, interprets the riddle of Orpheus, which was to his childhood an idle tale. The philosophical perception of identity through endless mutations of form, makes him know the Proteus. What else am I who laughed or wept yesterday, who slept last night like a corpse, and this morning stood and ran? And what see I on any side but the transmigrations of Proteus? I can symbolize my thought by using the name of any creature, of any fact, because every creature is man's agent, or patient. Tantalus is but a name for you and me. Tantalus means the impossibility of drinking the waters of thought, which are always gleaming and waving within sight of the soul. The transmigration of souls; that too is no fable. I would it were; but men and women are only half hu-

man. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers. Ah, brother, hold fast to the man, and awe the beast; stop the ebb of thy soul—ebbing downward into the forms into whose habits thou hast now for many years slid. As near and proper to us is also that old fable of the Sphinx, who was said to sit in the roadside and put riddles to every passenger. If the man could not answer, she swallowed him alive. If he could solve the riddle, the Sphinx was slain. What is our life but an endless flight of winged facts or events! In splendid variety these changes come, all putting questions to the human spirit. Those men who can not answer by a superior wisdom these facts or questions of time, serve them. Facts encumber them, tyrannize over them, and make the men of routine the men of *sense*, in whom a literal obedience to facts has extinguished every spark of that light by which man is truly man. But if man is true to his better instincts or sentiments, and refuses the dominion of facts, as one that comes of a higher race, remains fast by the soul, and sees the principle, then the facts fall aptly and supple into their places; they know their master, and the meanest of them glorifies him."

Vico led the way to the right interpretation of Mythology, but went too far, and is by no means a safe guide. He made authentic history mythological, and then interpreted it in his own way. Hercules is the type of one age, Esop, Homer, Orpheus are types of other ages of Grecian history. Homer belonged not to one, but to seven cities, and lived not in one century, but in a half dozen. The Romans knew not who were the founders of their empire and their religion; the void must be supplied by Romulus and Numa Pompilius. The difficulty is, he "sees more Homer than Homer saw." Vico, in the *Scienza Nuova*, has sailed over an unknown sea to discover a new world in history—a world whose immense resources are yet undeveloped. He was contented with adjacent islands and the shore, but there have come after him an earnest band desiring to breathe freer air than that of the old world.

Another author, whose influence has been next to that of Vico, we must not omit to notice—Herder called his work “Ideas toward a philosophy of history,” showing by the very title that he regarded it difficult, if not nearly impossible, to elaborate at present a *perfect* science of history. The modesty of Herder in this respect is worthy of all praise, and well deserves to be imitated. His *Ideen* embrace all time and run through all history and all science. He regards history simply as a product of nature, whose organic laws are neither numerous nor complex, which assumes an endless variety of forms as it is modified by external circumstances. He searches for the origin of the laws of human development in outward nature—geography, climate, animals; in habit—food, kinds of exercise; and in the productions of the earth, which give direction to industry, etc. Herder looks upon the mountains, rivers, adjacent seas, lakes, soil, and climate of a country, and reads the history of the people. The very position of Greece made the Greeks what they were. The Oriental climate prematurely developing the Eastern female, affects all their domestic, social, religious, and political institutions. The lama of Peru, the camel of Arabia, the sheep of New England, the horse, cow, even cat and dog, have an influence in molding character, and forming man’s history.

Vico declares that all history comes from *within* humanity. Herder leads us to infer that it comes from without. One sees only the resistless working of spirits, the other sees the creative influence of physical nature. We should be induced by the influence of the *scienza nuova* to believe that “the idea of a ship pre-exists in the human soul.” The *Ideen* would persuade us to think that the visible type exists in nature, as the shape of a fish or a swimming bird. The Italian would have us persuaded that the archetype of every thing is in the human spirit. The German author would prove that the archetype of all man’s works is in the external world. Vico sees in all history the supremacy of man. Herder sees in the rise, progress, maturity, decay, and downfall of nations, in all civil and political institutions, in every phase of man’s history, the supremacy of Nature.

*Modus in rebus*, here as well as elsewhere, is the true philosophy. External nature does not create the spiritual force of hu-

manity, but modifies its working. Man's life, if we may be allowed the expression, is run in the mold of physical nature. The geography of a nation does not create its history, but shapes it; as circumstances do not create a great man, but give direction to his energies. External objects may have an influence on the painting, sculpture, and architecture of a people, but they are not creative. Heeren says—"The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock, determined very naturally the principal character of the Nubian-Egyptian architecture to the colossal form which it assumed. In these caverns, already prepared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell on huge shapes and masses, so that when art came to the assistance of nature, it could not move on a small scale without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings have been, associated with those gigantic walls before which only Colossi could sit as watchmen, or lean on the pillars of the interior? The *colossal form* might have been given in this way, but the *living rock* did not first give them the idea of building." It may be true that "the Doric temple still presents the semblance of the wooden cabin in which the Dorian dwelt;" that "the Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent;" that "the Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees, with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them;" or that no "lover of nature can enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw, and plane still reproduced its forms, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce; but is it not equally true that "Strasburgh Cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach?" Those who see so much creative potency in nature forget that God made man a *living* soul. Vico says truly that all history comes from *within* humanity. Herder says truly all history is determined by influences from *without*. Both are correct. All history has its life-origin in man's living spirit; all history is molded by the external world. We shall all agree as soon as we understand one another.

It will be expected that we should mention some of the most dis-

tinguished of those historians who have used, as far as developed, the principles of historic science in their application to historic art.

Guizot, without exception, is the greatest living historian. His chief aim has not been to write a science of history, but he has best explained whatever of history he has undertaken. We do not like his conservatism, yet it does not blind us to his distinguished ability. If we recollect that he was the son of a man who paid his allegiance to the government by losing his head during the Reign of Terror, we may be able to account for his prejudices, without denying his merits as a historian. If we recollect that he was educated with all the severity of the school of Geneva, if we recollect that he had translated the works of Gibbon at an age when most young men are green from college, if we recollect that he was compelled by poverty to translate Shakspeare for his daily bread, if we recollect his earnest devotion to his professional studies, we may be able to account for the severity of his manner, and for many peculiarities in his political career, while we admire his historical lectures not less than the Parisian youth at the French academy. Guizot's "Civilization in Europe" is extensively known and admired. His work entitled "Civilization in France" is less known. It is rather European than French in its character, and merits the earnest attention of every student of history. Guizot's method is *a priori*, yet his wonderful skill in historical analysis enables him clearly to foresee those errors to which he would otherwise be exposed. "His ideas," says a French historian and critic, "have the rare merit of striking the general intelligence like a flash of light, and resting unattackable to the eyes of the most exact and minute erudition. Gifted with a marvelous power of analysis, he walks with ease through the obscurest epochs." His essays treating of the municipal institutions of Rome; of the origin of the establishment of the Gauls in France; of the causes of the fall of the Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties; of the social and political institutions of France from the fifth to the tenth centuries; of the political character of the feudal institutions; of the causes of the establishment of the representative government in England, are perhaps the ablest dissertations that have ever been written. No historian has equaled Guizot in

generalization. He who would devote himself to discovery in the science of history would do well to study Guizot in connection with M. Augusté Comte's *Course of Positive Philosophy*.

Michelet has been the disciple of Vico and Herder, but he suffers for the want of an exact science of history. If his fiery imagination were reined in by rigid and well-defined laws of generalization, he would excel all in the art of history. His historical creed is, to use his own language, "With the world began a struggle which will only end with the world—that of man against matter, liberty against fatality. History is nothing but the narrative of this interminable struggle." We see what his standard is, and we need only to read his works to know how well he has executed his design. He is sometimes visionary, yet the most fascinating of historians. Many can not be reconciled to his style, which has not the gravity and solemnity that have been supposed necessary in history; but we like the eldest of the Muses better as a companion, than when she plays the school-mistress or the pythoness. Michelet "reproduces," says a Reviewer, "the mysticism of the middle ages with vivid sympathetic touches; he narrates the dramatic episodes with ardor, passion, and dramatic effect. Life runs riot in the veins of his history: nothing is dead; laws are vivid symbols; ideas are incarnations, and events are personifications of principles. Every thing lives, acts, and suffers: the cold and glittering granite has a fire within; the tears of doubt and passion have become crystallized into gigantic cathedrals which aspire to mount to heaven. The church is the great mystery and passion petrified. The edifice is a living body; the nave, extending its two arms, is the man crucified; the crypt is the man entombed; the spire is the man upright and mounting to the skies." Michelet's histories are only surpassed in vivid imagination by Carlyle's "*French Revolution*"—a picture gallery in which we can see the death of Mirabeau, the insurrection of August Tenth, and the taking of the Bastille in life-like reality, and shudder as we behold.

Thierry is at the head of the descriptive school in France, and is an example of unwearying toil and profound erudition. Blindness, helplessness, and suffering were the results of his too great application. He was so wasted with labor that his remark was

almost literally true; "There is nothing left of me but my intellectual spirit to make friendship with the darkness." How truthfully could such a man say that there are those who complain of *ennui*, because they have nothing to occupy their minds; but just as well might one complain that in the wide world he can find no air to breathe, as to complain in the midst of so much to be learned that he can find nothing with which to busy his thoughts. Let him who would dare to write history read Thierry's ten years of historic studies, and then go and do likewise. We would not have the student of history waste himself away like Thierry, until a blind and helpless creature he must be carried in the arms of a servant, but would to Heaven that some of the writers of our time had at least a spark of his industry—writers who are animated only with the carrion and sulphur stench of battle fields. He who writes a good book must write it with his heart's blood, and waste upon it his life's spirit.

The French write more in the spirit of a true philosophy of history than others, and consequently excel all. Guizot is worthy of study as having most ably, most profoundly, discussed the problem of Civilization; Michelet as having described with most life, most animation, most personality, civilized man; Thierry as having without polemic or party feeling best described the process of civilizing races.

From the German writers in history we can not expect so much as from the French. The Germans are too much given to speculation, which is their strength and weakness, while the English are slaves to facts. The French preserve that happy balance between fact and speculation which gives them their great skill in correct generalization.

Of the Germans our limits will permit us to mention only their great historian—Niebuhr. He has done an essential service to history by boldly questioning ancient authority. That "prostration of the understanding," to the records of the past that had been handed down, he utterly refused, and dared to doubt. He has boldly made himself the judge, puts Livy, Polybius, Tacitus, and others, upon their oath, and then weighs their testimony. What he regards true he receives, what he regards as false he rejects. "It is not caprice," says Dr. Arnold, "but a most true instinct, which

has led Niebuhr to seize on some particular passage of a careless and ill-informed writer, and to perceive in it the marks of most important truth; while on other occasions he has set aside the statements of this same writer, with no deference to his authority whatever. To say that his instinct is not absolutely infallible, is only to say that he was a man; but he who follows him most carefully, and thinks over the subject of his researches most deeply, will find the feeling of respect for his judgment continually increasing, and will be more unwilling to believe what Niebuhr doubted, or to doubt what he believed." Immense service has been done history by that science of doubting as well as believing, first elaborated in its true significance by Niebuhr. Speaking of the writers of Roman History for two centuries after the revival of classical learning, he says: "If any one had pretended to examine into the credibility of the ancient writers, and the value of their testimony, an outcry would have been raised against such atrocious presumption." A great number of questions must be asked before the testimony of an historian can be admitted. What was his object in writing history? emolument? fame? to serve party? to give currency to sectarian views? to defend the questionable character of friends? to defame an enemy! What were the qualifications of the writer? was he educated? did he understand his subject? has he recorded reliable facts? has he made truth bend to rhetoric! did he first comprehend the spirit of the age? had he any motives to conceal or willfully pervert truth? was he credulous or skeptical? what were his ideas of history? These and a thousand other questions and cross-questions must be put to every writer of history. He who is skilled in the science of humanity will be able to read the historian himself as well as his book; as he who is skilled in reading character will converse a short time with a man and tell his fitness or unfitness for any particular mental labor. As the northern barbarians laid waste the political empire of Rome to open the field for a higher, holier, better civilization, so the great German has overturned the empire of Roman History. You may accuse him of Vandalism, of whatever you please, yet he has taught us the necessary lesson of doubting.

If we look to England for any writer who has done service in preparing the way for a science of history, we shall from sincere

conviction be compelled to mention a name that may be least of all expected—that of John Stuart Mill, known as the author of a treatise on Logic. He has been the first to give the science of history a name. No one can appreciate his service until after a careful examination of his works. He is an acute, profound thinker, and gifted with a wonderful, comprehensive power of analysis, which is most necessary for deducing the general laws of humanity. Our limits will prohibit us from any thing more than merely calling attention to an author, who, perhaps from his depth and the difficulty of understanding him, has not received that attention which he really merits.

Gladly, if it were possible, would we escape from saying any thing about Macaulay. No man has written a history that has so quickly become popular, yet he has done no essential service to philosophy of history. He has introduced to the notice of history as an art those topics that have falsely been considered as beneath its dignity. Voltaire and his school of historians attempted the same, but they are by no means to be compared with Macaulay. Voltaire, indeed, has no solid merit as an historian, and, although we allow him the title of poet, nevertheless if his genius has any great momentum, it is a product whose chief factor is the velocity. Macaulay's history would compare well with those of Thucydides and Tacitus, although it lacks the fire of the former, and the picturesqueness and terseness of the latter. He has not written for the world, but for England, and not so much for England as for his party. Notwithstanding his ostensible fairness, he has taken good care that the Tories should not have the best of it, which probably they do not deserve. If he has told us no new truth, he has made old ones attractive. Destitute of the highest kind of imagination, he carries us on with an irresistible tide of epigrammatic narrative. If we find, in the highest sense of the word, no finished pictures, yet his rhetoric continually suggests them. If he is guilty of exaggeration, he is so rich in words that he has become careless of their value and prodigal in their use. His powerful memory and his industry have supplied him the most abundant materials of the past; would that he had Guizot's power of analysis, to construct from them a true philosophy of history! The frequent illustrations

which would be tedious and pedantic in any other, in Macaulay are perfect beauties. Those geographical and historical names which stick like dry meal in the prosy mouth of Alison, flow from the tongue of Macaulay in liquid, eloquent volubility. Scott has contrived to make a fascinating romance by using a mixture of facts and fiction, but Macaulay has made one more fascinating by using facts alone. Those who would relish a good dish of English history well spiced with antithesis, will admire Macaulay. Those who would rather hunt deer in the park than read Plato at home, will prefer Macaulay to John Stuart Mill.

We would not have it supposed that in these able historians are the materials, all the necessary facts for constructing the new science of history. The mental philosopher, the psychologist, the physiologist, the student of languages, are each in the possession of certain facts, which, as well as the recorded events of the past, must be studied, and observed before any of the great laws of humanity can be evolved and accurately defined. It may not be necessary to observe all historical facts, but enough to deduce general laws. After general principles are discovered and defined as they exist in the nature of things, then historical facts can be classified.

We are beginning to see the real significance there is in history, and to demand in the historian the activity of some other faculty than memory. The historian must understand human nature, in the highest sense of the term, and must have a right conception of the purpose of man's existence in this world. He must be able to see the root of all acts in the human soul. He must be able to read the true history there is in the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, as well as to detect the fiction in Eusebius. He must be able, tracing back, to see the mental history of dark centuries abridged in Aristotle. He must be able to see the thread of Plato's philosophy spun out over the ages, woven into Roman oratory, into the doctrines of the Christian church, into the metaphysics of Germany, into the philosophy of France, into the reflective mind of New-England, into the various institutions of every country. He must hear the undying cadence of the Memnon-music, and behold the burning of the Phoenix. Of whatever nation or period he would dare to write the history, he must understand well the laws, literature, the connection with preceding

and succeeding states of humanity, the manners and customs of the people, must himself travel over the territory, and acquire that knowledge which would have enabled him to govern with the governors, and make laws with the law makers.

The real historian must not only collate Livy and Polybius, not only read Homeric and Nibelungen Hymns, not only interpret with Champolion the hieroglyphics of the past, but he must also pay proper attention to stories of witches, to legends of saints, to local superstitions, to Arabian Nights' Entertainments, to Captain Lemuel Gulliver, and Canterbury tales. He must not write merely the history of kings and courts, or the annals of a republic, but God-ordained for his task, he must write the history of MAN. He must see the truth there is in the creed of every sect, in the principles of every party. He must have such a strength of sympathy with humanity that he can see the good there is in every age.

Above all things, the historian must understand the great question of Progress. Many look upon man's history as a sea with rock-bound shores which can not be passed; others see in history a flowing tide which never ebbs. The former behold nothing but a *corso ricorso*, a mere rise and fall of waves caused by the more or less violent storms of human life. The less enlightened and conservative can perceive that there have been seasons of progress, but they think they can see seasons of equal retrogression. If we study well the world's history, we shall be able to discover unmistakable marks of progress. He who stands by the ocean's shore but a short time will see nothing but a constant agitation of the waves,—a constant flux and reflux of foaming water, but he who keeps his station a length of time will observe that each swell breaks a little higher than the preceding one, as the tide flows. So it is in history. During short periods of time there are advances and failures, but all the while there is a constant progression of humanity. In the great life-struggle of Mind with Matter—of spirituality with materiality, of humanity with sensuality—have no victories been gained? In history were not the Egyptians in advance of the Orientals? Were not the Greeks and Romans in advance of the Egyptians? And are we not in advance of them? Has there not been constant progress from

the reign of Misraim till the establishment of Democracy in America? No one is hardy enough to deny it; but there is an objection to the statement of the question! Why not say that the ancient Greeks were enlightened, that the Chinese were long after less enlightened, and that now the inhabitants of Crim Tartary, Central Africa, Liberia, Patagonia, and Labrador are in the depths of barbarism? This is quite a one-sided view. In broadest terms the real question is, whether the world *taken all in all* is now better than formerly? Whether the whole race is now any more civilized than it was in the days of Canute, of Pharamond, of Nero, of Solon, of Pharaoh Neco, of Laborsoarcod, of Confucius, or in the days of the Antediluvians? In succession of ages have barbarians become any more barbarous? have heathen nations become any more prone to idolatry? have half-civilized nations returned to the savage state? have enlightened men hated the light? It is conclusive evidence that those who have known most of history have seen most of progress. It is a curious fact that there are those in this age who are so blinded that they are unable to recognize the most encouraging fact in man's history. We remember that even Homer makes Sthenelus say, "Let us thank the gods that we are so much in advance of our fathers." The fact that there has been progress somewhere, proves the progressibility of the race; the fact that civilization has been constantly going on, shows the tendency of man to improvement.

When we advocate progress we wish to be understood. The word progress now-a-days is often used without any meaning at all, and oftener with a perverted meaning. The radical has ideas peculiar to himself, to which he gives the name of progress. In existing institutions he sees nothing but folly and evil. He can find good only in tearing down what has already been built, in destroying what has already been done. He lights the torch of conflagration, and cries with a fanatical shout, "Behold the light of progress!" He kindles the flames of revolutions, sacks cities, deluges public thoroughfares with foaming rivers of blood; and then, with maniac fire in his eye, asks you to behold the work of progress. He disorganizes society, introduces anarchy and confusion, propagates false systems in philosophy, preaches

heresy, infidelity, and atheism in religion; then, with stupid self-confidence, with a beastly stare of self-deception, with an asinine look of imaginary wisdom, he modestly requests you to make an endeavor to comprehend the significance of real progress. With such ideas of progress we have nothing to do. Progress is a beautiful law of humanity, consists in constant growth and harmonious development; not in periodical destruction.

We are now in a transition period of history, such as the world has never before seen. We shudder at unbelief, yet know not what to believe. In regard to the past we are in distressing doubt, while we look tremblingly to the future. Mankind have been marching on these six thousand years; we have an almost irresistible longing to look back, yet fear lest we be turned into conservative pillars of salt. We can only relieve our minds of perplexity, in regard to the great problems of history, by evolving the eternal laws of humanity. History will then be both a work of science and a work of art. Science must explain its facts, art must reproduce its life. The man who has skill in generalization will find an ample field for labor, while the poet will find facts "stranger than fiction" enough to inspire his muse. The former must dissect, the latter must reconstruct. The one must analyze, the other must raise the dead. One must show the skeleton of the past, the other must weave upon it the beautiful tissues of life.

Man's history is a great drama, beginning in time, ending in eternity. Past scenes have been full of sin, struggling, suffering, and death. Many a noble nature has been wrecked by the whirlwinds of passion, and many a warm heart has been crushed beneath the steel-shod hoof of the war-horse. The earth has everywhere been moistened with mingled tears and blood. In progress and Christianity, however, we have a living faith. When we look with the eye of such a faith, we can see even the tears of sorrow—crystal drops, glittering upon the flowers of affection in the bright sunshine of hope; we can see man madly working his way forward, through the murder of Socrates and Jesus, through the conquests of Alexander and the assassination of Caesar, through Russian campaigns and French revolutions, through Inquisitions and Star Chambers, through Monmouth insurrections and Mexican

wars, to a recognition of the great principles of humanity, and we can at least hope the time may come when man's history shall become a perpetual evangel, when the dome of his worshipping temple shall be the bending heavens, when his organ-music shall be the singing together again of the morning stars, when the face of man shall pronounce upon man his Creator's benediction.

## TO THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

"Hath not thy prayer been Victory, oh my soul?  
 Hath not thy conflict won a voice to shake  
 Death's fastnesses—a magic to control  
 Worlds far removed? From o'er the grave to me  
 Love hath made answer!" *The Spirit's Return.*

THOU Ancient Mystery! Thy solemn night  
 Pierced by attempered rays from that far realm  
 That lies beyond, dark with excess of light,  
 No more the struggling spirit shall o'erwhelm.

Too long the terror of the dread unknown  
 Hath the wrung heart with hopeless anguish riven,  
 The blasting splendors of the fiery throne\*  
 "Burning within the inmost vail of Heaven—"

The gloom of that great glory which of old  
 Haunted the vision of the prophet's dream,  
 When the archangel of the Lord foretold  
 The day of doom by dark Hiddekel's stream.

In vain through lingering years I turned the page  
 Rich with these sacred records of the past;  
 Hope languished, and no legend could assuage  
 The rayless gloom thy awful shadow cast.

\* Vision of Daniel. chap. viii. x.

In dread Apocalypse I see thee borne  
On the pale steed, triumphant o'er the doomed,  
Till the rent Heavens like a scroll were torn,  
And hollow Earth her hundred isles entombed.

In vain I questioned the cold Stars, and kept  
Lone vigils by the grave of buried love,—  
No angel wing athwart the darkness swept,  
No voice vouchsafed my sorrow to reprove.

Was it the weight of that remorseless woe,  
The nameless anguish of that long despair—  
That made thy marble lips at length forego  
Their silence at my soul's unceasing prayer?

Henceforth the sorrowing heart its pulse shall still  
To solemn cadences of sweet repose,  
Content life's mystic passion to fulfill  
In the great calm that from thy promise flows.

No more thy charnel gloom the soul appalls  
Nor the deep anguish of the "Second Death."  
The dawn-light breaks athwart thy glimmering halls,  
And thy dank vapors own the Morning's breath.

Welcome as the white feet of those who bring  
Glad tidings of great joy unto the world,  
Shall fall the shadow of thy silver wing  
Over the weary couch of woe unfurled.

A heavenly halo kindles round thy brow,  
Beyond the palms of Eden softly wave,  
Bright messengers athwart the empyrean go,  
And love to love makes answer o'er the grave.

# ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

"The chain of Being is complete in Man;  
In Man is Matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next link is Spirit."—DEZHAIVEN.

THE subject on which I propose to write is full of a mysterious beauty. It carries the mind into a region where the light of material existence fades away, and earthly forms decompose and become the shades which people the realms of the Invisible. Here, as it were, on the confines of two worlds, we must take our place.

"We hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close to the realms where Angels have their birth,  
Just on the boundaries of the Spirit-land."

This position man alone may occupy; for in the chain of being he is the connecting link which unites the visible and invisible, the material and spiritual, the temporal and eternal, in one unbroken line of existence, beginning in DERRY, and ending in the unorganized elements of distant worlds.

NATURAL objects and phenomena increase in interest as we proceed from the lower to the higher gradations of being. Curious and instructive as are the laws and processes exhibited in the chemical affinities of inorganic nature, still the most imperfect organic form is invested with a far deeper interest, and in its silent language appeals to the soul with a mightier power.

The gems that lie embedded in the earth are precious; the concretion of a rock, the formation of a dew-drop or a snow-flake, is a theme of sufficient interest to enlist the noblest intellect. Crystals sparkle in the ocean caves; brilliant corruscations illumine the polar skies; refulgent dyes, blended in the alembic of Nature, are transfused, like fire mist, through earth, and sea, and air—these are all beautiful. But the violet that blooms in the valley; the rose that blushes at the approach of a sunbeam; the old oak that strikes his roots deep into the mountain, and raises his aspiring arms to the bending heavens—even the meanest flower that opens its petals by the wayside, and pours out its incense to the Morning, is far more beautiful, for it is a revelation of the all-pervading LIFE.

Another step—and what wonders do we behold! The eye and the ear are formed, and the external world is unveiled. The perception of outward objects, the power of locomotion, the love of offspring, and all the mysterious instincts of the animal creation invite our attention. Not Life alone, with its myriad forms of beauty, but *Sensation*—with its deep, thrilling, unwritten and unspoken revelations of pleasure and pain—these present a theme fraught with a still higher interest to the conscious Soul.

But it is only when we approach the sphere of MIND, that we become conscious of entering within the very portals of the invisible world. The whole subject is invested with a surpassing beauty, yet with a solemnity deep and awful. This unfathomable mystery of Thought! this gift of Reason; this power to investigate the great laws of the Universe; these silent aspirations, in which the Soul pours out its libations, and rising in its transfigured beauty, spurns the temple of clay and asserts its kindred with angels and with God—in these we read a revelation, at once soothing and sacred, and sublime, of

—“the divinity that stirs within us.”

The most ennobling themes belong to the sphere of Mind. From the close relation of the subject to man, and its proximity to the Divine nature and presence, every manifestation of mind must be regarded with the intensest interest. I am conscious

that no created intelligence has the power of self-comprehension ; and I know how difficult it is to establish ourselves on a reliable basis, when the entire subject—comprehending its invisible laws and visible phenomena—is above and beyond the sphere of material things. Here the mind must necessarily *feel* its way in the vast immensity. Some of its steps may be uncertain—indeed, they must be—but *they can not be useless*. The discipline by which we learn to exercise any faculty, of body or mind, is made up of unsuccessful efforts ; and he whose fear of a false step will not permit him to hazard an experiment may as well conclude to crawl for ever, for it is certain he can never walk.

Motion, in some form or direction, would seem to be an essential law of all existence. The world moves from center to circumference, and not one of the elements of matter or mind may resist its action. Thou, O Man, art a part of that which is around thee. How, then, shalt thou be still while the world's great heart continues to beat evermore? Not for thee will the earth stop in its orbit, nor can Mind be chained to a single point in the cycle of its destiny. **ONWARD FOR EVER!** is the sublime and emphatic annunciation which peals through all time and space, and vibrates on the chords of universal Being.

But some of us may not move to the common measure of the world, and so those who have learned and practiced *that* may not be able to beat the time. What if they are not? A fresh exercise may still be of service as a necessary stimulus to the faculties ; and even an occasional *jar* or discord may not be disagreeable, if it but break the old monotony. If we are not always in the ascending scale when we move, still, motion—even at the risk of falling—is less to be dreaded than immobility. All who have made discoveries have ventured out beyond the walks of the multitude. What if these narrow limits which time, and custom, and prejudice have defined, are mistaken for the boundary lines of creation! Still, beyond these is the great **UNEXPLORED**, which infidel feet have never trodden. Let us go there, that we may stand for once on hallowed ground, when the aspiring soul dwells alone with God.

The reader need not be startled with the apprehension that his theological Zion is about to be invaded. Our sphere of thought

lies mainly without, and we can hardly offer an offense, even against popular prejudices, by pursuing our investigations in a field not yet included within the domain of Theology. I may leave the common track, but shall have no occasion to shock the reverence or disturb the religious sensibilities of the most devout nature. The writer will not, however, feel aggrieved if the reader should dissent from the views he may disclose. All that is demanded, is entire freedom in their expression, while, to the individual human judgment is accorded the right to accept or reject them. A treatise on Psychology might be deemed essentially incomplete, without the argument from Nature in favor of the soul's existence. This should very properly precede a disquisition concerning its attributes and phenomena. To this part of the subject, therefore, I invite the attention of the reader in the succeeding chapter.

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## CHAPTER II.

### NATURE OF THE SOUL.

"One thinks the Soul is air; another, fire;  
 Another, blood diffused about the heart;  
 Another saith the elements conspire,  
 And to her essence each doth give a part."

SINCE it has become lawful to think, and to give form and expression to our thoughts, I suspect that this business should neither be suspended nor monopolized. Accordingly, I venture to submit my thought, though I am conscious of the inadequacy of language to embody our highest ideal, and the insignificance of all thought and speech, compared with the vastness of a theme which the one can not fathom nor the other delineate.

He is a happy man who can occasionally escape from the dull sphere of grosser life, and dwell, if it be but for an hour, where the discordant sounds of the market-place or the exchange are not heard. It is glorious thus to exist in a sphere that is not all

of earth—where the scenes are fresh from the hand of God, and the light of eternity illumines the soul. As we advance from the lowest forms of matter, toward the highest manifestations of mind, existence becomes ever more beautiful and divine, and as the traces of men gradually disappear, we begin to discern foot-prints of the angels.

The existence of organized beings, of a nature so refined and spiritual as to be invisible to mortals, may be inferred from an investigation of the laws of matter and mind. The tendency of matter to assume organic forms and relations will be found to correspond to the degree of its refinement. In the mineral kingdom, all matter exists in an inorganic state. The elements require a refining process, to fit them to the superior sphere of organized existence. By virtue of the electric forces which pervade the earth and all things, a chemical action of its elements is produced, by which the more volatile parts are thrown off in impalpable gases. In this sublimated form, the particles of matter exhibit constant mobility, assuming, every moment, new relations to each other.

At this stage of its attenuation, matter is fitted to undergo an important transition. Numerous forms appear, possessing organs adapted to specific functions of being. Plants possess a power of assimilation, by which the most offensive exhalations are absorbed, and the most deleterious substances taken up and so modified by the process, as to become the nutritive products on which animated existence is made to depend.

Every one may perceive that all matter is not equally refined. The incense of flowers, moving on the air like an invisible spiritual presence, is but a sublimation of matter taken up from the elements of decay and putrefaction. It is matter still, though, instead of exciting our disgust by its grossness, it is fitted to produce the most delicate sensations. If the refining process has rendered it invisible, its existence is not less an actuality. Electricity is so highly sublimated that it penetrates the most solid bodies, and passes in imperceptible currents through the minutest particles of grosser substances. But electricity is matter; though refined to a degree which, perhaps, exceeds our highest idea of the spiritual.

It may be inferred that organized bodies are not likely to be

developed from the grosser elements, on account of the comparative immobility of unrefined substances—but when matter becomes volatilized, the particles which compose the mass exhibit the phenomena of perpetually changing positions and relations. It must be sufficiently evident that, in this condition, they are far more likely to so arrange themselves as to develop the forms and functions of life, than when existing in a state of less refinement.

Numerous as are the trees and plants which clothe and adorn the earth, it is probable that the animal kingdom vastly exceeds the vegetable creation, in the number and variety of its organic forms. The increasing tendency of matter—during the process of its refinement—to become organized, is evident from the infinitude of animal existence. The more ethereal parts of all gross substances are constantly becoming instinct with life. Each fleeting moment marks the birth of innumerable millions of living creatures, of whose existence and habits man could know nothing through the medium of the unassisted sense. The microscope has opened the portals of a new world, before unseen, yet far more numerous than the world which meets the unaided vision. In the light of this discovery, we perceive that every grain of sand is a walled city, and a single drop of water encircles an empire of being!

But if matter exhibits the tendency I have supposed, we may rationally conclude that, when it is so ethereal as to be wholly intangible, it is more likely to be organized than in any of the inferior stages of its refinement. It is well known that, in its higher gradations, matter is so sublimated as to escape the observation of the senses. If we admit that, in this refined state, it may be organized, we have furnished *our* answer to the great question of the soul's independent existence. It is equally certain that the sphere of organic being comprehends millions of creatures, too *minute* to be perceived by the eye. Why may not other millions exist, invisible, not on account of their minuteness, but the *refinement* of their composition? The evidence, as it presents itself to my mind, is not less conclusive. No one would venture to dispute the existence of the infusoria. Even those who have had no opportunity for personal observation,

readily accept the testimony of others who have seen the organized millions of that invisible world.

But if disorganized matter may be so refined as to escape the sphere of sensuous observation, can a single reason be given for the hypothesis which denies the existence of invisible beings, possessing an organic structure of more refined elements, and adapted to sustain the relations, and perform the functions of a more exalted and spiritual life? To think of limiting the organic law to the contracted vision of mortals, indicates less of the immortal than appropriately belongs to man. If I am not in error concerning the general law which I have presumed to graduate the organization of matter by the specific degrees of its refinement, the argument would seem to be conclusive in proof of the existence of invisible spiritual beings.

The various *forms* in which life is enshrined are more or less permanent in proportion to the refinement of their composition, and the perfection of their organization. The old oak and the stately cedar flourish while the ages come and go, but the grass and the flowers spring up in the morning, and at evening are cut down and withered. Man might possibly live for centuries, did he intelligently obey all the laws of his nature; but a frail insect might fully answer the purpose of its creation, and complete the cycle of its destiny, in a single day.

If matter in its grosser forms can not be annihilated, it certainly is no less indestructible after undergoing the refining process. The elements must be equally enduring, while the organisms exhibit less and still less mutation as we ascend the scale of being. The idea of the indestructibility of matter, for which the materialist contends, is sufficient to subvert his whole theory with respect to man, and to establish the soul's immortality. If it be impossible to annihilate a single particle, then the same particles exist forever, and however their forms and combinations may change, their identity is preserved.

It will be conceded that matter is governed by certain fixed laws, and these laws are as essentially indestructible as matter itself. To illustrate my idea: It would be necessary to destroy all substances before the principle of cohesive attraction could cease to be. These chemical and spiritual affinities, on which

so many beautiful forms, and processes, and divine unities are made to depend, are lasting as the primitive elements of all being. To be consistent with himself, the materialist must admit that the principle of life—everywhere so gloriously manifested—is a great law of the material universe, and that this life is, therefore, as truly immortal as matter is indestructible.

But I shall perhaps be met with this objection: The essential *elements* of life may be admitted to exist hereafter, without involving the conclusion that the individual man will preserve his identity. But if the minutest particles may preserve their identity amid all the changes of organization and decomposition, why may not the living principle survive all similar changes, and derive new strength and beauty from each succeeding transition? The grub that crawls on the earth may perish, but within its loathsome form a new and more beautiful body is developed, fitted to rise above the dust in which its existence began, and to dwell in the bright sunlight and the upper air.

The idea that there are spirits all around us like the sunbeams, whose influence is in the very atmosphere we breathe, may be regarded by some as a pleasant fancy, or an idle superstition. To others, and to the writer, it is the image of divine reality. Will any one reject the thought because he can not see spirit forms through the medium of physical organs? Does the existence of the angels depend on the capacity of mortals to follow them to their bright abodes? Nay; I would as soon deny the being of all living forms which inhabit the sea, because I can not live in their element. I would rather question the existence of the far-off stars, which are only seen through the telescope, or relinquish all faith in Astronomy because I may not travel up to ORION.

With those dull eyes you may not discern the spirit forms of departed men. No; *you can not*. But is the sphere of mortal vision wide as the range of being? We can not perceive the size and form of the Sun's rays, but we can feel their genial influence, and all nature is made glad and beautiful by the light. Look for the viewless winds. Are they not invisible? Yet who is unconscious that they are above, beneath, around, and within him? "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth."

Thus it is with the spirit. If it is not given thee, with the soul's deep eyes, to discern the forms of spiritual life, it still remains for thee—for *all* who are not buried beneath a concretion of sensuality—to experience their presence and their power.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATION.

"There is a physical body, and there is a spiritual body."—PAUL.

I WILL now invite the attention of the reader to some thoughts concerning the spiritual organization. If we regard the sphere of the outward and visible, we shall discover that all the higher manifestations of the internal life or actuating law are presented in the organized forms that meet the eye. Indeed, so far as our knowledge extends, all life, sensation, and intelligence are restricted to the spheres of organic existence. Matter may be sublimated to a degree which is beyond the reach of sense and the grasp of thought, but it develops none of these attributes unless it assumes organic forms and relations. It is, moreover, worthy of observation, that these organisms become more complicated in their structure, and delicate in their formation, as we proceed from the lower to the higher. If the life principle requires an organic form through which to manifest itself in its earthly and imperfect revealments, it can not be less necessary if ascend to a plane where existence becomes more essentially spiritual.

We have no disposition to cherish the vague notion that the spirit is a form of being without *form*. Our theory will not require us to solve the difficult problem, suggested by the hypothesis of an entity without materiality, or an assemblage of faculties without appropriate organs for their manifestation. Life, in all its

phases, depends, as we humbly conceive, on an organization adapted to the functions and the mode of that existence. The absurdity of believing the soul *to be*, and yet to be *nothing*, is left to be disposed of by those who entertain such an opinion. To us, the soul is a real existence growing up from, and above the spheres of inferior life.

The beautiful and diversified phenomena of life, and sense, and thought, are seen to depend on an organic structure of materials and mechanism adapted to their production. The functions of being become ever more interesting and wonderful as its elements are refined and its organic relations and dependencies are perfected. That the soul is an organized existence, may be inferred from the laws of matter and mind, as well as from all the analogies in nature. If an animated physical body can not exist without physical organs fitted to the specific functions and mode of such existence, no more can we rationally conceive of a spiritual being without a corresponding organic medium of sensation and action.

Within this gross animal form is another more refined in its elements, more enduring in its organization, and delicate in its susceptibility. Indeed, this interior body constitutes the receptacle of all our impressions, and hence there are images forever enshrined in memory, while the bodies through which they were received now mingle with the unorganized forms of matter.

I might rest this point on the general faith of mankind. Few, comparatively, would demand the labor of a single argument. Almost all men expect to live hereafter, and to perceive and comprehend vastly more than in the present. Yet they do not expect to carry these gross bodies with them. They have seen the external form when the eye was dim, the ear dull and insensible, the tongue was silent, and every nerve was motionless. And still, with this mortal paralysis resting on the outward medium of sensation, they yet presume that the vision is greatly extended, the hearing and utterance improved, and the power of motion inconceivably augmented. These views and expectations are inconsistent with any idea of the soul which denies its organic form. The idea of sight presupposes the existence of the eye. In like manner, all functional and sensational phenomena

must, I apprehend, be organically produced. I adopt the idea of an ancient spiritual philosopher: "There is a physical body, and there is a spiritual body." The soul is an organized spiritual body—a form within a form. The outward man is gross and perceptible by its own senses, while the inward form is refined in its composition, and can only be perceived through a medium of sensation ethereal as its own nature.

The spirit gradually absorbs the vitality of the earthly body. It is a fact that wherever we witness a superior internal growth—as in children who exhibit a precocious development—it is usually accompanied with increasing physical debility and emaciation. Paul, who was the most learned and philosophical of all the early teachers of Christianity, entertained this idea of the duality of man's nature, and the tendency of the unfolding spirit to abstract the life of the decaying body. When the spiritual growth is rapid, this transformation is soon accomplished. Thus it is philosophically true that "if the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed."

To every thing in being there is an outward form and an inward life. The gross substances of the mineral kingdom are pervaded by invisible agents, which develop the forces necessary to their mobility. The being and beauty of the vegetable creation are dependent on an invisible vitalizing law;—the fresh verdure and the gorgeous coloring of mountain and valley are but the reflected light of that principle seen through the prism of its countless forms. The diversified and elastic structures of the animal world—instinct with sensation and gifted with the power of voluntary motion—demonstrate the existence of a mysterious inward life, of which all visible animated forms are the eloquent and living revelations.

This two-fold being is still more apparent in man; and here—on the verge of visible existence—in this last refinement of the outward elements, the internal principle assumes an organic form, which, from its refinement, is imperceptible by the senses. Within this corporeal structure is another body, constituted of the more ethereal elements of the former. It is a curious fact that persons who have lost a limb always have an internal consciousness that the body is still complete. Though an

arm or a leg may have been amputated years before, and its decomposed elements scattered by the winds or waves, the individual yet feels that the lost member is with him and sustaining its proper relations; and his sensation extends to the very extremity, almost as perfectly as when the limb was there. This may seem incredible to some minds, but the fact is confirmed by the experience of all persons who have suffered the loss of one of these members. We predicate the statement on the testimony of many persons of this class whom we have personally consulted.

But physicians and others have attempted to account for the singular fact just referred to, by presuming that the sensation of the lost member results from *association*. Such an explanation needs to be explained, and to be fortified, too, by some show of evidence. If a man who has been sick and in constant pain for ten years should recover, he would not suffer from association the same pains during the remainder of his life. Yet the man who in his youth lost a limb, even now in his maturity—if memory be suspended for a moment—thinks that his body is perfect in all its parts, and he is daily reminded that sensation remains though the nervous medium is gone. This fact I must regard as a beautiful evidence of the existence of an internal spiritual form. The inward man is neither destroyed nor mutilated by the means and instruments which disorganize the outward body. If there be no inward spiritual organism—the ultimate receptacle of all outward sensational impressions—how can feeling remain when the sensor nerves are severed and the entire member has perished? If the various members of the body may be removed without affecting the internal consciousness or disturbing the original limits to which sensation extended it follows that the whole body may be decomposed and yet all of life, and sense, and thought may remain.

The germ of this interior man doubtless commences its growth with the first hour of consciousness. It may be vitalized by electric agency at or before the moment of its birth. When this occurs prematurely—while the organic structure is yet unfitted to perform the functions of life—the perpetuity of being may be regarded as questionable. When the embryo is thus ushered into the world, before the organic formation is complete, the out-

ward life is rendered uncertain or impossible. An imperfect physical organism is found to be incompatible with the existence or preservation of the vital functions. So the life and identity of the interior form may be lost from the same cause, and all the elements of the partially formed being go back to mingle with the common mass.

It will be perceived, I think, that neither the laws of matter nor those of mind afford the least reason to question the immortality of man. Is it because the elements of this outward organism are thrown off, that all consciousness is supposed to end? This has occurred—after a more gradual manner it may be—several times before during the brief period of earthly existence, and yet the identity of being has been preserved. The entire composition of our bodies has been changed several times, and still we feel that our existence here is ONE. We can recall the events of the past, and even in life's last hours—when the still conscious soul catches strange glimpses of the world beyond—the incidents of childhood are remembered in all their freshness. This mysterious power by which we recall the scenes of other days, even after the constituent elements of the body have been several times changed, is a most convincing proof of the individual and immortal life of man.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ASPIRATION AND MEMORY.

THE individualization and immortality of Mind is further indicated by the nature and magnitude of its powers. If it were only fitted to perceive material forms, and to note the simple facts and circumstances of outward life, there might be room to doubt the perpetuity of being. But mind is not thus circumscribed. It has a wider and a higher sphere, to which it exhibits a direct tendency and specific adaptation. If all the elements of mind are material—in the sense in which we use the term—and its organization destructible, from what source does it derive its power to grasp the

first principle of spiritual science? And who will explain to us the philosophy of that mysterious and delightful fascination which leads the willing mind far out into an ideal world?

Man is not altogether earthly. The decay of the body is not the annihilation of being. If it were otherwise, his thoughts and desires could never reach above the earth. I hold it to be impossible for any being to occupy a sphere, to desire a life, or even to conceive of a condition which is above the plane of its nature—or that point to which it may arrive in the subsequent unfolding of its faculties. Can the beast conceive of the relations which exist among men? Evidently not, for the obvious reason that such relations form no part of the destiny which awaits him. The highest development of which his nature is susceptible, must necessarily leave him far below the dignity of man's estate.

If what we call death has power to disorganize the soul, to destroy its elements, and swallow up the identity of being to which we so fondly cling, why should man have the least conception of an invisible world and spiritual life? The idea itself, in its simplest form, is above all that distinguishes the sphere of mere material or animal existence. Man, of all earthly creatures, dwells in this exalted plane. With him the life that shall be—the life of which the present is but the feeble and imperfect beginning—is ever before him, and its divine realities are the eternally unfolding principles of his own nature. All over the world, the idea of immortality is incorporated with the very elements of mind. Neither is it always vague nor unsatisfactory. We look forward with a serene joy to the communion of mind with mind, freed from the cold restraints which belong to the present. With a clearer vision, we shall yet read the thrilling memories of the Past, where our divinest thoughts will no more be distorted by inflexible and unmeaning forms of speech, and no arbitrary custom will be left to subvert the great law of spiritual affinity, by which congenial natures meet and mingle together. The idea of such a life is to me the revelation of its existence, while the desire it awakens in the soul is the infallible prophecy of its realization.

In this faculty which we call MEMORY, inwrought as it is with associations of all the past, I read the evidence that the identity

of man's inward being is eternally established. The man of three-score years has had a number of bodies, yet deeply engraven, within the imperishable soul, is the history of them all. With this fact in mind, I shall be slow to adopt the hypothesis that another transition, whatever be the circumstances of its occurrence, can obliterate the record, destroy consciousness, and make an end of Life.

A mystic chain binds me to the past—a chain I could not sever if I would. We feel that strange ties still link our spirits to the scenes long gone. We felt a shock, perchance, when our friends were stricken from our embrace, and for a moment thought that all was lost! But the awakening consciousness that all Life is immortal came to our relief, and we were inspired with the thought that these transitions only clothe the living Principle with new and diviner forms. The soul instinctively sends out its desires and sympathies toward the spheres of the Invisible, as though it would *feel after* the objects it most cherishes. *Now* we perceive that the golden chain we supposed to have been severed, is yet unbroken. Not a link is gone, and it binds us ever more securely to its object. A frail mortal, with pale cheek and trembling hand, once held that chain with us, but lest, in his weakness, he might let it fall, an angel bore it away from earth and placed it in the hands of an immortal!

If we live but in and for the present, why sits that old man among the graves of a generation? Why is he thus insensible to the living tide that rises around him, on which he seems upborne like the last wreck of the storm? Have you seen that old man, and learned the cause of his abstraction? His lips moved just now, as though he would speak to some one. But when one answered him, he heard not the voice, for his spirit was far away. The vitality of his body has been absorbed by the soul, or wasted by slow degrees among the elements. His senses are all paralyzed, and the living current which in youth and manhood flowed out in a thousand streams to vitalize his outward being, is now setting back to be congealed at the fountain. When I gazed on him he seemed solitary. Yet he was not alone; for,

"Through the shadow past,  
Like a tomb searcher, Memory ran,  
Lifting each shroud that Time had cast  
O'er all he loved."

Does any one presume that the personality of a rational being is lost when the elements of the body are dissipated? Let him observe that old man. Tell me, why does he thus dwell in the past? By what mysterious and mighty magnetism is he attracted to the things that were?

It is ascertained that in a very limited period, perhaps from seven to ten years, the whole body is changed. Admitting the hypothesis that the identity of being is destroyed by these outward transitions, IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO RECALL ANY CIRCUMSTANCE OR EVENT THAT OCCURRED AT A PERIOD MORE REMOTE. Memory would, therefore, be circumscribed within these narrow limits. If it be true that the identity of being is lost in the dissipation of the bodily elements, why does that aged man remember and rejoice in his childhood? Here is a problem the old Materialism may strive in vain to solve, consistently with its theory. Will it be said that our argument is unsound, because the transitions between infancy and old age are unlike death—being more gradual? This objection, specious as it may appear, can not invalidate our reasoning. The length of time employed in the accomplishment of this change, can make no essential difference. Whether the elements of the body are removed more or less progressively—in portions large or small—the conclusion is deemed alike inevitable.

Over the ashes of thy friend is a tablet inscribed to his memory. If a seventh part of it be taken once in a year, at the end of seven years it will be as effectually removed as if carried away at a single effort. There will be nothing left to mark the spot. Who, then, will read that inscription? Thus, if man be a mere monument of gross matter—if there be no internal, rational nature which constitutes the ultimate receptacle of all our impressions—it would necessarily occur as often as the outward elements were changed, that each succeeding record would be blotted out, and life begin anew. And the time that had been—

the Eternity past—now written all over with tracery of deathless memory—would be lost to all but God!

From the previous course of reasoning, founded on the established laws of matter and mind, the individuality of the soul and its immortal identity constitute a legitimate and natural conclusion. Here two questions present themselves to the mind of the writer. In the argument derived from memory, it was observed that the incidents of childhood are more vividly remembered in old age than the events of greater magnitude occurring at a later period in life. The problem which this fact involves admits of an easy and rational solution.

In the first period of human existence, the spirit is but a germ containing the invisible principles and undeveloped attributes of an unborn angel. The first impressions made on this embryo intelligence are most deeply inwrought with the constituent elements of its being. Whatever is implanted in the germ, is, for obvious reasons, more thoroughly incorporated with the nature than the objects and events which only leave their reflected images on the outward surface of being. It is for this reason that the physical and mental peculiarities resulting from the laws of hereditary transmission are the least susceptible of change or modification. Thus a congenital disease may be incurable, while a disease induced by extrinsic causes will readily yield to judicious treatment. First impressions are, therefore, most indelible because they are deposited in the very rudiments of our being. It will be perceived that an immense responsibility attaches to those who are instrumental in the reproduction of the species, as well as to all who are employed in the education of the young, for the reason that these first impressions exert a paramount influence in determining the specific quality and tendencies of the spirit.

Another reason may be assigned for the strength and vividness of early impressions. In the first stage of early existence, if the organization is complete, the bodily senses are most perfect. These physical organs of sense may be compared to so many lenses through which the light and imagery of the external world are reflected to the soul. In childhood this intervening, sensuous medium is new, and consequently the forms of outward objects

are distinctly imaged within. But as life advances, the body loses its exquisite sensibility, the solids become more inflexible, and the fluids circulate with less freedom. The gentle breath or touch that shook the infant frame, will no longer cause the vibration of a single nerve; the bodily organs are impaired by time and use; the images reflected from the outward world become faint and unreliable. At last, a mortal paralysis seizes every nerve of sensation, and, as the dim picture of earth fades in the distance, the spheres of the immortal are gradually revealed to the senses of the soul.

But if man be immortal in his individuality, why do the faculties of the mind seem to decay with the organs of the body? Here we meet the old Materialism in the stronghold from which it has fought with its greatest apparent success. To those occupying the sphere of the senses, this is a most formidable objection to the idea and the hope of immortality. To the enlightened minds who have ascended to a higher plane, it has no force or importance. Those who are governed by sensuous observation of visible phenomena, know little or nothing of mind except from its outward manifestations. When these become imperfect, they infer that the mind is impaired, whereas the derangement is confined to the organic function. While mind in its outward revealments is restricted to the use of these physical organs, its manifestations will necessarily be beautiful and harmonious only in proportion as the mechanism through which it acts is perfect.

A machine originally adapted to the manufacture of the most beautiful fabrics may be so impaired by accident or use as to produce only damaged goods, even when its movements are superintended by the utmost skill and precision. So long as intelligence is confined to its earthly mediums of communication, the reliability of its utterances must depend, in a great degree, on the nature and perfection of these mediums. In old age, the spirit manifests itself but feebly through its sensuous covering. The apparent decay of the mental faculties must necessarily accompany the transformation whenever it occurs naturally. For as the vital forces are progressively withdrawn from the body, the parts most remote from the seat of life first become cold and rigid. The half-fledged spirit gathers itself up for a bold flight,

and ceases to manifest its qualities and powers through the old organic medium it is prepared to abandon. When the earthly lyre is all unstrung, the gifted spirit may not stoop to wake its slumbering tones.

There is not a faculty of mind that does not bear the impress of Divinity. The subtile logic of the advocate in the forum; the profound designs of the statesman; the immeasurable grasp of the philosopher; the perception of beauty; and the appreciation of music, are so many deathless testimonials that man is immortal. Even the wildest dream of an erratic fancy is a higher evidence of the divinity of Mind—the eternity and identity of its being—than the material philosophy has ever furnished for its dark hypothesis.

With these wonderful powers—the harmony of motion, the perfection of life, the intensity of feeling, and the divinity of thought—I should as soon expect that all matter in the Universe will be annihilated, as that the light of a single human intellect will ever be quenched in the oblivion of dissolving forms. Not while these spiritual instincts remain to intimate the existence of the better life, can man be shaken in the ground of his hope. He must be deprived of that reason, too, which investigates the eternal laws as well as the fleeting forms of things, ere I can relinquish mine. You must first extinguish all those burning aspirations in which he mounts to the “highest heaven of invention,” or dives like a fire spirit to the depths of material elements and spiritual forces. And then—there are chords now swept to notes of inspiration by invisible fingers, whose gentlest touch fills the soul with music. These must be *broken*, and the last spirit-tone hushed in the shock of the falling temple, or I shall yet seek for the indwelling divinity above the ruins of its earthly shrine. Till then, these powers, and this idea of another life, which everywhere—in all stages of civilization, and among the savage tribes—attaches itself to the soul, shall be cherished as the God-written revelation of my eternal life.

“I feel my immortality o’ersweep  
All pains, all groans, all griefs, all fears, and peal,  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
Into mine ears, this truth—THOU LIV’ST FOREVER.”

## THE HUMAN HEART.

BY C. D. STUART.

O, COLON, I am, in this matter of the heart, to my sorrow at times, too selfish—perhaps sensitive—to yield up its idols so soon. But it must be; the finest bonds of the soul can not escape that fiat of time and change—estrangement from the beautiful—and the transition, cost it never so much, and be it never so painful, is an actual and an irresistible condition of our being. Content in no peaceful vallley, where naught but death's angel can approach ourselves or those we love, we dare the migratory path, and must joy or sorrow as fate wills. Is there no land of promise where this vagrancy shall cease? Where our steps will be guided by one only aspiration, that of living within and centering all things at home. Fountains of perpetual youth, ye spring not in fabled lands; the Ilyblas and El Dorados are not the offspring of valleys tinted with never-waning sunshine. Your air is not the odor that fails nor faints not. Serene skies, calm rivers, mountains tissueed with gold—these are a mirage toward which the unresting heart is lured to suffer and die, while within our real life is concentrated all we have conceived or dreamed. To be content; to know there is a limit to the proudest desire; to believe, as few do, that we must die; that the fullness, beauty, and glory of life are its simplicity, this gives freshness to decay, youth to age; and the heart, burdened with no phantasy from which it must dwindle in one short hour by and by, is left the conqueror of time and death. It is now night! I am alone save to my own heart, and some few fond memories that lie therein, like a knot of withered spring flowers, never, it may be, to be again revived. O, wild, fitfully beating, imperious

HEART!

Gentlest thing the human heart,  
Wounded by a little dart.

Words no stronger than the bell  
 Of the trembling asphodel,  
 Shaken, when the lightest breeze  
 Scarce uplifts the leaves of trees;  
 Deeds the eye can hardly see,  
 Poison shafts to it may be,  
 All too faint and sensitive  
 In this rudest world to live!  
 Yet, it doth not e'er complain,  
 Bearing the severest pain;  
 Drooping in the noontide hour,  
 Bending like a frosted flower  
 In the desert and alone,  
 Such the human heart hath done;  
 Till with grief it fills and breaks,  
 Of itself a martyr makes—  
 Such of life our dearest part is,  
 Such that gentlest thing the heart is.

Strongest thing the human heart,  
 Mocking every keenest dart,  
 Spurning every outward chain,  
 Smitten down by force in vain,  
 Leaping with a throb as great  
 As its own upsoaring fate,  
 Which, nor sun nor farthest star,  
 Measures, nor can ever mar!  
 Daring all that it can feel,  
 Sodden block and shining steel,  
 Giving freedom all its might,  
 Through oppression's fitful night,  
 Flashing, like a beacon light,  
 Till the hero-dawn is come—  
 Beating louder than the drum,  
 When the Hofers and the Tells  
 From the mountains and the dells,  
 Like the torrents thunder on,  
 Answered by our Washington!

And the nations heave and throe,  
Reeling 'neath the given blow,  
Till the fortress, shivered low,  
Leaves to tyranny a bed  
Patriot blood has hallowed.  
Heart of Sydney—Hampden's heart—  
Millions at their beck shall start!  
Millions, when the dust is strown  
Over scepter, over throne;  
Millions, when Napoleon,  
Lifting up his thrilling eyes,  
Charged with proudest destinies—  
Bids again the nations rise,  
Bids them rise and follow on  
Where his mighty steps have gone.  
Human heart how undismayed,  
Proud in light, as proud in shade,  
Faltering never, fearing naught,  
Conquering in hope and thought,  
Till it break its prison bars,  
Homeward bounding to the stars!

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## THE MINISTRY OF HOPE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

AURORA kissed the green earth, and the lofty summits were gilded with a shower of golden rays. With a light footstep she stole into a cottage among the mountains—entering noiselessly through a window which looked toward the east—and unsealed the eyelids of a laughing boy. With a bounding step the child arose from his pillow, round which the Angel of dreams had

wrought the delicate tracery of his thoughts, and went forth in the gladness of his young heart to play with the early sunbeams.

The child was beautiful as the dawn in Spring-time, when Nature's pulse beat high with the inspiring energy of new and enlarged life. The deep blue of the heavens was reflected from his eye, and each passing moment witnessed in his soul the birth of a new joy. His nerves seemed like the delicate chords of a slender harp. The golden rays danced among the trembling strings; the zephyrs awoke their music; and the soft perfumes thrilled each smitten fiber with intense and bewildering delight. His whole being seemed like a gush of feeling, or the incarnation of a Seraph's thought. In his pure gladness, he ran along the flowery banks of a little stream, whose silvery voice was musical as his own, or amused himself by gathering the choicest flowers which enameled the margin.

There was no shadow on the radiant brow of the Child, as he sat down to admire the flowers. The gay colors charmed his eye, and filled his little spirit with a wild delight. But as he gazed, the gorgeous hues faded away; the flowers drooped and withered in his hand; and fleeting as their frail beauty were the smile and the joy they inspired.

The Child was *weeping*, when a radiant form, veiled in rosy light, approached, and fusing a number of sunbeams in the burning tears, she wrought a glorious *bow*, with which she encircled the infant brow. The child looked up, and again his face was wreathed with smiles, and his heart leaped for joy, for Hope had thrown her prismatic coloring over every object.

Hope amused the Child awhile by weaving a net-work of gorgeous fancies. The images she presented were all beautiful, but as the child put forth his little hand to seize them they generally eluded his grasp. Still they kept just before and almost within his reach, shedding around and above his pathway a charmed atmosphere, where every breath contained a promise. Thus—in the pursuit of these glittering phantoms—the hours of childhood passed away, and only their memory remained.

Before the rapt vision of Youth, Hope now reared her airy palaces and castles of the most ethereal and delicious splendor. The Youth beheld the vision, and rushed forward with a wild

impetuosity; the flame of deepest passion kindled in his eye, and proud ambition fired his soul. He had but to go forward and claim his rightful possession. As he advanced, however, the images receded; but the Youth with an unflinching purpose continued the chase. At length, weary of his fruitless toil, he paused; but his anxious eye was still fixed on the city of the air; and as he gazed and sighed the castle walls dissolved away, and were viewless as the impalpable ether. All was gone—and the Youth, with a sad heart, sat down by the way-side and wept.

"Ah, cruel Hope," said the Youth, "how have thy flattering prophecies vanished like the mists of the morning! In form, feature, and expression, thou art indeed divinely beautiful, but I have found thee false at heart. Of what value are thy charms while they conceal a fatal snare? Already have I listened to thy winning speech too long, for thy promises are delusive as they are fair. Begone! nor tempt me longer with thy deceitful blandishments! Go! thou false prophet, and speak to the winds—I will listen and believe no more!"

Overwhelmed with the consciousness of his wrongs, the Youth buried his face in the folds of his mantle and was silent. When the first sudden paroxysm had subsided, he uncovered his face and looked up—but Hope had departed.

On a barren, blackened rock, around which the scanty herbage was seared and blasted, sat a gloomy figure, whose form, features, and expression presented an assemblage of unearthly horrors. The body was bent and convulsed with mortal pangs; the visage was dark and terrible as the shades of Erebus; the eye had a sullen glare, and every muscle writhed with the unspoken revelations of pain. The Youth gazed, and was horror-stricken, for Despair was present to claim his victim!

But Hope from her bright abodes witnessed the distress of the poor Youth and had compassion on him; and taking an ærial form, invisible to mortal eyes, she approached and whispered a sweet prophecy in his soul. The horrid phantom which had congealed his quick blood, vanished in an instant, and the Youth arose with a grateful and confiding spirit, and he was clothed with the strength of his Manhood.

O Manhood! how various and fearful are the conflicts which

await thee in thy rough pilgrimage! Grand and terrible is the imagery of tempests on Life's sea, but who can curb the storm or guide thee in thy wanderings!

At Mid-day the elements awoke and played their awful numbers on the rending strings of Nature's great Harp. And a lonely Mariner raised his hands to Heaven and besought the invisible powers that they would grant him deliverance. The soul of the strong man was shaken, and the stalwart form trembled like a reed in the sweeping gale. But the voice of the petitioner was unheeded; and the vital tide rushed back frozen to the heart, while the words of prayer died on his palsied tongue. He was ready to relinquish all as lost, when an invisible hand arched the threatening cloud with a glorious bow. Most welcome was the cherished symbol of his early joys; and as his restless eye went out over the waste of waters, a lovely form, clothed with the illuminated spray, drew near and stood before him. It was Hope; and she placed a golden anchor in his hands, and the light of her smile made even the angry billows beautiful. The Mariner preserved the gift of the golden anchor, and it secured his frail barque in many a fearful storm.

An Old Man sat at even-tide on an arid slope. His gray locks fell loosely over his furrowed brow, and his dim eye watched with a strange interest the first pale shadows as they assembled on the landscape. A sluggish stream slumbered at his feet, which was ever and anon disturbed, as some weary pilgrim descended the bank to bathe in the oblivious waters. There, musing among the graves of his generation, sat the venerable Old Man. The willow and the cypress spread themselves over him; and as the branches swayed to and fro in the evening breeze, a mysteriously melancholy music filled all the air, and awoke a responsive utterance in the deserted heart.

"These evening shades," said the Old Man, "remind me that my *day* is past. I have outlived life's pleasures and am weary of life's struggles. One by one the fleeting joys that quickened this desolate heart have gone out, and at last the shrine is deserted. Here sleep the friends of my youth, and I, too, would fain be sleeping. What phantoms have I pursued! Of all that Hope promised there remains no memorial. This shriveled form—a

trembling, dismal wreck on the shores of Time—is all that is left to me of Earth's possessions."

Here the Old Man paused and wiped a tear from his eye, when amid the deepening shadows Hope stood once more revealed to his darkened vision.

"Mortal!" said she, "of what dost thou complain? I have sought but to cheer and strengthen thee in thy long pilgrimage; and even when thou wert forsaken of friends, I alone remained to comfort thee. Have I not watched over thee in all thy wanderings, and when a cloud has veiled the horizon have I not placed my bow of promise there? When thou wert tempest-tost on the restless sea did I not come to thy rescue, on the far-off billows, and give thee a golden anchor? Have I not been present in every time of trial to gild even thy sorrows? For which of these services have I incurred thy displeasure?"

"Not for these," said the Old Man, with a faltering voice, "would I reproach thee; but what have I that thou hast bestowed? Didst thou not promise me wealth, and power, and happiness? and have I aught that I can call my own? Even life is ready to depart. The last mortal pang and oblivion alone remain. These are my inheritance"—

The Old Man trembled like a dry reed when it is shaken in the night wind, and was silent.

"Listen," said Hope; "it is my pleasure to gladden the desponding hearts and to nerve the weak arms of mortals. But for me they would falter at every obstacle, and were I to forsake them they would be left to Despair. My mission with thee is about to close. Never for one moment have I forsaken thee, nor promised aught—even in the golden visions of thy youth—that shall not be realized. All I have promised, and more than eye hath seen, shall be thine. For the last time the evening shadows are gathering before thy vision. The morrow's light shall experience no decline, for 'thy sun shall no more go down.'"

While Hope yet spake the aged listener became tranquil. A mysterious magnetism stole over his senses; his spirit was calm, and he *slept*.

At length he awoke, and, with returning consciousness, the scene was changed. All things had become new. Life, and

sense, and thought were immeasurably refined and exalted, and a divine energy was transfused through his whole being. The somber images, on which the eye had so recently closed, had disappeared, and a scene of supernal magnificence opened to his enraptured gaze. Through all the vast expanse—boundless even to the vision of Angels—were radiant beings, before whose illuminated presence darkness fled away and was not.

The expanded faculties of the Spirit-born were overawed and held in arrest by the ineffable sublimity of the scene; when, suddenly, a new spiritual sense was opened. The tide of harmony now swelled and rolled away through the infinitude of the ethereal depths; and as it broke with majesty and power on the enraptured throng, the voice of the last Immortalized mingled in the anthem, as he bowed in spirit with the great "multitude which no man could number."

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### A PLEA FOR GRIEF.\*

BY C. D. STUART.

THE news of your affliction has come to me with a melancholy cadence, and I can not resist the response of a sympathy that rises deep, though sadly, for your sake. Even if the loss you are called to mourn by death, were less closely woven to the chords of my feeling than by the ties of a long acquaintance, uncorrupted by aught that can stain or darken the remembrance, I should still have a tear for this calamity which, in turn, and in God's time, may come to me as it has already done to you. Death seems,

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\* The unexpected departure of a beloved friend of the writer and the Editor was the occasion that prompted this article. It is not the less to be admired for its beauty and pathos because conceived in a melancholy mood. Moreover, the affections as well as the reason constitute a part of our humanity. The heart has its language—sad and thrilling at times it may be—and to question its liberty of speech, were to stifle one of the most eloquent voices of Nature. S. B. B.

by his common enmity to our race, to demand that, even though strangers, we should mourn with one another. A poet has said :

“ There is a tear for all who die,”

and faithfully I believe it. That must be a hard heart, indeed, that could lie beating calmly in a human bosom while its kindred-fellow-heart, ceasing that life which made it the throne of all that is most beautiful in humanity, was laid under the cover of the cold turf, on which but the light of sun and stars, and generations of grass and flowers were henceforth to glisten forever. In such a moment something higher than the sense of kin and fellowship flashes on the brain and quivers along the nerves, whirling the warm blood quicker in its course ; even the instinct which the most stoical can not resist, that this, too, must be *our* fate. Death, for the instant, seems to prorogue the council of our thoughts—scatter our visionary castles ; curb our ambitions ; soften our prides and asperities, and humiliate us in the dust, toward which this newest evidence proves we are hastening. The great round world of life—dancing before our giddy eyes, like a globe of gold on which sit syrens, cheating us to believe them angels, while they shut out every vision of youth, beauty, and immortality on earth—dwindles, as it retreats under the shadow of death’s awful presence, like a spark, fainter than the glow-worm’s seen on the hawthorn in a summer evening. By admonishment we behold our advancing destiny ; we shudder ; we seize the sudden horror in all our sense of its certainty for us, and only shake it to find from the sifting stronger conviction of its reality. My friend, I mourn with you because it is an edict of nature :

“ Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touched within us, and the soul replies !”

And so mine does doubly, because I acknowledge my own nearness to this o’er-mastering fiat, which teaches union in a common cause ; and, for that I knew her whom death has taken from us. Not from you alone, though all around the “hearth and board” plead fond memorials that are banished by distance from my outward eyes—not alone from you, though sweet, innocent young faces look up, and you behold in them the image of the dead,

returning in every hour, every moment of the day, vexing your sad soul with the memory of her passing, with irreparable grief for her absence—not alone, though the couch, the vacant chair, and the thousand before unnoted servitors of life's best joy utter mournful tones, and seem to reproach the solitude that, yesterday, was not. Nay, those welcoming smiles, those tender anxieties, those dear solacing words, and all kind endearments that made the heart populous with bliss, and cast hope forward with the sunset of life, the mellow decline of years, with a promise beautiful as delusive and brief, they were all yours; but there shone still beyond the hearth and board a mild, genial, and tender light, whose wane darkens the fountains of our peace and springs to utterance our woe. Had she not been gentle, and true, and kind, she was yet human, and we had wept for her. Had she glistened in the constellation of our social world, a cold and mocking star, giving light without heat, we still had missed her from the horizon. But she *was* gentle, and true, and kind; she was not a cold, distant star, but warm, generous, and radiant, and we weep that her light has gone down, leaving darkness to you and a gloom upon us. It is said, "there is consolation in contrast." That the weak are not the weakest; that the suffering may find acuter pain; that for one calamity we might bear ten, and, finally, that *all* must die! That argument, true in fact, is a poor scant pittance for present complaining grief. It resolves the emotions of nature into the stoicism of art; it may congeal and harden the tear, but it will not dislodge it from the heart. The bruised reed may return by tension to its place, but the harm lies firm indented on its side. We are mortal in our sympathies as in our strength; we have not yet come to wrestle with fate and laugh at its severest blow; nor, bound to the rock, can we smile with Promethean power while the Vulture hangs heavy at our vitals. If there was aught to love in life, there is something to mourn in death; if its presence was beautiful, its absence is not. The clouds cause us to murmur while they float over the Sun; the flowers shadow our souls in being frosted, and the droop of verdure on the hill-side, with the flight of the summer birds, fills us with spontaneous regret. Are our "dear idols of affection," that have taken form and splendor from con-

tact and "close communion" with us, less lovely than sunshine, the violets, "dewy grass," and the voices of the birds? Speak out, moaning heart, thou art right in thy utterance against calamitous death. He has obscured a radiance, to thee brighter than the Sun's; trampled a flower that paled the rose; withdrawn a verdure which no "tears for dew" can restore, and hushed a voice, sweeter to our ears than all the "leafy rustle" of the woods. Here, then, lies the justification of our woe, within the door, not an arm's length off, to give us room for reason. Nature, responding to herself, is in the plaint. The mind may rest back on its problem of "common fate," but the heart wants immediate relief. It beholds its feast of affections scattered from the banquet hall, and loathes the diet of consoling crumbs that lie under the table. The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken, the wheel at the cistern unhinged, and the pitcher shivered at the fountain. The wine of rejoicing is turned into gall, and the water into tears. The Iris circles the flood when the rain is past, and smiles on the wreck of the storm. It gives promise that "the bounds shall not be broken again," when the great ruin is already done. Reason is no longer our arbiter, but feeling. Nature rejects the head and flies to the heart. The heart writhes and trembles with the shock, but will not altogether break. It is full of present, big, unutterable agony; it turns upon itself and finds a wilderness without and desolation within. It is a desert without solitude. The air flows to and fro, the trees wave their branches, and the birds sing on, but all is damp and chill with the hovering mist rising from one little spot of ground. The breath that softened the zephyr is gone; the leaves have a dry, crackling, autumnal sound; the brooks lose their silvery cadence, and the Robin and erst twittering Swallow sing with a *ravenous* tone.

"And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased."

Who can dispel this great mocking shadow which lies on the heart, shutting out morning, noon, and eve, making the day dark as night, and the night troublous with tormenting dreams. Is it Hope,—which danced but yesterday on the promise of lengthened years, conjuring up a host of future ecstasies, to suddenly wither

in the soul that gave them lodging place? Is it Faith?—which rested calmly on the ripe flush of cheeks, in the sparkle of eyes, and the full, bounding currents that purpled and pulsated the heart? Alas! Hope has no earthly balm; its horoscope trails the sky but in darkness, and Faith staggers faint under the pressure of its load.

“Now is the winter of our discontent,”

and yonder hangs the Summer, far off, in sullen distance, shorn of its beams and void of heat. Of our air-castle there glimmers but a fading phantom; of all our elastic, gay dreams only an illusion remains. My friend, I mourn with you; it were inhuman not to weep. Our images of beauty are too few, to lose one without tears. Our joys are in the keeping of our kin, companions, and friends. Each step of advancing death widens the sand-waste and narrows the golden world-circle of our lives. Another star stricken from the roll of our social firmament; another hint of our mortality, a “premonitory symptom” that our turn is close at hand. Shall it not knit the living with firmer bonds? We must “hope against hope!” have faith though evidence be obscured. The earth holds its trust. Death will not give back nor relax his strong hold. Our eyes must baffle this dim haze and pierce into other worlds. We must penetrate the black cloud to the ever shining but now invisible wings. We must see and feel that this is but the sickle-stroke of the good reaper, whose garner is the golden city of God. If the birds return singing when the winter has flown; if the flowers smile out in the reviving spring, and the brooks leap under the laughing sun with renewed life, will *she*—peerless in a diviner beauty and fragrance—not rise to gladden us again? Already the wintry frost dissolves from her eyelids! sandals of flowers gird her feet! a crown of light circles her brow, and the harp-strings tremble to her fingers. She is beyond care, sorrow, or ill—translated from chrysalis to perfect being. While we mourn, let us remember the living; their trial is to come; before us all lies that bitter cold walk through the “valley and shadow of Death.”

## Editorial.

### THE SHEKINAH.

A FAMILIAR word with the reader concerning our purpose the occasion seems to sanction and require. The human mind in its progress seeks modes and mediums of communication suited to the several stages of its development, but however efficient these instrumentalities may be in their time, they are rendered inadequate to the higher demands of a more enlightened age. Whether we consider man as a physical or a spiritual being, we shall find that each period of his growth gives birth to new desires and necessities—wants that find their appropriate satisfaction in some fountain of enjoyment before unsealed. The present tendency of mind to a more rational and spiritual philosophy of Man and the Universe has created a new *want*, which can only be supplied by other vehicles of thought than those we have. While we would neither forget nor undervalue any well-intended effort to minister to this necessity, however humble in its conception and execution, we have judged there might be an honorable place and a useful work for us in this field. It will be remembered that we have labored here before—with a cheerful spirit and at our own cost—and we are summoned to the position again by a law of our nature which we can not resist and need not stop to explain.

Since the Univercoelum expired at the hands of its executioners, the spirit of its philosophy has been making rapid progress in this country. A revolution, pregnant with mighty issues, is now in progress; and revolutions—whether in material nature, or in the political, social, and religious institutions of the world—are frequently perilous to many. The Present, brilliant as its signs of promise really are, is not without its peculiar dangers. The remarkable developments of the age may beget in many

unbalanced minds a spirit of fanaticism, in the highest degree subversive of truth and dishonorable to man. Our apprehensions are not without adequate cause, nor do we indulge them alone. Among the professed friends of spiritualism there are many who are merely "*sign seekers*;" distinguished chiefly for their love of monstrosities. They do little else but watch and listen for sights and sounds of ultramundane origin. The succession of ordinary events is too monotonous to awaken an interest in the world's affairs. They wait for earthquakes, or whatever else may shock the proprieties of common life, to stimulate action; and even then speedily become listless unless each succeeding shock be greater than the former. We desire to do nothing to foster this diseased state of mind. Life and the world are full of miracle, but we may as well expect to reach heaven by gazing at the moon, as hope to do any thing for man's advancement while we only wait and watch for the latest wonder. The problem of earth's redemption is not thus to be solved. What the times demand is not "a wicked and adulterous generation, seeking for nothing but signs," but a host of earnest and honest spirits, who are willing to *do something* to realize the renovation of the world.

I have said that a revolution is going on; and, however great or numerous the dangers incident to its progress, such a transformation was necessary to save the world from a growing skepticism. The old idols now reel in their earthly temples. Another seal has been loosed from Nature's great book, and we hear a voice at which the dead awake. With what intense interest do we read the unfolding page and trace our relations to all the Invisible! Man needed some new development of the soul's powers to quicken the immortal fire and to animate his dying hope and love. Not only was the common mind tending to materialism, but even Genius—who had stood sentry before the very gates of the golden city—was found by the voiceless sepulcher, questioning the dead for some token of renewed life. Even Faith was ready to seek fellowship with the dust; and Imagination, like a bereaved angel, sat, with folded pinions, silently brooding over the annihilation of its heaven and its home, measuring with keen and restless eye the fathomless depths of the soul's great woe. It was time for the spirit itself

to speak, in a more emphatic manner, and to vindicate its claim to immortality and heaven. This testimony is being rendered in the remarkable mental and spiritual phenomena, which are beginning to elicit general attention and inquiry. These manifestations of mind must be classified and explained, and to aid in this interesting and important labor the Shekinah makes its advent.

This work shall be CONSECRATED TO THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE AND HUMAN IMPROVEMENT. While it will encourage the most unlimited freedom of thought, and a fearless examination of all new phenomena that may shed the least light on the manifold relations of man, it will, at the same time, exert whatever of influence it may possess, to restrain the impetuous and the vicious, who may claim to be identified with this cause.

We are deeply conscious that in a work like this the utmost calmness should combine with a fearless independence; and while we endeavor to embody these elements in a commendable degree, we shall hope to merit and receive the approval and the sympathy of all rational and inquiring minds. Nothing can be more unworthy the cause, and injurious to its possessor, than a thoughtless and headlong spirit. Especially is this unbecoming and unprofitable in a discussion of religious and spiritual subjects. The necessity for greater prudence and deliberation, even among our spiritual teachers, will be obvious, if we consider the experience of such as appear already to have some "thorn in the flesh, and messengers of Satan to buffet them, lest they should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of their real or supposed revelations!"

An intelligent friend—who has witnessed the unreasoning confidence, manifested by some persons, in whatever assumes to emanate from the invisible world, and who is not unconscious of the dangers incidental to the growth of the spiritual idea—writes us that, if the Shekinah can claim a *supernatural* inspiration it will command numerous readers. We are not insensible to the significance of this remark, and yet we venture out without preferring any such claims. We expect the Quarterly will find readers, and we indulge the hope that it may be read for what *it is*, rather than for any thing it may *profess to be*. Nature, as we understand the term, represents a field sufficiently

large for our accommodation. If we succeed in being eminently *natural*, we shall be quite satisfied; and if it shall hereafter appear that the work possesses a good share of the inspiration of common sense, those who are chiefly employed in hunting after wonders will at least have one notable miracle in attestation of our claims to discipleship. The great spiritual teachers who have lived or may be living in this sphere, will be regarded by us as the lights of the world; but we shall apotheosize no one, nor invest the works of man with the attributes of infallibility. For our humble self we claim no place among the objects of an idolatrous worship, and will not accept any measure of adoration, either as a personal compliment or in payment. We trust we are understood; and if we are, the foregoing will suffice to make our purpose known, and our object in this connection is accomplished.

## THE AMERICAN PRESS;

### OPPOSITION TO PSYCHOLOGY.

IN no one thing has America been more productive than in newspapers and periodical publications, comparatively few of which have possessed decided merit. Their number precludes the possibility of their being subservient to any very lofty purpose. Through many of these the world's free thought finds not even a whispered utterance; they serve but to foster the sectional feelings and local prejudices of the people; they echo what every body believes, and unscrupulously dispute and condemn whatever is new and unpopular. Moreover, when the efforts of mind are divided, diluted, and dissipated as they are in the United States, we are only authorized to expect that the mass of the public journals will be vapid and worthless. It is no difficult task to furnish the requisite quantity of matter when there exists such a passion for authorship; it were even possible to fill the columns of as many more, when every stupid aspirant for fame, who can

"Strain from hard-bound brains eight lines a year,"

resolves to write for the papers ; but to render one-half the present number really useful would require the exercise of more mind than appropriately belongs to this department.

We would exclude no one from the particular place to which Nature, his affinities, or his fancies may call him. We desire to see each legitimate sphere of human thought and action an open field, in which every man may labor for subsistence and an honorable distinction. Least of all would we acknowledge any exclusive privileges in the department of letters. With such restraints only as the safety of society may demand, every one should be allowed to waste as much ink and soil as much paper as he can pay for. While we would discourage no earnest and well-directed effort, it is nevertheless our privilege to entertain the opinion that some persons sadly mistake their calling, and muscles which might have been efficient at the plow and the anvil are rendered delicate and unserviceable, by a morbid desire for literary and professional honors. Thousands in these latter days fancy they hear the spirit of the Apocalypse saying unto them, *Write*, but when many anxiously inquire, "What shall I write?" the spirit departs *sans ceremonie*, leaving them to proceed with nothing to communicate. Yet write they must, that their names may be embalmed and their immortality achieved in the papers.

Vast numbers, especially in this country, attempt to live by literature who never contribute any thing to the common stock of the world's knowledge. These are a kind of literary *lazaroni*, skilled in nothing but a species of mental obstetrics. Their minds are seldom or never vitalized by an original conception, though they are quite officious in ushering other men's ideas into the world. This is all very well, doubtless, but there is one ground of complaint—we allude to the murderous practice of *strangling the most promising ones at the birth!*

It is impossible to disguise the truth that, with all the blessings secured by the freedom of the Press—and they are neither few nor small—there are numerous and great evils following in its train, which are not likely to be speedily diminished, either in number or magnitude. These, however, may belong to the category of necessary ills. We are conscious of the existence of a peculiar kind of genius, which, like new wine, is troublesome on account

of its effervescence. This renders the largest liberty in matters of speech not only accordant with the interest and happiness of the individual, but it may be indispensable to the general welfare. Genius must have vent, especially this kind of genius; and the innumerable presses throughout the country furnish so many safety-valves, through which the restless and explosive elements may find their equilibrium.

We hazard nothing in saying, that many of the journals in this country are conducted by persons who are wanting alike in the candor and the capacity essential to an intelligent and honorable discharge of the duties of so responsible a position. Such men illustrate nothing more clearly than the stereotyped views and vulgar prejudices of the time. These observations find eminent confirmation in the uncourteous and unmanly opposition of these journalists to the whole subject of spiritual science. They seem ambitious to marshal into the field a vast array of objections—born of their prejudices—without suspecting that they are furnishing so many unnecessary illustrations of their ignorance and folly. Some of these objections we will endeavor to dispose of in this connection.

That phase of Psychology which comprehends the relations of animal electricity to the vital and mental functions, and the influence of mind over mind, has of late been signalized by a great number and variety of curious experiments. Men—long accustomed to doubt and deny—who have always an objection but seldom a reason, have boldly questioned the reality of these phenomena. The fact that all persons are not all alike susceptible to the same agencies is presumed to constitute a grave and unanswerable objection. Nothing is more obvious, however, than that certain *conditions* are essential to success in any experiment. Among the conditions requisite in the case before us, one, alone, will suffice to destroy the validity of the objection. Electrical phenomena, in all cases, are known to depend on the existence of positive and negative relations or forces. The vital electricity being the agent through which operators act on the nerves and muscular fibers, in the production of the diversified and wonderful physical and mental experiments, it follows that these opposite conditions must meet in the operator and the subject, to develop any

striking results. When we consider that possibly no two persons in a thousand will be found to sustain precisely the same relation to the experimenter, it will be perceived that the various degrees of susceptibility, exhibited by different individuals, can only be regarded as a natural and proper result, and as presumptive evidence of the genuineness of the effects.

It is a fact confirmed by general observation and experience, that all persons are not influenced in the same degree, nor in a similar manner, by any one of the thousand agents in the world of matter and mind. The atmospheric changes which so frequently occur give some men colds, while others escape unharmed. One walks securely among all the unseen agents of infection, while another falls a victim to the invisible shafts of the destroyer. The writer has been vaccinated some twenty times, with as little effect as the same operation would have on the bark of tree, while the agent has not been inoperative in others. Nor are the effects wrought by external agency on the body more multifarious than those of outward forms and conditions on the mind. An object regarded by one man with profound indifference, kindles in the bosom of another the fires of consuming passion; and the great thought, which in its birth thrills the soul of genius with its marvelous beauty and significance, is but a meaningless mystery with the world. That men, bodily and mentally, are so diversely constituted as to exhibit these conflicting results, when exposed to the action of the same agent, is quite too manifest to be denied. Neither are the weak in body nor the imbecile in intellect always the first, as many suppose, to be affected by foreign agencies whether material or spiritual. The mightiest minds like the strong oaks have been smitten and laid low. We have known the giant to suffer from miasma when the dwarf escaped; and the feebleness of infancy has more than once survived the action of the frost, and the little child has been found alive and nestling in the frozen and pulseless bosom of its mother.

We pass to another objection—one that has no force in logic, though its power over weak nerves is readily conceded. It is said that a knowledge of the agents under consideration invests its possessor with a dangerous power. But it will be perceived that

this wholly depends on the *character* of those who exercise it. All power is dangerous when in the hands of bad men. The man who has a stalwart arm may seize his victim in the public highway—rob him of his purse and perchance of life—but it is nevertheless desirable to have a strong arm. The voice that thrills us with its divine music may be used to beguile. The siren may float on the stream of its burnished eloquence, only to entrance the unconscious victim with a bewildering and fatal enchantment. The Press, though among the world's greatest blessings, may be so perverted as to become its most withering curse. When wielded by unscrupulous men—men who denounce the highest gifts of Heaven as the emanations of Satan; or, when made the vehicle through which the innocent are defamed—the poor defrauded of character and the means of usefulness—when science is

"Impeached of Godlessness,"

then does the *Press* become a dangerous power; and the fearful responsibility of its prostitution to some of these unholy purposes will rest on a somewhat numerous class of American editors.

But if society be exposed to danger from the influence of Psychology and its kindred agencies, it is the more important that the whole subject should undergo a careful investigation; since to guard against an enemy it is indispensable that we make ourselves acquainted with his disposition, resources, and modes of attack. What if delicate nerves are sometimes temporarily deranged by an experienced practitioner? This furnishes no ground of objection to human magnetism. It does not prove that the agent is a dangerous one; but it forcibly illustrates the great danger of that incorrigible *ignorance* which so many delight to cherish. A clumsy and unpracticed surgeon might sever an artery and leave his patient to expire from loss of blood; but we must look elsewhere for a valid objection to surgery; this only exhibits the paramount importance of a thorough knowledge of the subject.

An editor in Connecticut, who strives for the occlusion of all these mental mysteries, has recently been much terrified. Whether he is one whose

"Soul,  
Wrapt in strange visions of the unreal,  
—paints th' illusive form,"

we will not say; but he denounces "Psychology, Mesmerism, etc.," as an assemblage of "evil spirits," who are "protruding their goblin features into almost every community." His assumption that these agents "interfere with the province of Deity" is but the evomition of the grossest ignorance and prejudice. With the same propriety may the physician who administers an anodyne be accused of attempting to subvert the order of the Divine providence. Indeed, for this very reason some old Scotch divine has objected to the use of chloroform in obstetric cases. Such men have the misfortune to be misplaced in the ages. They should have lived in the fifteenth century; but for some cause, unknown to the world, *Nature lost time in their production*. We apprehend that it comports with the purpose of Deity to employ earthly means in the accomplishment of His designs; and how do these men know that Psychology is not conspicuous among these instrumentalities, and that *they* may not be found at last, "interfering with the province of Deity?" There have always been those who, under the pretense of protecting the moral and general interests of society, have labored to suppress the truth, and to shackle the souls and bodies of men. It is no new thing for the enemies of freedom to support their arrogant and blasphemous pretensions by an assumed reverence for the Divine prerogatives, and a deep religious regard for the temporal and eternal interests of the people. But it is time this foul spirit of hypocrisy, which has so long incarnated itself in the sacred form of Religion, was robbed of its rent mantle and unsightly mask. We are quite willing to believe that many of these men may be sincere in their objections; but why do they stand thus at a distance, like children frightened at a ghost? Why not approach this subject at once, and ascertain, of a truth, whether it be

"Some spirit of health, or goblin damned?"

It may be that the "evil spirits" that appear to these men are the fantastic creations of their disordered brains.

There have been one or two persons susceptible of psychological experiments who have, at some time in their lives, experienced a

temporary aberration of mind ; from what cause it is perhaps impossible to say. Yet these cases are seized on to illustrate the alleged tendency of such experiments to produce insanity. The fact that occasionally a person of unbalanced mind is unduly excited by close application to any subject, can not influence the decision of the rational mind concerning its claims. Thousands lose their senses every year from a variety of causes. Some become insane from being too much engrossed with the cares of the world and the pursuits of business ; some from love ; others from apprehension of unreal evils, or *from seeing an imaginary goblin !* while not a few, from religious frenzy, have fallen, like stars from heaven, to rise no more on the earthly vision of man. But we must not suspend all business because, occasionally, one is deranged by his secular pursuits ; we must still do something for a subsistence. Fear has been the death of some men, notwithstanding it was wisely designed to keep them out of danger. Love, in numerous instances, becomes an unquenchable and ungovernable flame, consuming the very altar on which its fires are kindled ; still, it is a divine principle, and we deem it best to love God, our country, and the world. What if deep religious convictions and an intense spirit of devotion not unfrequently occasion a derangement of the soul's organic medium, so that the inward light is temporarily obscured ; Religion is, nevertheless, when unperturbed, the life and growth of the soul ; and from a thousand altars, sanctified with the incense of prayer—from the silent urns in which the ashes of spiritual heroes are garnered—come the invitations to worship ; and Nature, with innumerable voices, echoing through

——— “ that Fane most catholic and solemn  
Which God hath planned,”

still speaks to us, to command our reverence and inspire our praise.

The phenomena exhibited in the various psychical conditions of which man is susceptible, are likely to influence the faith and worship of thousands. The frightful shadow of Materialism, which like the gloom of a starless night had fallen on many souls, has suddenly vanished, leaving them to rejoice in the hope of immortality. Here and there an individual may be injured, but the

interests of the race will be promoted by each succeeding discovery. There have always been ignorant pretenders in every art and science, as there have been hypocrites in religion, for whose ignoble conduct, neither the sacred cause nor its more faithful disciples should be deemed responsible. Examples are not wanting in which every great and godlike attribute has been perverted. There is no position, how exalted soever, that has not been invaded by the tempter, and from which men have not descended to the realms where dwell the children of perdition. The apostleship of "one of the twelve" was the very instrumentality employed in the betrayal and death of the Master; but religion is still a sublime reality; and Jesus—viewed at the coronation of Calvary—is shorn of none of His peculiar glory.

B.

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## TWELVE QUALITIES OF MIND.\*

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

ALTHOUGH this is not exactly a new work, it having been published during the last year, yet from its connection with a very interesting, and hitherto ill-explained science, it must be destined for something more than the life of a "Nine-days' wonder"—inasmuch as truth never grows old. Dr. Redfield has given to his work years of close, intelligent, and patient study, which has been vitalized by the clear-seeing faculty of a truly philosophic mind. He is no builder on other men's opinions—no appropriator of other men's property; but he thinks, digests, and produces for himself. It may be that he occasionally rides his hobby a little too far; but he takes the reader along with him through a field of thought, which is at once so fresh and beautiful, we feel ourselves both healthier and happier for having accompanied him.

He has certainly the true ground when he says: "Though the face is the chief index of character, it is by no means the only one. Physiognomy has a much more extensive significance than

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\* Or, *Outlines of a New System of Physiognomy*. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

the knowledge of the talents and dispositions by the features and expressions of the countenance. Our attention is directed first to that in which a person's character is most exhibited—that is, his face; and it is by this that we chiefly recognize him. But we recognize him also by the tones of his voice, the form of his body, the contour of his head, the color and texture of his hair, eyes, and complexion, the manner of his walking, the peculiarity of his gestures, etc. In all these, and in every thing belonging to his external man, we perceive something of his character; and we like, or dislike him, not on account of these externals themselves, but on account of the traits of character which they indicate to us."

This is, and must be, the true philosophy. Phrenologists have greatly erred in limiting the signs of character entirely to the cranial developments. Indeed, in almost all their writings, they seem to confound the idea of the brain with that of the mind itself, and consequently exhibit a strong tendency to materialism. But we are happy to perceive that they are taking the clue from those who, in studying the whole great science of which Phrenology is merely a branch, have already entered upon advance ground. They are, in short, beginning to pay more attention to Temperamental conditions, which impress unmistakable lines of character on every part of the body, and every one of its actions. Thus not only the whole machine, but each of its proper organs, is continually giving to the practiced eye intelligence in regard to the general state of affairs.

In fine, there is much in the study to delight—much to satisfy the natural desire for truth, and especially that form of it which may unfold the science of human character. Dr. Redfield's views of the subject are preëminently spiritual and elevating. The present work is the second of a series which he contemplates; and if free thought and true philosophy are to have their reward, his efforts will not be unappreciated. In the winter season he gives public lectures on the subject; and in all seasons, lessons at his residence in New York, where any wishing to make further inquiries on the subject may do well to call; and there also, if required, the learned Doctor will read the character of his visitors, according to the true and undeviating Laws of Physiognomy.

F. H. G.

### MISS FREEMAN'S PICTURES.

It is difficult to measure these by the ordinary rules of criticism. We are not merely to look *at* them, as works which exhibit, in themselves, any thing like an exemplification of the artist's own ideal; but we should look *through* them, at the higher power which lies behind, and above—and which they so clearly evince. Whatever faults they may have in the present achievement, they unfold the living depths of the fountain from whence they were drawn, and reveal something of the Infinite by which they were inspired. Indeed, their most prominent characteristic is that of carrying the mind forward, and upward, to something beyond, and higher than themselves. And any picture that can do this gives the strongest evidence of genius.

The artist of medium power, fascinated with the charm of superficial beauty, and with his ability to portray all that he sees in it, works with a feeling of constant self-gratulation that is legible in every line, and his work, as far as it goes, may be more perfect for this very reason, because his hand is steadier and his eye is clearer for not being disturbed by those profound emotions with which the soul of true genius bows and worships its own sacred Ideal, feeling, through all its devotion, an incapacity to reach the perfection it adores. And for his superficial and mere physical perfection, such an artist must be more popular with the multitude, and happier in himself, than one of higher powers. He is satisfied with his work, because there has been no struggle to reach any thing more. We look at it and are pleased for the moment; but we find it has no lensic power. It reveals nothing beyond.

But the true artist stands abashed and awe-struck before the Beauty and the Majesty which he unveils; and while he is thrilling at the Presence so strongly felt—above, around, within—a thought of his utter incapacity by any finite means, or with any finite power, to portray the Infinite, overwhelms his soul with

the intensity of his own conception; and this feeling and this thought will be communicated to his work, pervading all its character and expression.

But, again, he forgets his own weakness, and his soul becomes prophetic with its genuine inspiration. Forms of celestial beauty flit before his eye—scenes of glory, of majesty, and power are summoned at his will—they are painted on his soul; and will not his hand be yet able to delineate them for the eye of others? and though he may now but dimly shadow forth their divine beauty, another day he may reach and portray something higher, truer, nobler for the vision of this! And thus he works a shadow of the ideal he is to be, upon the ground of what he is; while the Future seems drawing near, and bending over the Present. We trace this experience in every line—we feel it in the expression of every thought—in the mingling of every light and shadow. Hence the artist's highest power, instead of presenting us with a work of absolute perfection, does what answers better to the strongest demand of the soul—ever reaching out, up higher, deeper, until it grasps and loses itself in the infinite.

But to return to the subject. Let us speak first of Miss Freeman's exhibition picture, now to be seen at the Academy. This is a miniature portrait of a young lady who certainly has beauty enough to inspire a less gifted artist than the present. The dress, which, though simple white, with only a few folds, is admirably arranged and subdued in tone. The coloring of the flesh is very superior, having the mellowness and purity of the best old colorists; and in the whole style and expression of the picture we can trace a strong resemblance to those old masters who are renowned for their simple, quiet, and subdued treatment of their subjects; but through all this simplicity there is exhibited much depth of feeling and character.

It must be confessed, however, that the picture is not in perfect drawing; and in an attempt to remedy this fault the artist has got portions of the color, which was really very sweet and pure before, a little muddled. The hair betrays a want of mechanical freedom of handling, and cuts a little too hard, in some places, against the background. In some parts it is rather woolly than silky, though against the flesh it is well softened. But the

artist's most earnest attention seems to have been directed to the face—its coloring and expression—and consequently the other parts of the picture were comparatively weak; or, at least, betrayed a want of that knowledge and power in execution which are necessary to make a perfect work of art. Yet the care which every part exhibits shows that the painter was conscientious and earnest in her work; and through all this we can see the promise of far, far better things in the future.

Miss Freeman's feeling for color is very great; and she inherits her father's power of producing it, purely and harmoniously; but she has not yet had sufficient practice that way, to give the boldness and freedom necessary to carrying out her ideas or conceptions to the full. She too often injures the spirit of the drawing by the labor of the color. Were this feeling less deep, less conscientious, she might now possibly make the picture, as a whole, more perfect than it is. But with more practice, and the self-possession which it inspires, she may bring up the excellency of the drawing to that of the color, and so attain to a higher perfection than perhaps would be possible, without this present inequality.

But the genius of Miss Freeman is, after all, best seen in her sketches. One of these, illustrating Tennyson's *Dying May Queen*, is much in the spirit of the great Scheffer, of whom our young friend, in her feeling for art, often reminds us. This, frail and slight as it is, is yet one of the loveliest creations of genius. There is a divine beauty in it for which we willingly exchange all that was fairest and loveliest in life. We see the shadow of an angel face falling over the bright young girl; but she is so unspeakably lovely in her change, that in our deepest pathos we can weep only tears of joy—joy for the light of unfading glory that already breaks on the eyes of the soul! There were two others, of *Sadness* and *Sleep*, which one of our finest artists and best critics in art has carried away to make finished pictures from, thus giving them praise, which could only be sullied by any touch from an inferior hand.

F. H. G.

## THE TITLE AND THE PORTRAITS.

SHEKINAH is a term employed by the Rabbins to represent the visible manifestation of an invisible spiritual presence, supposed to reside originally in the tabernacle erected by Moses, and subsequently in the sanctuary of Solomon's temple. It is frequently referred to in the New Testament, and in the writings of the Jews, though the word itself does not occur in the received Scriptures. The idea of a soft and glorious effulgence is always associated with the Shekinah. This light appeared at the baptism and transfiguration of Jesus, and was the most sensible and beautiful of the sacred symbols of the Hebrews. The associations that cluster around the Shekinah may be thought to render it an imposing title. If, however, this work shall prove to be, in any important sense, an outward expression, or illuminated embodiment of the inward or spiritual philosophy to which it is devoted, the title will not be inappropriate.

We have endeavored to illustrate the name, and to symbolize the philosophy, in the elegant engraving which adorns this number of the Quarterly. The plate was executed by Ritchie, from an original drawing, and combines the chief excellences of the two great paintings by Guido and Leonardi da Vinci. The star-like radiations give the head a bold relief, and the whole design and execution are alike effective. In the general contour and expression the artist has been eminently successful. The face indicates precisely what we most desired to express: not a timid or restless soul; not a feeling of mortal agony; but a calm, unruffled spirit, firm in purpose and sustained by an unfaltering trust. Such an expression alone accords with our ideal of the character intended to be represented.

We propose to adorn each succeeding number of the Quarterly with an elegant portrait of some one whose life and labors have been identified with the development of the spiritual idea. This *was not* contemplated in the beginning; and to enable us to accomplish—without loss, and without changing the terms—a purpose that will add so much to the beauty and value of the work, we trust every friend will be willing to make a small sacrifice of time to extend its immediate circulation.

B.

FRANCES HARRIET GREEN.

AMONG the female writers who have imbibed the reform spirit of the times, we know of no one who has stronger claims to respect and esteem than the distinguished lady whose name stands at the head of this notice. From close observation of the peculiarities of her mind, we venture the opinion that no writer of her sex in this country can summon to the accomplishment of a literary task more versatile powers, and a more certain prospect of success. That creative faculty which is the distinguishing attribute of genius is possessed in an eminent degree by Mrs. Green. Her intense love of the beautiful is only equaled by her supreme devotion to truth and duty. Filled with generous sympathies; actuated by a hope which has never forsaken her; and holding at all times a deep and intimate communion with Nature, she has toiled on, amidst many discouragements, but with a constant and earnest reference to other interests than her own.

It is not our purpose in this connection to present an analysis of the life and writings of Mrs. Green, but simply to announce to our readers that proposals have been issued for publishing, in a beautiful volume, a choice selection from her writings. The forthcoming work will consist of an elegant and powerful composition entitled *Nanuntenoo*—illustrative of the character, manners, customs, and traditions of the American Indians, and containing descriptions of forest scenery, which for their fidelity to Nature, as well as the force and beauty of delineation, have not been surpassed by any native poet.

The book will contain a variety of other poems, making in all a duodecimo of 300 pages, and will be put to press as soon as a sufficient subscription, at \$1 50 per copy, is obtained to warrant its publication. It will be a valuable contribution to this department of American literature, and a beautiful memorial of the gifted authoress. Will those of our readers who desire the work, have the kindness to send us their orders?

## Spirit Voices.

*Words and Music written expressly for the Sheshinah.*

Words by C. D. STUART.

Music by V. C. TAYLOR.

**Moderato.**

1. I hear sweet voi - ces calling, My spi - rit thro' the night,

I hear soft foot - steps fall - ing, As breaks the

morning light, As breaks the morning light; Sym. ....

Sym.

# SPirit VOICES.

Spirits... They come not thus while wak-ing, My  
spi-rit feels with-in Its chords with sor-row ach-ing, Its  
puls-es faint with sin, Its puls-es faint with sin.

2.

The loved and loving-hearted,  
Though dead, to mem'ry dear—  
To Heaven, from earth, departed,  
Their voices still I hear;  
And when in faith I listen,  
Sweet angel voices rise;  
I see their white wings glisten  
With glory in the skies.

3.

They call me from all sorrow,  
They warn me from all sin;  
They bid me bravely borrow  
Heaven's robes, and enter in  
Where they are gone before me,  
The beautiful and blest—  
To wave its banners o'er me,  
The land of perfect rest.

# Angel Visitors.

**Tenderly.**

1. How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss Will bow their bright wings to a

2. They come,—on the wings of the morning they come, Impatient to lead some poor

world such as this: Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions a - bove, To

wander - er home, Some pilgrims to snatch from this stormy a - bode, And

breathe o'er our bo - soms some message of love Hal - le -

lay him to rest in the arms of his God. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - Hal - le -

lu - jah, A - men.

men, Halle - lujah, A - men, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, A - men.  
lu - jah, A - men.

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1



*Eng. by W. L. Comely*

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

*Eng. for the Stockholm.*





## ANCIENT AND MODERN SEERS.

BY A MYSTIC.

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### SWEDENBORG.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was born at Stockholm, Sweden, 1688. His grandfather had been engaged in mining. His father, Jasper Swedberg, — the name being afterwards changed to Swedenborg on his being ennobled,—was Bishop of Skara, in West Gothland. It is not our purpose here, however, to give his biography in detail,—for owing to the wonderful versatility of his mind, his life was so extensive and various in its incidents, and so rich in its results, that a full account of this most remarkable and gifted being, in *either* of his numerous manifestations, whether as a man of Science, a Politician, Theologian, Philosopher or Seer, would more than fill our allotted limits. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a sketch of Swedenborg as SEER.

We would first premise, however, that he was a man of vast erudition, of profound thought, of unexampled wisdom, of wonderful attainments in science and philosophy; a poet as well as a statesman; a theologian and a divine as well as a philosopher; at home in every domain of thought, eminent in every department of science, and a discoverer and inventor everywhere. To use the words of another, *not* however a disciple or believer in Swedenborg, “From the testimony lying before us, we learn that Swedenborg was deeply versed in every science; a first rate mechanician and mathematician; one of the profoundest of physiologists; a great military engineer, conducting battles and sieges for Charles XII; a great astronomer; the ablest financier in the Royal Diet of Sweden; the first metllaurgist of his time; and the writer of vast works, which even to this day are of sterling

authority on mining and metals; that he was also a poet, and a master of ancient and modern languages; and a metaphysician, who had gone through all the long mazes of reflective philosophy. In short, that so far as the natural sciences go, it is much more difficult to say what he was *not*, than what he *was*. Among the testimonies to which we have alluded, we find those of the most scientific men of the age, of prime ministers and counsellors of state, of kings and queens, of the most distinguished philosophers and poets, of the most esteemed divines, not of one country, but of several, all concurring to demonstrate that Swedenborg was a man of unblemished life, of exalted piety and virtue, of distinguished eminence as a philosopher in every department of science; honored by the kings under whom he lived, as one of the most useful members of the community; revered and beloved by a numerous and most respectable circle of acquaintance in Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland and England." And from all we know of Emanuel Swedenborg, we may safely say, that as a scientific man and a philosopher, the world yet waits to see his equal. But we learn from his own testimony, and that of his friends, that he regarded all his vast stores of knowledge, all his profound studies in philosophy, all his wonderful attainments in science, as merely "a preparation for his lofty spiritual mission."

Wise men "reckon," he says, "the sciences and the mechanical arts only among the ministers of wisdom, and they learn them as helps to its attainment, not that they may be reputed wise on account of their possessing them."

"His disciples," says a reviewer, "look upon his life, up to the period of his illumination, as a preparation for his subsequent employment. He had been fitting himself from his youth, they say, 'for the great office to which he was called. He had already approached as near to the spiritual world as science could carry him,' &c. His father, the Bishop, is regarded as having been to some degree, a spiritualist and a mystic. And Swedenborg writes of himself in a letter to Dr. Beyer:—

"From my fourth to my tenth year, my thoughts were constantly engrossed by reflecting upon God, on salvation, and on the spiritual passions of man. I often revealed things in my discourse which filled my parents with astonishment, and made

them declare at times, that certainly the angels spoke through my mouth. From my sixth to my twelfth year, it was my greatest delight to converse with the clergy concerning faith. And I often observed to them that *charity or love was the life of faith; and that this vivifying charity alone was no other than the love of one's neighbor.*"

That his mind might be kept untrammelled by dogmas, and unsophisticated by vain theologies, he says, "I was prohibited reading dogmatic and systematic theology, before heaven was opened to me, by reason *that unfounded opinions and inventions might thereby easily have insinuated themselves, which with difficulty could afterwards have been extirpated*; and thus, after his development into the spiritual state, we find that he read little if any, and that the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, in the original tongues, constituted his whole library. How much the influences of the spiritual world had aided him in his wonderful mental acquisitions prior to this period, we know not, but we learn that "though by no means wealthy previous to his alleged illumination, he suddenly obtained the control over an immense fortune, by which he established many commercial houses, and supported them by favors amounting, as we are told, to millions." The "Biographic Universel," ascribes his wealth to "Elias Artite, an extraordinary man, of low origin, who had by *some means obtained great knowledge, and a colossal fortune.*" Whether *he* also was a spiritualist and a mystic at this day, we have not the means of ascertaining. Swedenborg's illuminated state and mission only date from his fifty-fifth year, A. D. 1743, and when we remember that Jesus of Nazareth was rising of thirty before he began "to preach and to teach," and as nearly as we can gather, spent the greater part of his life among the pure and ascetic Essenes, studying their mystic and wonderful lore, and "increasing in wisdom," the late age at which Swedenborg commenced his mission will not surprise us. The mystic and wonderful prophet of the Arabs did not enter upon his office of teacher until his fortieth year, so that, in neither of these cases, could their professed illumination be ascribed to the heated imagination and enthusiasm of youth. But with minds ripened by experience, improved by thought, and enriched by wisdom, they commenced their career as illuminated and spiritual teachers.

The account we have of the first revelation to him of his mission, is given as follows, in a letter from Swedenborg to his friend Mr. Robsam, which we take to be genuine, rather from its simplicity and naturalness, than from any other proofs. "I was dining," writes he, "at my inn in London, in the course of the year 1743, and I was eating with a great appetite, when just at the end of my repast I perceived that a kind of mist hung over my eyes, and that the floor of my room was covered with hideous reptiles. They disappeared; the darkness was dissipated; and I saw clearly in the midst of a bright light, a man seated in the corner of the room, who said to me in a terrible voice, '*Do not eat so much.*' At these words my sight was obscured; it afterwards cleared again slowly, and I found myself alone. The following night the same man, radiant with light, presented himself to me, and said to me, '*I the Lord, the Creator and the Redeemer, have chosen you to explain to men the internal and spiritual sense of the Holy Scriptures. I will tell you what you must write.*' This night the eyes of my inner man were opened, and disposed to look into heaven, *the world of spirits*, 'and into hell, where I found many persons of my acquaintance, some long since and others but lately deceased.' Whether this letter be authentic or not, the following language, confirming it in all essential points, is unquestionably his own:—

"Whatever of worldly honor or advantage," says he, "may appear to be in the things before mentioned"—scientific and philosophical subjects—"I hold them but as matters of low estimation when compared to the honor of that holy office to which the Lord himself hath called me, who was graciously pleased to manifest himself to me, his unworthy servant, in a personal appearance, *in the year 1743*; to open in me a sight of the spiritual world, and to enable me to converse with angels and with spirits, and this privilege has continued with me to this day."

In his work entitled the "True Christian Religion," he also declares, "That the Lord has manifested himself before me, his servant, and sent me on this office (or mission,) and that, after this He opened the *sight of my spirit*, and thus let me into the spiritual world, and gave me to see the heavens and the hells, and also to speak with angels and with spirits, and this now continually for many years, I testify in truth."

At this time he lived at Stockholm, alone,—for he was never married,—with no attendants save the gardener and his wife. His house was in a lonely part of the city, his apartments hung with strange allegorical and mystical pictures. In his letter to the King, on the subject of his *persecution by the clergy*,—for this truly great and distinguished man, like all great spiritual reformers and prophets, fell under the ban of the priesthood—he writes, “I have already informed your majesty, and pray you to recall it to mind, that the Lord and Savior manifested himself to me in a sensible personal appearance; that He has commanded me to write what has been already done, and what I have still to do; that he was afterwards graciously pleased to endow me with the privilege of conversing with angels and spirits, and to be in fellowship with them.”

To Mr. Cettinger, superintendent of the Swedish mines, he also writes, “I can sacredly and solemnly declare that the Lord has been seen of me, and that he has sent me to do what I do; and for such purpose he has opened and enlightened the *interior part of my soul*, which is my spirit, so that I can see what is in the spiritual world, and those that are therein, and this privilege has now been continued to me for *twenty-two years*.”

This last letter bears date 1766, and this would go to confirm the statement in the letter to Mr. Robsam, that his illumination commenced in the year 1743. Let us remember that these latter statements were made by a venerable man of over seventy years of age, of the highest and noblest character, and of the most blameless reputation. In proof of the validity of his claims to a wonderful spiritual insight and endowment, we adduce the following among other well authenticated facts:—In a sermon of Lindsay to the students of Oxford and Cambridge, in allusion to Justin's self-alleged inspiration, we read, “We can not admit it on his own word, any more than we can admit the waking dreams and revelations of Baron Swedenborg.” And in a note, the author relates the following anecdote, as received “from a person of great worth and credit.”

“A friend of his was one day walking with Swedenborg along Cheapside, when the Baron suddenly bowed very low towards the ground. The gentleman, lifting him up, asked him what he

was about? The Baron replied, by asking him if he did not see Moses pass by, and told him that he had bowed to him."

In a letter to the Librarian of the King of Russia, bearing date 1782, a Mr. Springer, for many years resident in London as Swedish Consul, a gentleman whose character for truthfulness was unquestioned, narrates — "That Swedenborg being about to sail from London to Sweden, wished him to procure him a good Captain. He accordingly agreed with a certain Captain Dixon, and as he parted with Swedenborg, he inquired of Capt. Dixon, if he had good and sufficient provisions." On this Swedenborg said, 'My friend, we shall not need a great quantity, for this day week, we shall, by the aid of God, enter into the port of Stockholm by two o'clock.' On Captain Dixon's return, he related to me that the event happened exactly as Swedenborg had foretold. Many instances of such clairvoyance might be told, similar to phenomena exhibited in our day. M. Springer also declares, that Swedenborg revealed to him many secrets concerning his deceased friends and enemies, and matters of state, which could only have been known to him through the power of spiritual vision."

The gardener and his wife, as we have remarked before, were his only attendants. On the latter being questioned by his friend, M. Robsam, whether she had ever observed any change in the countenance of her master, after his communion with spirits, she replied, that "entering one day into his room after dinner, I saw his eyes like unto a very bright flame; I drew back, saying, in the name of God, Sir, what has happened extraordinary to you, for you have a very peculiar kind of appearance? What kind of a look have I? asked he. I then told him what had struck me. 'Well, well,' replied he, 'do not be frightened; the Lord has so disposed my eyes, that, by them, spirits may see what is in our world.' In a short time this appearance passed away, as he said it would. I know when he has been conversing with heavenly spirits, for there is a pleasure and a *calm satisfaction in his countenance, which charms those that see it*; but after he has conversed with evil (undeveloped?) spirits, he has a sorrowful look."

Count Hopken, the Prime Minister to the King of Sweden,

although he thought so well of his doctrines, that he recommended them to the King as the best religion for a new colony, once asked Swedenborg why he made public his visions and conversations with spirits, as they had a tendency to bring into ridicule and contempt doctrines, in other respects so reasonable. But Swedenborg replied, "that he was commanded to make them public by the Lord."

Of the famous John Wesley's experience of Swedenborg's character as a Seer, we give the story as we find it. "Among Wesley's preachers in 1772, was a Mr. Smith, a man of piety and integrity, afterwards a minister of the New Church. Mr. Noble, Minister of Hanover Street Chapel, London, and the author of an appeal in behalf of the views and doctrines of the New Church, had heard the anecdote as resting upon his authority, and he wrote to Mr. Hawkins, a celebrated engineer and friend of Mr. Smith, to learn the particulars. The following was the answer:—

"DEAR SIR: In answer to your inquiries, I am able to state that, I have a clear recollection of having repeatedly heard the Rev. Samuel Smith say, about 1787 or '88, that, in the latter end of February, 1772, he, with some other preachers, was in attendance on the Rev. John Wesley, taking instructions, and assisting him in preparations for his great circuit, which Mr. Wesley was about to commence; that while thus in attendance, a letter came to Mr. Wesley, which he perused with evident astonishment; that after a pause he read the letter to the company, and that it was couched in nearly the following words:—

"GREAT BATH STREET, COLD BATH FIELDS, Feb., 1772.

"SIR: I have been informed in the world of spirits, that you have a strong desire to converse with me; I shall be happy to see you, if you will favor me with a visit.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"EMANUEL SWEDENBORG."

Mr. Hawkins adds that, Mr. Wesley frequently acknowledged to the company, that he had been *very strongly impressed with a desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, and that he had never mentioned this desire to any one.* Mr. Wesley returned in answer, that he was preparing for his six months' journey, but would wait on Swedenborg on his return to London. Mr. Haw-

kins says, that Mr. Smith told him, he had been informed on good authority, that Swedenborg wrote back, that Mr. Wesley would then be too late, as he (Swedenborg) should *take his final departure for the world of spirits, on the coming twenty-ninth of March, when he accordingly died.* This extraordinary circumstance converted Mr. Smith.

Of the more important and striking instances of his spiritual vision, we have only room for three or four here. Three of them are given in a letter of Kant, the most celebrated German metaphysician, and originator of the Transcendental Philosophy, to a female friend. The first, to which however he only alludes—as being too well known to require narration—is, that Swedenborg related to the Queen Dowager of Sweden, Louisa Ulrica, the substance of a private interview had with her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, afterwards Frederick the Second. Of this, M. Diendonné Thiebault, Professor of Belles Letters in the Royal Academy of Berlin, gives the following narrative:—

Mr. Thiebault says; “I know not on what occasion it was, that, conversing one day with the Queen, on the subject of the celebrated visionary, Swedenborg, we (the members of the Academy) expressed a desire, particularly M. Merian and myself, to know what opinion was entertained of him in Sweden. I, on my part, related what had been told me respecting him by Chamberlain d’Haman, who was still alive, and who had been ambassador from Prussia, both to Holland and to France. It was, ‘that his brother-in-law, the Count de Montville, Ambassador from Holland to Stockholm, having died suddenly, a shopkeeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some articles of drapery, which she remembered had been paid in her husband’s lifetime; that the widow, not being able to find the shopkeeper’s receipt, had been advised to consult with Swedenborg, who, she was told, *could converse with the dead whenever he pleased*; that she accordingly adopted this advice, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity; and at the end of a few days Swedenborg informed her, that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper’s receipt for the money on such a day, at such an hour, as he was reading such an article in Bayle’s Dictionary in his cabinet; and that his attention being called immediately

afterwards to some other concern, he had put the receipt into the book to mark the place at which he left off; *where in fact it was found at the page described!* ”

The Queen replied, that though she was little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she had been willing to put the power of M. Swedenborg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof; that she had previously heard the anecdotes I had related, and it was one of those that had most excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it; but that M. Swedenborg, having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the Court of Stockholm. She added, that what she had said was of a nature to render it impossible that *the Prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips*; that some days after, Swedenborg returned, when she was seated at cards, and requested that she would grant him a private audience; to which she replied, he might communicate what he had to say before the company; but Swedenborg assured her he could not disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses; that in consequence of this intimation the Queen became agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested M. de Schwerin (*who was also present when she related the story to us*) to accompany her; that they accordingly went together, into another apartment, when she posted M. Schwerin at the door, and advanced towards the farther extremity of it with Swedenborg, who said to her, —“You took, Madam, your last leave of the Prince of Prussia, your late august brother, at Charlottenburg, on such a day, and on such an hour of the afternoon; as you were passing afterwards through the long gallery in the Castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again; he then took you by the hand, and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words:—”

“The Queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us that they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced; and

she called on M. de Schwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said; who, in his laconic style, contented himself with saying, 'All you have said, Madam, is perfectly true, at least as far as I am concerned.' The Queen, in consequence of this intelligence, was taken ill, and did not recover herself for some time. After she was come to herself, she said to those about her, 'There is only God and my brother who can know what he has just told me.'"

The second instance of vision given, by the great German metaphysician, Kant—another version, probably of one given by us before—is: "That the widow of the Dutch Envoy at Stockholm was importuned by a goldsmith, soon after the death of her husband, for the payment of a bill which she was convinced had been paid by him. The amount was considerable, but the receipt could not be found. The lady desired of Swedenborg, who she heard could converse with departed spirits, to inquire of her husband concerning it. He complied, and a short time after he stated to her that he had spoken with her husband, and that the receipt would be found in a secret drawer in a bureau, where it was accordingly discovered."

Many of these stories, having their foundation in different facts, have doubtless been confounded one with another. The third story narrated by Kant, and which doubtless is so familiar to every reader, as to render it unnecessary for us to repeat it in detail, is "That Swedenborg made known at Gottenburg—and this, years and years, it should be remembered, before the days of Railways and Telegraphs,—that a fire was at that moment breaking out at Stockholm, *three hundred miles distant*. He described the commencement, situation, progress, continuance and cessation of the conflagration, very particularly, to a company with whom he was dining. This was on Saturday. On Sunday morning he repeated it to the Governor. On Monday evening a despatch arrived at Gottenburg, which confirmed his statement, and on Tuesday morning the royal Courier attested it with the utmost accuracy." Kant declares "that a friend, who informed him of the affair, had examined all the particulars, and found them well attested"—and this he considers "to have the greatest weight of proof," to use his own words, "and to set the assertion of the

extraordinary gift of Swedenborg out of all possibility of doubt." Indeed no fact of history stands on better evidence than this.

Dr. Stilling, Counsellor at the Court of the Duke of Baden, narrates as follows in his "Theory der Geister Kunde."

"In the year 1770 there was a merchant in Elberfeld, with whom I lived seven years in the most intimate friendship. He was much attached to mystical writings; but was a man of good sense, and one who would not tell a wilful untruth for the world. He traveled on business to Amsterdam, where, at the time, Swedenborg was. Having heard and read a great deal of this extraordinary man, he went to see him. He found a very venerable and friendly looking old gentleman who received him politely; when the following dialogue took place. After some preparatory remarks, the *Merchant* said, "I think you will not be displeased with a sincere friend of the truth, if he desires an irrefutable proof, that you really have communicated with the spiritual world?"

*Swedenborg*.—"It would indeed be very wrong, if I were displeased; but I believe I have given already proofs enough that can not be refuted."

*M*.—"Do you mean those respecting the Queen, the fire of Stockholm, and the mislaid receipt?"

*S*.—"Yes, I do; and they are true."

*M*.—"May I be so free as to ask for a proof of the same kind?"

*S*.—"Why not? with all my heart."

*M*.—"I had a friend, a student of Divinity at Daysburg: a little before his decease we had an important conversation together; now could you learn from him what was the subject of it?"

*S*.—"We will see:—come to me again in a day or two: I will see if I can find your friend."

The merchant returned accordingly; when Swedenborg met him with a smile, and said, "I have spoken with your friend: the subject of your discourse was, 'the final restoration of all things.'"

Swedenborg then repeated to the merchant, word for word, what he and his deceased friend had maintained. "My friend," says Dr. Stilling, "turned pale, for this proof was irresistible. Perfectly convinced, my friend left the extraordinary man, and traveled back again to Elberfeld."

Mr. Springer, the Swedish Consul before quoted, writes :

"All that Swedenborg has related to me respecting my deceased acquaintance, both friends and enemies, and the secrets that were between us, almost surpasses belief. He explained to me in what manner the peace was concluded between Sweden and the King of Prussia; and he praised my conduct on that occasion; he even told me who were the three great personages, of whom I made use in that affair, which nevertheless was an entire secret between them and me. I asked him how he could be informed of such particulars, and who had discovered them to him? He answered, 'Who informed me of your affair with Count Ekelblad? You can not deny the truth of what I have told you. Continue,' he added, 'to deserve his reproaches; turn not aside either for riches or honors, from the path of rectitude, but on the contrary keep steadily in it, as you have done, and you will prosper.'"

In the narration of his correspondence with Wesley, the founder of the Methodists, we find an allusion of Swedenborg to the time of his death. Other prophecies of his, in regard to the same event, are not wanting. His friend Mr. Robsam writes :

"I met Swedenborg in his carriage, as he was setting off on his journey to London, the last time but one. I asked him how he could venture on such a voyage at the age of eighty years. 'Do you think,' I added, 'I shall see you any more?' 'Do not make yourself uneasy, my friend,' he replied; 'if you live we shall see one another again; for I have another of these journeys to make after the present.' He returned accordingly. The last time of his leaving Sweden he came to see me the day he was setting off. I again asked him if we should see one another any more. He answered with a tender and affecting air, 'I do not know whether I shall return: but I am assured that I shall not die till I have finished the printing of my work entitled *True Christian Religion*, which is the object of my journey. But if we do not see each other any more in this lower world, we shall meet in the presence of the Lord, if we have kept his commandments.' He did, accordingly, finish his last work here mentioned, at Amsterdam; and he died at London not very long afterwards."

Mr. and Mrs. Shearmith, with whom he lived in London, made

their affidavit on solemn oath, before the Lord Mayor, some few years after the event, "that he retained his senses and memory to the last, and that he *foretold the day of his death a month beforehand.*"

In a letter from the Minister of the Swedish Lutheran Church in London who visited Swedenborg on his death-bed, and administered the sacrament to him, we read:—

"I asked him if he thought he was going to die, and he answered in the affirmative, upon which I requested him, since many believed that he had invented his new theological system merely to acquire a great name, (which he had certainly obtained,) to take this opportunity of proclaiming the real truth to the world, and to recant, either wholly or in part, what he had advanced; especially as his pretensions could now be of no further use to him. Upon this, Swedenborg raised himself up in bed, and, placing his hand upon his breast said with earnestness, 'Everything that I have written is as true as that you now behold me; I might have said much more had it been permitted me. After death you will see all; and then we shall have much to say to each other on this subject.'"

The illustrious Seer closed his eyes on this sphere, at his lodgings in Great Bath Street, Cold Bath Fields, London, March 29, 1772, in the eighty-fifth year of his age; and his remains were interred in the Swedish Church, Ratcliff Highway.

His habits of life were extremely pure and simple, he lived single, and his diet, excluding *animal food*, was of milk, fruits and vegetables.

We are impressed from our examinations as well as by the opinion of some of the most elevated and discerning of his friends and admirers, that Swedenborg's "*True Church of Christ*" was a CHURCH OF HUMANITY, including in its bosom, all mankind, the rich and poor, high and low, saint and sinner—the outcast and abandoned as well as the exalted—all the children of the Heavenly Father, THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

With a few words on the subject of the spiritual world, taken from his writings, we conclude our sketch.

"Inasmuch," says he, "as it has been permitted me by the Lord, to be at the same time in the spiritual world and in the nat-

ural world, and thence to speak with angels as with men, and thereby to know the states of those who after death flow into the hitherto unknown world; for I have spoken with all my relations and friends, and likewise with kings and generals, as also with the learned who have deceased, and this now continually for twenty-seven years; therefore I am able to describe from lively experience, the states of men after death, both of them who have lived well and of those who have lived ill.

Speaking of man after death, he writes:

"It has been believed, that then he would be a soul, of which they entertained no *other idea than as of ether or air*, thus that it is breath or spirit, such as man breathes out of his mouth, when he dies, in which, nevertheless, his vitality resides: but that it is without sight such as is of the eye, without hearing such as is of the ear, and without speech such as is of the mouth; when yet after death man is equally a man, and such a man that he does not know but that he is still in the former world. He walks, runs and sits, as in the former world; he lies down, sleeps and wakes up, as in the former world; he eats and drinks, as in the former world; in a word, he is a man as to all and every particular. Whence it is manifest, that death is not an extinction, but a continuation of life, and that it is only a transition.

"That man is equally a man after death, although he does not then appear to the eyes of the natural body, may be evident from the Angels seen by Abraham, Hagar, Gideon, Daniel, and some of the prophets; from the angels seen in the Lord's sepulcher, and afterwards many times by John, concerning whom in the Revelation; and especially *from the Lord himself, who showed that he was a man by the touch and by eating; and yet he became invisible to their eyes*. Who can be so delirious as not to acknowledge that, although he was invisible, he was still equally a man? The reason why they saw him, was, because then *the eyes of their spirit were opened*; and when these are opened, the things which are in the spiritual world appear as clearly as those that are in the natural world. The difference between a man in the natural world and a man in the spiritual world is, that the latter is clothed with a substantial body, but the former is clothed with a natural body, in which inwardly is his substantial

body ; and a substantial man sees a substantial man as clearly as a material man sees a material man ; but a substantial man can not see a material man, nor a material man a substantial man ; on account of the difference between material and substantial, which is such as may be described, but not in a few words."

From the things seen so many years, I can relate the following : "That there are lands in the spiritual world as well as in the natural world, and that there are also plains and vallies, and mountains and hills, and likewise fountains and rivers ; that there are paradises, gardens, groves and woods," &c.

Whether this wonderful age is to confirm the views of Swedenborg's vision, and of Davis the youthful Swedenborg of our day, in bringing, by actual communication, the generality of mankind nearer to the spiritual world we wait to see, praying that our inward sight may be open to every manifestation, and our minds prepared for the reception of every new truth whencesoever it may come.

*Dedham, Dec., 1851.*

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## ANGELS.

BY O. D. STUART.

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O, teach me not the barren creed,  
 That angels never haunt the soul ;  
 That 't is a dream, O, never plead,  
 I would not lose their sweet control—  
 Low-whispering spirits, still they come  
 And bid the dear emotions start,  
 With visions of our childhood's home,  
 That "Mecca" of the human heart.

Their feet are on the viewless wind,  
 Their lips among the odorous flowers ;  
 They fill the waste of years behind,  
 And sweetly charm the passing hours :  
 The smile that mantles friendship's cheek,  
 The tear that gleams in pity's eye,

The thrill that words may never speak,  
And hopes that brightly hover nigh—

Ah, rob them not of angel guise,  
The only founts to rapture given ;  
These young Immortals from the skies,  
That bid us fondly hope for Heaven !  
Still floating on their golden wings,  
They bear the light of other years,  
And each, a sweet consoling brings  
To scatter o'er the tide of tears.

Break not the spell my heart has wove,  
Bind not those fairy-footed gleams,  
Those messengers of joy and love,  
That people all my dearest dreams ;  
Still let me feel my Mother near,  
When Summer winds are on my cheek,  
And let me, though 't is fancy, hear  
Her lips in music's echo speak.

Chide not these tears, that, while I sing,  
Like waters from a fountain start ;  
The mem'ries of a childhood, bring  
Their wild contagion to the heart :  
Above the desert I have passed,  
The flowers of life again I meet,  
And youth its myrtle leaves has cast,  
Their shadows resting at my feet.

O, chide me not, nor break the spell—  
All I have loved, or love, is here ;  
The kind, the good, the true, they dwell  
In friendship's smile and pity's tear !  
A little faith may rend the guise,  
And what our yearning hearts adore  
Will change to seraphs from the skies,  
Who, lingering, watch till life is o'er.

# ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

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## CHAPTER V.

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### POWERS OF THE SOUL.

“ So gaze met gaze,  
And heart saw heart, translucid through the rays.  
One same, harmonious, universal law,  
Atom to atom, star to star can draw,  
And mind to mind ! Swift darts, as from the sun,  
The strong attraction, and the charm is done.”

Nor by blind material forces does the world move on to uncertain issues. The Universe is not the doubtful experiment of a curious intelligence designed merely for amusement, and left to float at random through immeasurable wilds of ether, or to be driven like the wreck of an abandoned ship to some dark, undiscovered shore. The idea that ascribes it to infinite Intelligence, and perceives its adaptation to beneficent results, accords as well with the Philosopher's reason as with the Christian's reverence. If we may not trace the chain of universal relation and dependence, we may rest assured that no link is wanting to render that chain complete; that everything is related to all things; and that all motion, life and thought, depend on the Divine volition. Thus the slightest movement of matter, as well as the boldest reach of thought, is a remote or immediate expression of Mind. It is conceded that a concatenation of intermediate agencies may be employed, so complex and infinitesimal as to baffle the most subtle powers of analysis, but could we trace the chain of causation throughout, I apprehend we should find all material changes to depend on mental or spiritual causes.

The mental control over the vital action as exhibited in the constitution of man, will be discussed in another place. It is proposed, in this connection, to give some illustrations of the power of the individual mind over other and kindred natures. Not only is the mind able to influence the organic functions of the body in which it is enshrined, but other organized beings may yield to its volition. If we are reciprocally affected by whatever relates to the physical condition of each other, so that health and disease may be imbibed or communicated, we are certainly not less susceptible to influences emanating from the *minds* of those with whom we are in correspondence. Nor is this power of mind wholly dependent on the ordinary and sensible modes of communication. As the superior faculties are progressively developed, the grosser vehicles of thought may be gradually laid aside, and the mind's presence be felt and its desires made known through more ethereal mediums. The pen may be mightier far than sword, and spear, and kingly sceptre; the language of the lips may drive the blood back frozen to the heart, or send it in burning torrents to the brain, kindling into intensest action the magazine of the passions; it may nerve the stout heart and arm to deeds of desperate daring; or, like a penetrating, fiery mist, fall gently on the charmed ear of the listener, melting his soul in the ecstasy of love. But neither a written nor an oral language can express the highest thought or the deepest emotion. There is another—it may be—more perfect medium of communication. This language, though unwritten and unspoken, may be adequate to a fuller expression of all we feel and know. It is not unfrequently the means—little as it is practiced and understood—of revealing thoughts and impulses to which a vocal utterance has been denied. We have power to hold up the images of our own creation before the transfigured spirit; we give forms to thoughts and impress those forms on the receptive mind, it may be as higher natures communicate their spirit to us, and write their laws in the willing heart.

I shall not attempt a discussion of the specific nature and properties of the agent through which the mind acts, or insist too strenuously on the propriety of the terms by which the same may be distinguished. It is sufficient for my present purpose that

mind acts through some ethereal medium in the production of mental and physical effects. The writer has been called to witness many curious and startling phenomena, illustrative of the direct power of mind over the electricity or vital aura of animal bodies. A somewhat protracted course of experiment, designed to test the susceptibility of the mind to impressions through this medium, has furnished results calculated to excite general astonishment, while they open before us a new field for scientific investigation. I have met with many individuals to whom I could readily, yet silently, communicate my inmost thoughts. When in immediate contact with such persons, it is no difficult matter to direct the whole current of thought and feeling. In this case it appears that the act of volition has the effect to disturb the vital electricity of the operator's own body, and that this electro-nervous excitement is communicated to, and through the sensor nerves of the subject, so as to produce cerebral impressions. Thus thoughts and feelings, corresponding to our own, are by a mental-electric process awakened in the passive mind.

The casual illustrations of this power of mind have been numerous and should be convincing. It often occurs when one individual in a company conceives an idea that it is electrically transmitted to another mind, ere the author has time to clothe it in the ordinary forms of speech. By some invisible means we are frequently reminded of an absent person, and made to feel and believe that they are approaching us, some time before the fact is cognizable by the senses. Many persons experience a slight spastic action of the nerves whenever they converse with one who speaks with uncommon earnestness. Some persons are conscious of a soporific influence, when within the spheres of certain individuals. Others may be instantly aroused from a deep sleep by a vigorous effort of the will. This susceptibility is often greatly increased by disease. There are friends who visit the sick room, whose very presence is an anodyne, while others greatly increase the nervous irritability and wakefulness of the patient. Sleep is often driven from the couch of pain by the anxiety and restlessness of sympathizing friends, whose minds are fixed on the sufferer.

The instances wherein we are singularly anticipated in what

we are about to say, numerous as they are, might be presumed to depend on an association of ideas ; or they might be ascribed to a similarity in the intellectual development and general habits of thought, peculiar to the individuals, did they not occur under circumstances that must preclude the adoption of either of these hypotheses. The thought conceived and simultaneously expressed very often sustains no relation, however remote, to any subject of previous remark. Nor are we able to discern, always or generally, any marked resemblance of the parties to each other ; either in their cerebral conformation or other physical and mental peculiarities. Nevertheless, the facts are matters of common observation and experience, and the philosophic mind is disposed to seek for some law to which such mental phenomena may be referred.

I have had occasion to remark that, we are often mysteriously impressed by some friendly and congenial nature, while the form is unseen, and it may be when the material presence is least expected. A fact that is perpetually recurring, proves the existence of some controlling principle or law, of which such fact or phenomenon is the appropriate and natural expression. The writer is of opinion that, these facts can only be rationally accounted for by ascribing them to the influence of mind over mind, exerted through those refined and invisible media which pervade the body and all things. This conclusion is authorized by a great number and variety of experiments, examples of which will be detailed hereafter. In the course of my investigations I have demonstrated, by experiments on a great number of persons, the direct power of mind over the imponderable elements of the body, and the consequent capacity of mind to influence, both the voluntary and involuntary functions of organized existence. It is further manifest from these experiments that the earth and atmosphere, or more properly their imponderables, may serve to establish this connection and intercommunication of mind with mind. This observation is confirmed by every experiment in which one person is controlled or influenced, when at a distance, by the unexpressed will of another. In this manner electro-physiological changes may be, and are produced by mental action. It will not be denied, by any one who has pursued the investiga-

tion of the subject, that the mind of one man is capable of exciting or moving this agent in the system of another, in such a manner as to produce nervous vibrations and cerebral impressions. The nervous or vital aura, being a highly sublimated medium, may be disturbed by the slightest causes. Its ebb and flow mark the occurrence of every emotion—the gentle no less than the terrible—while in the flaming intensity of passion, as well as in the mysterious and delicate enginery of thought, we have the stirring revelation of its presence and its power.

It is readily conceded that all material changes, from the simplest process in the laboratory up to the most stupendous revolution in the world of matter, are governed by established laws. Nor will Reason for a moment admit the conclusion that God is less present to govern in the higher department of his creation. There are certain forces or tendencies in Nature which are but the diversified expression of his eternal thought—His law. If all matter is obedient to these, no rational man will presume that the universe of Mind can be left to lawless disobedience. Deity is more essentially present in the sphere of mind than in the domain of matter, in so far as the former is a nearer approximation to himself. It can not be in vain for the christian philosopher to pursue his investigations in this department; for if the truth as it relates to mind is more difficult of discovery or elucidation, it certainly is not less real in itself or divine in its inculcations.

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## CHAPTER VI.

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### ILLUSTRATIONS OF MENTAL POWER.

EVERY man of sane mind may be qualified to speak with confidence of whatever occurs within the sphere of personal observation, and it should be borne in mind that the results of individual experience constitute the accumulated wisdom of the world. It is cordially conceded that, the experience of other men may be fraught with a deeper interest than our own, but those who restrict

themselves to the repetition of what others have felt, and thought, and spoken, add little or nothing to the common stock of ideas. To seek a name in this way is to rob the dead of their immortality. It were better to die and leave no memorial, than to employ the brains and nerves of other men to build a monument.

Long before undertaking the labor of a systematic inquiry, into the philosophy of the vital functions and the laws of mind, I had witnessed and performed some experiments, attended with results so remarkable as to render them worthy of being preserved, among the more interesting incidents of my private experience. I shall not hesitate to record many curious facts occurring without the sphere of my personal observation, when such can be duly authenticated; nor do I deem it necessary to offer an apology for presenting the results of my own experience, whenever these will better subserve the purpose.

From an observation of facts incidentally occurring, I was prompted to a series of voluntary efforts, which were signalized by still more remarkable results. In numerous instances I tried the experiment of thinking intensely of some absent person, with a view to ascertain whether the mind of that person would not revert to me at the same time. This experiment, though made with different persons, and in some instances with those at a distance, was eminently successful. Of course the individuals selected were usually, though not always, those with whom the writer was on intimate and friendly terms. I will now illustrate the nature and results of my experiments by a reference to particular examples.

Mrs. R., of Worcester, Mass., was distinguished for a most delicate susceptibility to mental impressions. I had been invited to visit her at her residence, one afternoon, in company with several friends, when — seating myself by her side — I requested her to take an excursion, and to describe whatever she saw by the way. Without giving the slightest intimation concerning the direction we were to travel, I proceeded on an ideal journey, by railroad and steamboat to New York. Mrs. R. described with singular fidelity all the objects on the route of which the writer could form a distinct conception — spoke of persons whom she met by the way, and repeated the very words they were, by me,

supposed to utter. On the same occasion, I imagined a letter to be placed before her, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Here is a letter from Mr. —," mentioning the name of an absent friend of whom I was thinking at that moment. Breaking the seal and unfolding the sheet, she commenced and read *verbatim*, from my own mind, for several minutes. It should be observed that these were the first and only experiments made with Mrs. R., and that my acquaintance with the lady was restricted to two or three brief interviews.

While employed in lecturing at New Canaan, Ct., some months since, I chanced to be thinking earnestly of a young man who was living in Norwalk, several miles distant, and who had been the subject of some interesting experiments on a previous occasion. This youth happened at that precise time, as I subsequently learned, to be in the presence of several gentlemen who were subjecting him to some similar experiments, when all at once — and in a manner most unaccountable to all present — he escaped from their influence declaring, with great earnestness, that Mr. Brittan wanted him, and he must go immediately.

Miss W., of Leominster, Mass., possessed a melodious voice and no little skill in musical execution. She was so extremely impressible that any piece of music, of which one might chance to be thinking in her presence, could be communicated to her by the slightest touch. When, occasionally, the impression was indefinite, she would seem to be listening for an instant, and then — starting as though she had heard a voice — would exclaim, "Yes, I hear; I have it!" and immediately commence singing. Mr. D., an amateur violinist, and several others, repeated the experiment, at my suggestion, with similar results. This lady was, on several occasions, the subject of many curious experiments, in which the nervous and mental susceptibility displayed was extremely delicate in its nature and wonderful in its results.

I once attended a social party given by Mrs. K., at her residence in Albany. In the company was a lady (Mrs. M.), who, from certain circumstances, I presumed to be highly susceptible to electro-nervous impressions, though I had never confirmed my opinion by the least experiment. Taking a seat by a gentleman who was known to be invulnerably skeptical, I observed that it

might be possible to demonstrate the existence in man, of a power he was disposed to deny. That although I had never conversed with Mrs. M. on the subject, nor made the slightest effort to subject her to psychological impressions, I had little hesitation in saying that the voluntary functions of the body might be controlled — without physical contact — by the unaided power of volition.

This gentleman having expressed a desire to witness the experiment, it was agreed that I should cause the lady to leave her place at the opposite side of the room, and occupy a vacant chair by his side. In less than one minute the proposed result was accomplished. She obeyed my will and seated herself in the unoccupied chair. In this manner she was impelled to change her position several times, and finally to leave the room temporarily with no specific object, and without suspecting the origin of an impulse she was unable to resist.

The tea-table was the scene of an interesting experiment. Mrs. M. was in the act of removing from the board, having finished her repast, when several dishes were handed to her, all of which were refused. Mrs. K. urged Mrs. M. to accept another dish of tea, which the latter declined. Without uttering a word, I succeeded in changing her purpose, and obedient to my volition, she immediately drew her chair again to the table, and called for a dish of tea. On my passing the dish she had just refused, Mrs. M. partook of each, as if it were for the first time.

At an early hour she proposed to go home, but my lady friend who had given the entertainment, apprehensive that others might follow the example, desired me to restrain her. She instantly obeyed the action of the mind, observing that the attractions the occasion presented were so numerous, and withal so powerful, that she could not break away. In this manner her desire to go home was neutralized, and Mrs. M. remained until the company separated.

Some time since, while on my way to visit a friend, and when some twenty miles from his bodily presence, I made a determined effort to impress his mind with the fact that I would visit him on that day. On my arrival, he proceeded to inform me that, a short time before, he had been strongly impressed that I was coming, and that my appearance was not, therefore, unexpected.

While on a visit at N——, I became acquainted with a lady whose extreme receptivity of mind was evident from her readiness to divine the thoughts and feelings of those around her. In the course of our interview, an experiment was suggested for the purpose of ascertaining whether her extreme susceptibility would admit of her receiving impressions from a distance. It was mutually agreed that on the succeeding Tuesday evening, at ten o'clock, she should retire to her private apartment, and write her thoughts for half an hour. The time set apart for the trial found me occupied with a subject of such absorbing interest, that the hour actually passed before I suspected it had arrived. It was precisely thirty minutes after ten, when I was suddenly reminded of my engagement, but it was then too late to make the proposed trial. Under these circumstances I resolved to make an experiment that, if successful, would be still more convincing, because wholly unpremeditated. Accordingly, I waited until eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, when, presuming that she must be asleep, I occupied the remaining half hour before midnight in an effort to project certain images before the mind, at a distance of about eighteen miles! The ideal picture represented a sylvan scene, enlivened by clear flowing waters, and a variety of such natural images as are necessary to complete an enchanting landscape; while beneath the inviting shade, and on the margin of the stream, I placed the subject of the experiment.

Several days after, I received a letter containing, in substance, the following: "You either did not make the experiment at the time, and in the manner proposed, or else did not succeed, as I received no impression, during the half hour, which could be traced to any foreign source. But after retiring for the night, and falling into a natural slumber, a beautiful, dream-like vision passed before me." Subsequently, at my request, she related the dream—her narrative commencing thus: "I was standing by a clear stream, whose banks were covered with beautiful groves;" and the remainder of the recital indicated a striking resemblance of the dream to the images fashioned in the mind of the writer. Requesting the lady to denote, as nearly as possible, the hour of this singular experience, she stated that she retired at eleven o'clock, and on awaking from the dream found the time

just ten minutes past twelve, which fixes the hour with sufficient exactness.

On one occasion, while spending a few days at Waterbury, Ct., I found it necessary to see a young man in the village. The immediate presence of this person was of considerable importance to me, but not knowing his residence, place of business, or even his name, I could not send for him. In this emergency, I endeavored to concentrate my mind on the youth, with a fixed determination to bring him to me. Some ten minutes elapsed, when he came to the house to ask after the writer. Meeting a gentleman at the outer door, he inquired with much apparent interest, whether I wanted to see him. On being interrogated by this individual, he stated that a few moments before, and while actively engaged in his workshop, distant a quarter of a mile, he suddenly felt he must come to me without delay. He declared that he was conscious of the existence and presence of some unknown power, acting chiefly on the anterior portion of his brain, and drawing him with irresistible energy. His work being urgent, he resolved at first to resist this strange and unaccountable inclination, but after a determined effort found himself unequal to the task.

Another illustration of the capacity of mind to pervade and influence mind at a distance, and without any perceptible medium of communication, was furnished in the case of Mrs. G. I had personally subjected this lady to a single experiment, resulting in the cure of a distressing asthma from which she had suffered intensely and for a long time. I had not seen this person for three months, when one day her arrival was unexpectedly announced. After a brief interview, which did not occupy more than five minutes, I withdrew to the study to complete what I had left unfinished, leaving Mrs. G. in company with my family and several other persons. Not the slightest allusion had been made to any further experiments, and certainly none were then premeditated.

Several hours elapsed — I know not how long — when the silence of my apartment was broken by sounds of mirth proceeding from the persons below. They were engaged in some amusement which excited a spirited conversation and immoderate laughter. The voice of Mrs. G. was distinctly heard. At this

moment the idea of taking her from the company, occurred to me. But the occasion seemed to be in all respects unfavorable. She had no intimation that any such effort would be made; she was in a remote part of the house, and we were separated by a long flight of stairs and two partitions. Besides, surrounded by others, and excited by outward circumstances, the soul is not in the most suitable condition to be successfully approached, through any internal or spiritual medium. Nevertheless I was resolved to make the experiment. Closing my eyes, to shut out all external objects, I fixed my mind on Mrs. G., with the determination to bring her to the library. Doubtless the mental effort employed on this occasion would have been sufficient, as ordinarily applied, to overcome the physical resistance of an object equal to the weight of the lady's person. I was, however, not a little astonished at witnessing the result of this experiment. In about two minutes the door opened, and Mrs. G. entered with her eyes closed, when the following conversation ensued :

"You appeared to be very happy with the company below," I observed, inquiringly.

"I was."

"Why, then, did you leave?"

"I don't know."

"Why, or for what purpose did you come here?"

"I thought you wanted me, and I could not help obeying the summons."

Recently, while spending an afternoon with several ladies and gentlemen, mostly strangers, some illustrations of this power were called for by the company. Among the persons present two or three were slightly influenced; but Miss A., an intelligent young lady with whom the writer had no previous acquaintance, was discovered to yield with great readiness and astonishing precision to the action of the will. Though at the time perfectly awake, and until then totally unconscious of possessing any such susceptibility, this lady bestowed several rings and other valuables on different members of the party, following in every instance, and in a most unerring manner, the writer's volition. Without affording the slightest opportunity for the subject to learn, by any external indications, the nature of the requests made, a number of diffi-

cult trials were suggested by the persons composing the company. Several of these experiments — attended with the most satisfactory results—may be thus briefly mentioned :—Miss A. promptly obeyed the silent mandate of my mind, and going to the center table selected a particular book, that had been singled out from among a number of others equally conspicuous. Some one required that she might be incited to take up another book of five hundred pages, and turn to a short poem — some where about the middle of the volume — which was accordingly done without the least hesitation. Again, by a similar effort, this lady was influenced to make choice of a particular *engraving*, from among a number contained in an annual. While looking at my watch, she announced the time within a few seconds. On a subsequent occasion, similar efforts were made to impress the mind of this person, but, from some defect in the requisite conditions, the results were less successful.

From among the very numerous examples of this power, I shall record but one more in this connection. In the month of September, 1847, I was one night on my way from New York to New London, Conn. In its solemn silence and spiritual beauty, the night was more enchanting and glorious than the day. The elements were in a state of profound repose, and the full moon poured a flood of silvery light on the distant land and the surrounding waters. Long Island Sound, seemed like a great glass in which the gods might see their faces, and wherein the blue heavens with their sublime imagery of stars were faithfully mirrored. It was a time for meditation and deep communion of soul, when the presence of the absent is felt, and the portals of the spirit-home are open to man. Gazing away into the infinite inane, it seemed that the unrevealed glory of all the Invisible was only concealed from mortal eyes by thin nebulous curtains, let down by angel hands over the windows of heaven. Looking away over the peaceful waters, and up through the luminous atmosphere, I fancied, for a moment, that the spirit like light might travel afar over mountain and plain to the objects for which it has affinity. And why not? the spirit within involuntarily demanded. Surely the spirit—the man—the immortal—is as subtil as light. In the order of nature the soul exceeds in its degree of refinement all

that is subject to sensuous observations. Mind is more ethereal than electricity; thought may, therefore, travel with more than electrical speed. With no battery but the human brain, with no clumsy intervention of telegraphic posts and wires, the soul may send out its thought, on invisible electric waves, to the remembered and distant objects of its devotion.

It was about midnight when I resolved on an effort to impress the spirit of Mrs. B., who, at that hour, was at home and asleep. We were separated by an intervening distance of about 150 miles in a direct line. Abstracting myself from the sphere of outward and visible objects, I labored for some time—I know not how long—in one intense effort of mind. I sought to incarnate thought, and to bear it away to the hearth and home where the shadow of its form might fall on the passive spirit, causing it to dream of images my fancy had portrayed. Nor was this an abortive effort, as I subsequently learned. On my return, Mrs. B. related a singular dream that occurred in my absence, and on the identical night already described. Improbable as the statement may appear to many persons, the dream corresponded, in its essential particulars, to the images my own imagination had fashioned on the occasion of that midnight abstraction. All this may appear strange enough to the mind educated in the prevailing modes of thought. Indeed, I know not but the mere idea of such an experiment, may, in the judgment of those who know nothing of psychological experiences, furnish *prima facie* evidence of a species of hallucination. Still, I have no cause of apprehension, for myself or the subject, so long as we are able to preserve, in this madness, a calm and consistent method that does not always characterize the opposition.

Our philosophy may be subversive of old theories, but it will be found to accord with Nature. We may as well accept the laws of the Universe, as they are, and the facts of human experience as they occur, for it is not our prerogative to change either. That thought may be transmitted by means intangible as itself; that the mind, in its executive capacity, may impress its image on kindred and receptive natures, is a fact, confirmed by numerous experiments and sanctioned by the most enlightened reason. Material forms, however distant, impress the mind in this manner.

Every remote object perceived by the sense of vision, conveys its likeness through the intervening space to the soul. Objects separated from us by inconceivable distances are thus revealed. Every star set in the coronet of night, whose scintillations have traveled down to earth since the morning of creation, has the power to disturb the nervous aura and thus to image itself in the human spirit. That mind is capable of producing similar effects, is not without abundant confirmation in the experience of others as well as the writer. Since the soul possesses a *voluntary* power of its own, enabling it to direct its energies to particular objects and localities, it will be perceived that, neither the fact nor the laws governing its occurrence are embarrassed by any intrinsic improbabilities, that do not attach themselves more forcibly to such mental impressions as are directly referable to physical causes. The student of Nature will discover that Reason is not in the most intimate fellowship with the materialistic philosophy, that would define the limits of all faith and truth by the line of individual sensuous observation. With this outward medium of sensation and action, we may not survey and grasp the infinite Possible. Whoever expects to do this, is devoid of understanding, and impotent in effort, as the little child that vainly struggles to reach the stars!

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## EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

OUR Common School and elementary Popular Education, are the pride and glory of our country. Our school-books, and the instruction thence derived, are far in advance of those of any other nation. But our higher education has no such superiority over that of the most enlightened nations of Europe—is in fact inferior to that in Germany, France, and in some respects to that of Great Britain. And while our common schools and school-books are continually and rapidly improving, our colleges have scarcely evinced a shadow of advancement during the last eventful

half century. They increase and multiply like the frogs of Egypt, but they teach their students the same useless masses of words, in the same dull, droning way, that they did before the American Revolution. It would be difficult to name another instrumentality of human well-being in which our age has witnessed so little genuine improvement as in the great majority of our colleges.

In the Middle Ages, nearly all abstruse Knowledge, all elevated, ennobling Thought, was to be found only in the dead languages. The number of scholars was so few, the cost of books so great, and the ability and disposition to buy them so limited, that their publication in the various living languages would have been a ruinous adventure. Hence Milton and Newton wrote and published in Latin in order to reach that fit audience, though few, who were at all likely to read their works, or any other treating of the same lofty themes. But would not the world laugh in deserved derision at Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth, Bryant, Dana, Hawthorne and Silliman, if *they* should now publish in Latin or Greek? Most certainly! And yet there is no essential difference between such utterance and the kindred absurdity of constraining our more fortunate youth to spend half their college terms in acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin, which nine-tenths of them will never turn to any practical account, and which most of them will utterly forget before they shall have been three years out of their studies.

I was once pressing this view of the question on a thorough University scholar, who had been for several years engaged with eminent success as a teacher of the classics, when he replied in substance, "You do not state your case half strong enough. You and I might differ as to the value of Greek and Latin to our young men, providing these languages were actually acquired; the conclusive fact is, *they never ARE learned in our colleges*. I say 'never,' because this is the general rule. Not one in twenty graduates really knows any thing of the dead languages when he leaves college, and the time spent in studying them has in most cases been absolutely thrown away. It were better devoted to learning how to fiddle." Such was the judgment of a ripe and eminent scholar. And it is one which experience will confirm and establish.

We have something like a hundred colleges in this country, the total expenditure upon which can hardly average less than \$50,000 per annum each, or Five Millions of Dollars in all. This is a vast sum, and one by the disbursement of which a vast amount of good should be secured. I believe it is not too much to estimate the aggregate sum expended on the inculcation of Greek and Latin in this country, (academies and private tuition included,) at Three Millions of Dollars, or if we include the value of the students' time in our estimate, the total cost of Greek and Latin to the United States can not fall below Five Millions per annum. Is the product worth the money?

Of course there are individuals to whom the study of the dead languages is appropriate; but they bear a very small proportion to the whole number of our liberally educated youth. At least nine-tenths of the whole number will be no whit wiser or richer for all the Latin and Greek drilled into them during the process of their education.

On the other hand they waste inevitably the years which should be devoted to the acquisition of genuine, practical knowledge. Chemistry, Geology, Meteorology, and other sciences of the deepest and most practical interest are neglected or slurred over, because their time is engrossed in half learning that which never can be of the least use to them. The farmer's son graduates at the cost of a heavy slice of the paternal homestead; but his college course has not taught him how to cultivate and improve the residue. His ignorant brother is better qualified to manage the farm than the educated son. So in every department of Industrial execution. The college-bred youth, if he happened to possess the peculiar qualities which fit him for eminence as a clergyman, lawyer or physician, may do well; but if he lack these, his education is a failure — nay, he is disqualified by it to maintain an equal struggle for livelihood with his dull brother, who always shirked school when he could, and who never reads when he can avoid it. The uneducated see this, and are confirmed by it in prejudices against all forms of liberal education. Why waste years and hundreds of dollars, they query, in a course of study which renders the student more hopeless, useless and dependent, than he would be if left in ignorance? The question,

so natural and forcible, suggests and urges a radical reform in education.

What we need is not more colleges, but better ones — colleges in which our youth shall mainly be taught that which they most need to know, and which will render them palpably, signally useful to their fellow men. We need colleges in which every student, without regard to fortune or tendency, shall be taught to work and how to work—taught how to employ labor to the best advantage on the farm, in the forest, the mill or the mine, and taught to love labor and *really* deem it honorable and ennobling. We need colleges in connection with which various branches of industry — agricultural, mechanical and manufacturing — shall be skillfully, scientifically, vigorously prosecuted, and every teacher as well as student trained to fine health, profit and enjoyment therein. We need colleges wherein the discoveries of genius and the truths of science shall be familiarly and palpably reduced to daily practice, and impressed on the unfolding mind by being mingled with and rendered useful in each student's daily tasks and exertions. In short, we need colleges which shall graduate not merely Masters of verbal, but Masters of useful arts, men (and women too) fitted and incited to teach and to lead in every department of beneficent human exertion. When shall the public need of such colleges be even partially satisfied ?

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THE OLD ERROR AND THE NEW TRUTH.—The ancient Error dies, and is entombed beneath the shrine where it was worshiped ; while the great TRUTH struggles into organic life, and is immortal in all visible forms. It is the light of the new discovery in Science ; it is embodied in those works of Art which constitute the deathless memorials of Genius ; it clothes itself with the fiery vapor exhaled from metallic lungs, and thunders along its iron track, breaking the sepulchral slumbers of eastern nations, and scaring the eaglets from the rocky cliffs of the distant west. All over the civilized world the great Thought circulates through iron nerves ; it is spoken by invisible electric tongues, and vibrates on every smitten fiber of a million hearts.

S. B. B.

## THE LOST ART.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

"Oh trust not, youth, the visions fair,  
That charm thy ravished heart;  
But in the Galleries dim and old,  
More wondrous visions shalt thou behold,  
There study thine ancient art.

"There worship the great old Masters,  
There copy their Works sublime,  
These shall an *Inspiration* give,  
That shall make thy humble works outlive  
The annals of thy time."

And mildly answered the artist,  
"A gallery have I  
That girdles this beautiful earth around,  
That reaches the mystic dim profound,  
Its roof the vaulted sky.

"And deep within the studio  
Of my awed and ravished soul,—  
Painting forever in silence there,  
His canvas wonderfully fair  
The MASTER doth unroll.

"Where studied those ancient artists?  
Who gave them their wondrous skill?  
In Nature's Gallery divine  
Thy worshiped at Thought's interior shrine,  
With God their Master still."

## THE DEATH PENALTY.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

Among the prominent characteristics of our time, we discover a growing spirit of inquiry concerning the great questions that involve the chief interests of society. There is a strange commotion amidst the elements of darkness, and man is rising from the death-like stupor that for ages enchained his noblest powers. Not alone in the development of mental faculties and physical resources; in literature and the arts; and in the various branches of natural, social and political science, is the world advancing with unexampled rapidity. Among the great questions that now occupy the attention of philosophers, legislators and jurists, I mention, as worthy of special consideration and present action, the abolition of sanguinary laws and the modification of penal enactments. But this general statement of the subject is too comprehensive. It is proposed to confine the present discussion to the main question that relates to the punishment of Capital Offenses.

In different ages and countries, and in various stages of civilization, certain crimes have been punished with death; and not unfrequently the most ingenious devices have been employed to prolong the sufferings of the wretched victims. The laws of nations, said to be civilized, have been such as to require the public executioner, in some cases, to possess the ferocity of a wild tiger who leaps from his jungle to quench his thirst for blood. He must tear the criminal in pieces; break his limbs on the wheel; torture him with hot pincers or upon the rack, saw him asunder and quarter him alive; or leave him to the tender mercy of wild beasts. If I am not misinformed, the penal code of England still requires that for high treason the criminal shall be hanged by the neck, cut down alive, have his entrails taken out and burned while he is yet alive, his head cut off, and his body

divided into four parts to be at the King's disposal.<sup>1</sup> It is true the punishment, except hanging and beheading, is usually remitted by the crown. In fact, in England, in France, Germany, Austria, Prussia and the United States, the people are now almost as humane as in some of the less favored and enlightened portions of the earth; so that it is only necessary to cut off the criminal's head or break his neck to satisfy the less sanguinary spirit of the present time.

But the peculiar *mode* is after all comparatively unimportant. The *right* to take life, in any manner—under any conceivable circumstances—is the question now offered for free discussion and solemn thought. And here I am reminded that the advocates of the Death Penalty very generally believe that the law rests on inspired authority. They claim the Divine sanction for this inhuman infliction. This consideration suggests the absolute necessity of meeting the argument derived from the Scriptures. How else can we expect to commend the truth to every man's conscience? Whoever would dislodge an enemy must go to his strong hold. Moreover, it is not important, in this connection, to inquire how far the authority of the Hebrew authors is to be regarded as final. The solution of this question is not a matter of present concern, and will not be permitted to embarrass the main design. The reader is at liberty to contend, if he will, for the strict infallibility of the letter of their testimony, as this will not invalidate our reasoning or otherwise change the issue.

Those who defend Capital Punishment from the Scriptures, place their chief reliance on Genesis, ix. 6. According to Rev. Mr. Cheever, 'this is the citadel of the argument, commanding and sweeping the whole subject.' In the received translation, the passage reads thus: 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man.' In the ancient Latin version the text reads, when properly rendered, 'Whoso sheddeth human blood, his blood will be shed.' Some expositors contend that the sense of the original would be far better expressed by rendering it, '*Whatsoever* sheddeth man's blood, by man shall *its* blood be shed;' and this certainly

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1. Blake's Ency.: Art.; Punishment of Death.

accords quite as well with the context, as the reader will perceive. 'And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every *beast* will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man.' Thus it appears from the Latin version of the Scriptures, as well as from the testimony of the critics, that the words 'by man' are authorized by the original text; so that the passage may be rendered 'whoso,' or rather '*whatsoever* sheddeth human blood, *its* blood will be shed.' If, therefore, death be the appropriate punishment for certain crimes, there is certainly nothing in this text and its connection to warrant the conclusion that man is to be the executioner. It has been observed by a judicious writer that, it is 'merely expressive of a great retributive fact in Nature, and in the overruling providence of God, that he who designedly and wickedly takes human life, shall, assuredly, in some way or other, meet with severe punishment, and probably come to a violent end.'<sup>2</sup> Admit or deny the legislative character of Genesis ix. 6; view it in whatever light we please, as prophetic or mandatory, and still it is worse than idle to think of adopting it as a rule of action, to be observed by all nations and in all ages of the world.

The days of man are said to be three-score years and ten-seventy years; and the Psalmist says, 'Bloody and deceitful men *shall not live out half their days*.'<sup>3</sup> Why not adopt this as our rule of action, and punish with certain death all bloody men, hypocrites and deceivers, before they arrive at the age of thirty-five years? We are pointed to the text in Genesis for proof of the Divine authority of this punishment; and yet we have no more evidence that it is a command of perpetual obligation, than we have that David designed to vindicate the character of nations that 'destroy men's lives,' when he declared that deceitful men should not live out half their days.

Christ said to an impetuous disciple, 'Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword.'<sup>4</sup> Again, the author of the Apocalypse says; 'He that

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2. Manual of Peace, by T. C. Upham, p. 249. — 3. Psalms lv. 23.

4. Mat. xxvi. 52.

leadeth into captivity, shall go into captivity; he that killeth by the sword, must be killed by the sword.<sup>5</sup> The advocates of Capital Punishment never think of referring to these scriptures; and yet, the same rule of interpretation that is applied to the language in Genesis, will prove that these contain a law by which we are solemnly bound to enslave every man who holds another in captivity, and to punish with certain destruction all who venture to take the sword.

Our subject might be illustrated by many instructive examples derived from the Hebrew Scriptures. From the account we have of Cain, he was guilty of murder in the first degree. In this case the Creator was the judge and the executioner; and yet so far from passing sentence of death on the criminal, he is represented as giving him assurance of his protection. 'And the Lord said unto him, Therefore, whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him seven-fold. And the Lord set a mark on Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.'<sup>6</sup> If the text in Genesis involves an essential principle of the Divine government, and an important feature of God's perfect law, why was Cain not judged and punished accordingly? Why, we are informed that the law did not exist in his day — Cain lived long before this law was given to the world — and this circumstance is presumed to furnish a good and sufficient reason why he should not be punished according to its requirements. It certainly presents reasons equally strong why he should not be punished *at all*. It does not appear from the record that, prior to the bloody deed, there existed *any law* on the subject; and yet, Cain had his trial and was condemned. Many men entertain singular ideas of the Divine administration. They know something of the manner of human legislation. It is generally understood that our laws have to pass the upper and lower house, and receive the signature of the governor. Cain was not put to death for the murder of his brother, because the Divine Legislator had not yet passed the law! Most rational reason! As though the Omniscient Judge of all worlds could not do right, and administer the eternal principles of his government, until they were first reduced to writing

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5. Rev. xiii. 10.

6. Gen. vi. 15.

and recorded on the statute book! But it may be said that Cain was ignorant of any such penalty, the Creator never having so much as intimated to him that such would be the doom of the murderer; and that, for this cause, the infliction would have been unjust. To this I reply: It does not appear that Cain had been informed that the murderer should be driven out from the presence of the Lord to be a fugitive in the earth, and hence, for the same reason, the punishment he did suffer was unjust. If the objection has any weight, it bears with equal force against the righteous sentence of his Judge.

The case of Moses and the Egyptian, as recorded in the second chapter of Exodus, furnishes an example that comes under the covenant, and according to the exposition of the text in Genesis should have been punished with death. This was a most unjustifiable homicide as appears from the record. The deed was not committed in a moment of desperation, while the perpetrator was blinded by ungovernable passion. On the contrary, we read that, 'he' (Moses) 'looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand.' In this instance it would appear that Pharaoh was an advocate for the Death Penalty for he sought to slay Moses, not indeed because he had any reverence for God, or respect for his laws, but to gratify a feeling of personal resentment. If the claims of the violated law could only be satisfied with the death of the offender, why was Moses permitted to escape? The truth is plain. God was not the author of the law, in any sense in which he is not also the author of all human jurisprudence. The law belonged to Moses, and like many acts of modern legislation was intended rather for the people than the ruler.

We have now arrived at a point where it will be necessary to call the reader's attention to a most important distinction. The Moral Law—so called by way of eminence—is founded on the nature of things in themselves unchangeable. This properly comprehends our duty to God, our fellow-men, and ourselves. It was embodied in the Ten Commandments, and presented to Israel under the administration of Moses. Men have yet to

learn the true meaning of the sixth article of that law — '*Thou shalt not kill*' — and that no circumstances, or laws of man's device, can revoke that irrevocable decree. The moral law is essentially the law of *Love*. A lawyer from among the Pharisees once inquired of the Master which was the great commandment of the law. Jesus said unto him, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'<sup>8</sup> This law is founded on the immutable principles of the Divine government, and may, therefore, in a special sense be termed *God's law*; and may justly be regarded as binding on all nations and every age of the world. A radical distinction separates this forever from the laws of Moses. The ceremonial law, which had reference to the external rites of Religion, and the judicial law, designed to regulate the punishment of offenders, were more essentially the appointments of the Jewish lawgiver. Such laws were never intended to be unalterable, but may be so modified by men, in their legislative capacity, as to adapt them to the condition of society in its various stages of intellectual, social and political advancement.

Numerous offenses punishable with death under the law of Moses are now suffered to go unpunished. Those who defend Capital Punishment by an appeal to that law, exhibit a most glaring inconsistency in their willingness to repudiate the whole law except the article that requires life for life. The same law requires 'an eye for an eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, and stripe for stripe.'<sup>9</sup> By what authority they presume to reject these articles of the Mosaic code, while they contend for the other which is based on the same principle, does not appear. Those who defend this relic of barbarian wickedness by an appeal to the criminal jurisprudence of Moses, to be consistent, must receive the *whole law*. Why cling to the most atrocious feature, and reject all the rest? Reduce the system to practice; require the eye and the

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8. Mat. xxii. 35—40

9. Exodus xxi. 24, 25.

tooth, as well as the life, and while the defenders of the law will fill the pockets of surgeons and dentists, they will also fill the wide world with violence and blood, and the grace and beauty of God's noblest work will be destroyed.

According to the system of Moses, 'He that smiteth his father or his mother,' or 'he that curseth his father or his mother, shall surely be put to death.' 'And he that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.'<sup>10</sup> This is a part of the same system of criminal law that required the death of the homicide. Again, 'If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in times past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.'<sup>11</sup> Here is the judgment of the ox as well as the owner. Moreover, we read in the ninth chapter of Genesis, 'And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of *every beast* will I require it, and at the hand of man.'<sup>12</sup> Now when one *man* kills another, the state hangs him by the neck until he is *dead*; and the friends of this murderous system attempt to justify the horrid deed by an appeal to Moses, who, himself, only went unhung because he escaped the penalty of his own law. If we are to regard such authority, we are certainly bound to respect the other features of the law, and so hang every cow that gores a milk-maid, and every horse that kicks his owner to death! If our divines and legislators are not prepared to go the length of the law, it is time to act consistently and abjure the last and most revolting feature of this monstrous system.

One other example from the Scripture History will suffice. Uriah was distinguished for his bravery and incorruptible fidelity. He was noble and generous, and though true to his King and country, David made him the bearer of his own death warrant. In this instance David was guilty of at least *two* crimes, punishable with death under the Mosaic code. Nathan was sent to bring the royal culprit to trial, and accordingly proceeded to

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10. Exodus xxi. 15---17.

11. Verses 28, 29.

12. Verse 5.

inform David that 'there were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; while the poor man had only a single lamb. The former having to entertain a traveler, robbed his neighbor, thus leaving him destitute. When David heard this he was very angry, and said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that has done this shall surely die. And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man.'<sup>13</sup> Jehovah—who may be presumed to respect his own law—is represented as the supreme Judge in the case; and yet the illustrious offender was spared. David, the great bard of the Hebrews—Israel's God-gifted poet—the strings of whose lyre yet seem to vibrate in thousands of Jewish and Christian temples, was personally guilty of what is now, usually, deemed the most infamous villainy, having deliberately destroyed his best friend. And yet, while his adulterous soul was stained with crimes of the deepest dye, he was ready to pronounce sentence of death on one whose turpitude was far less than his own. God was merciful, and did not require the execution of the criminal; and so do all truly God-like men, with the Master, desire 'mercy and not sacrifice.' But violent men are usually in favor of vindictive punishments; and among the most illustrious defenders of the Death Penalty, David seems conspicuous. He listened to the story concerning the poor man who was robbed of his lamb, and was filled with the spirit of the law that still cries aloud for blood. *The man who took the lamb shall surely die!* When another was to suffer, he was in favor of the Death Penalty—even for sheep-stealing!

Before I dismiss the Scripture argument, it may be important to observe that the dispensation of Moses, which is most appropriately termed the 'Ministration of Death,' was long since abolished. That system was imperfect in itself; it was given to a single nation, and was only designed to prepare the way for something better, of which it was merely the shadow. In the Christian Scriptures we read: 'If that first covenant had been faultless, there should no place have been sought for the second.'<sup>14</sup> And again, 'For there is verily a disannulling of the command-

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13. II. Sam. xii., 1—5.

14. Heb. viii. 7.

ment going before, for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof.<sup>15</sup> Concerning this old dispensation the Apostle says: 'Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.'<sup>16</sup> Christ abolished the ceremonial and judicial laws of Moses. In his sermon on the Mount,<sup>17</sup> he referred to a particular passage in the criminal code of the Jewish law-giver, but not to honor it with his sanction. How could he approve of the law that required the blood of the offender, while his Religion demanded 'mercy and not sacrifice?'

Should any one be disposed to inquire the reason why the Jewish tribes were suffered to have such laws, it will be sufficient to remark that, ignorant and corrupt nations are generally permitted to have bad laws, and to suffer the consequences of their administration. That this was the case with the ancient Hebrews their own spiritual teachers bear witness. One of the prophets represents the Lord as saying of this people. 'Because they had not executed my judgments, but had despised my statutes, and had polluted my sabbaths, and their eyes were after their fathers' idols; therefore I gave them also statutes that were *not good*, and judgments whereby they should not live.'<sup>18</sup> When the Pharisees inquired of the great Teacher whether it were lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause, and referred to the custom under Moses to prove that it was — (Pharisees generally refer to Moses, as their authority, when they wish to do any mischief) — Jesus said unto them, 'Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives, but from the beginning it was not so.'<sup>19</sup> Likewise Moses, on account of the peculiar condition of the people and his incapacity to govern by other and higher means, instituted the code of blood; but from the beginning it was not so, for 'the Lord set a mark on the first murderer, lest any finding him should kill him.'

Moses punished criminals by requiring a second violation of the same law; Christ never sanctioned this by precept nor example. Moses established retaliatory laws; Christ condemned those laws without qualification, and substituted the law of Love for the

15. Hebrews, vii. 18.

18. Ezekiel xx. 24, 25.

16. Chap. viii. 13.

19. Mat. xix. 8.

17. Mat. v.

*lex talionis*, because the latter is forever incompatible with the spirit and claims of his Religion. Moses was himself a transgressor, and, agreeably to the provisions of his own law, deserved to die; Christ ever practised the precepts he taught, and when James and John were ready to call down fire on their enemies, he rebuked them saying, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them.' If Christ be the acknowledged teacher and master, let *his* precepts be duly respected. Through him—in the burning words, eloquent with the inspiration of mercy that fell from his lips—through all the oracles of Nature, and in the noblest impulses of redeemed Humanity, God speaks to us all. To the legislator in his deep design; to the magistrate in the execution of his solemn trust; as well as to the culprit, in the ceaseless upbraidings of conscience, He speaks but one language—  
'THOU SHALT NOT KILL!'

We now propose a brief examination of the argument, in favor of the Death Penalty, drawn from the constitution of society. It is confidently assumed that the right to destroy life belongs to society, and is derived from the very nature of the civil compact. Hitherto we have not been able to learn by what process of reasoning this is made to appear. In the first place, the relation existing between the individual and the nation is not, strictly speaking, a compact. When two or more parties mutually engage to perform certain duties, or to surrender individual rights in order, more effectually, to secure general interests, such agreement may properly be called a compact. In a general sense a compact is a covenant, containing express stipulations, established by mutual consent of individuals or nations. It is not, however, by any voluntary arrangement, but rather by the accident of birth, that the relation of the individual to the state is determined. Should the nature of that relation not accord with his wishes, he must submit. True, it may be in his power to resist; but opposition to the government may be regarded as treason. Resistance to oppression may be a universal instinct in man. Some men may possess the physical ability to oppose for a time the execution of the laws; but in the end, as it was in the days of Nero, they

that resist may receive to themselves damnation.<sup>20</sup> As, therefore, a compact is properly a union that is not the result of accident or of necessity, but of choice, it follows that this term does not correctly represent the nature of the relation subsistent between the individual and the nation.

A distinguished legal author says, 'It is clear that the right of punishing crimes against the law of nature, as murder and the like, is in a state of nature, vested in every individual, since all are by nature equal.'<sup>21</sup> To assume that the right extends so far as to justify a second violation of the same principle, is to present an exhibition of a peculiar kind of logic and law that may be best appreciated by the friends of the Death Penalty. But let us examine the foundation on which the state rests its claims. By what authority does it usurp this high prerogative of Heaven? It is admitted that civil governments and institutions are indebted for their authority to the individuals who constitute them; and that, so far from acquiring any additional rights by the union, they receive all their legal powers from a surrender of certain rights and privileges before possessed by individuals. The rights of the nation, are, therefore, only the rights of those who compose the nation. This is preëminently the case under a representative government. And as no citizen can surrender to the civil authorities what he does not possess — and as no one is authorized to take his own life or that of his neighbor — the conclusion is inevitable that this is the fearful prerogative of Him who giveth life, and in whose hands are its issues forever.

It will be universally conceded that the Republic derives all its legitimate powers from the people; and hence if the government has the right to destroy men's lives, the people must possess the same right in their individual capacity; and this is all that the midnight assassin would require. On these grounds, the felonious homicide may present an unanswerable defence. The state claims the right to take life; and the state acknowledges that all its rights are derived from the people. From these premises the assassin may reason thus: 'I am one of the people, and, therefore, have the right, and choose to exercise that right in person.' And is not

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20 Rom. XIII. 2. — 21. Blackstone's Com. (Tenth Lon. Ed.), vol. iv., p. 7.

this reasoning quite as good as that which nations use to vindicate their bloody deeds? If it be said that men as individuals have not the right, but that the people in their collective capacity have, I desire to know how many men must be associated before they acquire the authority to hang a man or cut off his head! If it is a wicked outrage against the laws of nature and God, for one man to put another man to death, the question to be answered is, how many men must be engaged in the transaction to render killing a legal, natural and Divine institution? Will the advocates of the Death Penalty answer? The truth is, man, as an individual, has no such right. Society, being composed of individual members, can not possess a right that is not integral in its constituent elements. Our executive, legislative and judiciary powers, have not the authority, for the plain and obvious reason that the people, whose servants they are, never possessed the right themselves. If, then, we attempt to defend this inhuman infliction, we may well consider whether our influence will not strengthen the hands of bloody men. Any system of argumentation by which the state can vindicate its sanguinary deeds will furnish an apology for the duelist, the suicide, and the homicide.

Murder has ever been regarded as an outrage against the laws of Nature. The crime consists in the taking of life, and the criminality is not materially increased or diminished by the peculiar characteristics of the victim. Much less does murder cease to be murder because the killing is done judicially. 'Thou shalt not kill,' is a law of universal and perpetual obligation. The law which has for its object the preservation of human life, is founded on the nature of things immutable. To reconcile this with the manner in which capital offenses are punished, it is only necessary to make it appear that hanging a man until he is dead is not killing him. On the statute book of Nature and Heaven, that law stands unrepealed. No artificial circumstances, created by the social and political institutions of men, can suspend its operation. Neither the principles that underlie the Republic, the dictates of Humanity, nor the laws of Nature authorize this profane attempt to wrest from the Creator the issues of life. On the contrary, Nature, Humanity and Deity, speak in tones deep and solemn, to remind us of the inviolability of human existence.

But it is maintained that this terrible infliction becomes necessary, to deter men from the commission of atrocious crimes. It is readily conceded that this should be one prominent object in all enlightened criminal legislation. But this is not all. When the *reformation* of the offender is forgotten, the punishment is both unjust and inhuman. And yet this is never contemplated in the punishment of capital offenses. I shall of course be understood to refer to those countries where the penalty is death. The condemned felon is never hung to make him better. 'Governments,' says Dr. Channing, 'have not been slow to punish crime, nor has society suffered for want of dungeons and gibbets. But the prevention of crime and the reformation of the offender have no where taken rank among the first objects of legislation.'

But it is not true that the Death Penalty has the effect to deter men from crime. Its influence is directly the reverse of this. It robs human life of its sanctity; it blunts the sensibilities of our common nature, and furnishes scenes wherein the vilest passions have room to revel. A popular writer has well observed that, 'Punishments do not appear to operate as deterrents from crime, in the ratio of their severity; besides which, when the punishment for a crime is death, it often happens that benevolent persons refuse to prosecute, and thus the offender escapes. Punishment inflicted without a view to present or prospective good, is at once irrational and absurd.'<sup>22</sup> That the Death Penalty serves to increase rather than diminish the number of capital offenses, is also attested by numerous facts, some of which I shall introduce in this connection.

We learn from Roman history that during a period of more than two hundred years the Republic refused to legalize the Death Penalty. Blackstone remarks that during this period the Republic flourished; while under the Emperors severe punishments were revived, and Rome fell.

It is now a century since Elizabeth of Russia removed the punishment of death in that country. From that time but one individual was put to death until Nicholas ascended the throne. And yet, notwithstanding the rude character of the people, there

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22. Blake's Encyclopedia. Article — Punishment.

were comparatively few murders committed. It was no vain boast of a Russian writer that 'countries of a longer civilization shall learn of that rude people the celestial principle of reforming depraved morals by the mild and divine precepts of heavenly mercy.'<sup>23</sup>

In Bombay, during a period of seven years ending May, 1763, there were forty-seven persons executed, and the capital convictions were one hundred and forty-one in number. Whereas, in seven years terminating in May, 1811, during which the punishment was not inflicted, there were only one hundred and nine capital offenses, thirty-two less than in the former period, though the population was more than double. Moreover, during the seven years ending in May, 1804, there were eighteen convictions for murder, and twelve capital executions; while in the seven years next succeeding, there were no executions, and yet the number of murders was reduced from eighteen to six.

Belgium furnishes another example to prove that crimes are more frequent under the operation of sanguinary laws. It appears from a table prepared by the inspector-general of prisons that in the seven provinces, during the nineteen years preceding 1814, there were five hundred and thirty-three executions, and three hundred and ninety-nine murders; or twenty-one per annum. In fifteen years, ending with 1829, during which there were only seventy-two executions, the number of murders was reduced to eight per annum. In 1829, the Death Penalty was abolished, after which instead of twenty-one murders annually the average number was only four.

In Tuscany Capital Punishment was abolished by Leopold about the year 1765. In his judgment the criminal is a child of the state and should be punished with a wise reference to his reformation. The Grand Duke commenced a thorough reform of the penal code, and decreed that the punishment of death should not be inflicted on any criminal, present or refusing to appear, or even confessing a crime. The result of this experiment is thus stated by Leopold: 'With the utmost satisfaction to our paternal feelings, we have at length perceived that the mitigation

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23. Dobel's Travels in Kamschatka, Siberia, &c.

of punishment, joined to a most scrupulous attention to prevent crimes, together with a certainty of punishment to real delinquents, has, instead of increasing the number of crimes, considerably diminished smaller ones, and rendered those of an atrocious nature very rare.'

The truth of this statement is confirmed by a report presented to the French Chamber of Deputies, in 1830, in which it is stated that Tuscany was governed during a period of twenty-five years without a resort to this punishment; and that the mildness of the penal legislation had so improved the character of the people that there was a time when the prisons of the country were entirely empty. It is also stated on the authority of Mr. Livingston that, in Tuscany when murder was not punished with death, *only five had been committed in twenty years*; while in Rome, where that punishment is inflicted with great pomp and parade, *sixty murders were perpetrated in the short space of three months*, in the city and vicinity.<sup>24</sup>

In the reign of Henry VIII., according to Hume, seventy-two thousand thieves were executed in England, and under the administration of Elizabeth the gibbet devoured nineteen thousand more; in all nearly *one hundred thousand human beings* were choked to death under the forms of law; and yet men were wont to steal under the very shadow of the gallows.

The influence of these national murders is illustrated by numerous examples in this country, but the prescribed limits of this article will only permit of the introduction of a single case. An instance of an execution at Lancaster, Pa., is given by Mr. Livingston, to show that these judicial murders serve to brutalize the people, and especially those who witness them. The irons taken off from a man about to be led to the scaffold were hardly cold, before they were put on to one Wilson, for the murder of Thomas Burns. Wilson witnessed the execution. It is also stated that on the Friday evening after, twenty-eight persons were committed to prison in that place for murder, larceny, assault and battery, and

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24. For the facts comprised in this collation, I am mainly indebted to 'Essays on the Punishment of Death,' by Charles Spear.

other offences.<sup>25</sup> And such is the very moralizing influence of the Death Penalty. And yet this law claims its foundations in the popular Theology, and is defended by Christian legislators and divines who thus prostitute Religion to the support of the very principle that nerves the assassin's arm.

But when the advocates of this punishment are forced to abandon every other position, they frequently rest the argument on the ground of *expediency*. It is claimed that this most revolting method of punishing capital offenses must be resorted to as a means of public safety. But the security of society is by no means dependent on this inhuman policy. We have seen that the experiments of Nations where humanity has triumphed over the spirit of vengeance, sufficiently indicate that a system less barbarous will not only answer the demands of justice, but will afford a more ample security to property and life. Moreover, if the question, that involves the right to take life, is to be decided on the assumption that this is the only *safe* way to dispose of dangerous persons, the law may be enforced against other classes. We have many unfortunate beings who are deprived of their reason. Some of these are furious as tigers; but no one ever thought of hanging the inmates of the lunatic asylum for fear they might escape and do some mischief. And yet if this great question of life and death is to be settled on the ground of mere safety, the innocent may suffer as well as the guilty. But violent men may be restrained, and society may be protected. In our everlasting hills we have iron and granite sufficient to cover the empire state with dungeons. Besides, nothing is more apparent than that this sanctified savagism serves to brutalize mankind, and to corrupt the very fountains of moral life. It will be time to set up the plea that humanity must be sacrificed to render itself secure, when it shall really appear that human life is held more sacred in those countries where killing is sanctioned by law, and the gallows has been baptized in the insulted name of Jesus!

The argument, as founded on the idea of expediency, recognizes a principle that has filled the world with mischief. This cowardly spirit still mocks the righteous claims of innocence and

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25. Spear's Capital Punishment.

truth. On this principle wicked men have attempted to justify the foulest deeds that darken the page of history. If we undertake to vindicate the Death Penalty on this ground alone, we must be willing to act on the principle exemplified in the conduct of Pilate, who, when he could find no fault in the innocent Jesus suffered him to be put to death. This law is seen to be wrong in principle and most pernicious in its practical results; and why will men who profess to act under the high sanction of morality and Religion crucify their consciences, dishonor their manhood, and trample the laws of God beneath their feet! The reader may think this plain language; but he will not think it too plain unless it meets his case. Human nature is weak; the judgment of man is fallible; and we know that the tyrant holds on to this law as the dying mortal clings to his last hope; and hence, that it exposes the lives of the innocent as well as the guilty. And when men forsake truth and virtue, and humanity and Heaven, and talk of *expediency*! then—if there be any who feel the consciousness of this great wrong—it is time to speak plainly, that the thoughtless world may heed the admonition.

In conclusion we will make a summary statement of the principal objections to the Death Penalty.

1. The infliction is opposed to the law of God, as recognized in Nature and revealed by the oracles of Christianity. Our legislators can not pretend to defend it from conscientious motives, or from a sense of religious obligation, since they have given to the chief executive officer of the state the power to pardon the offender.

2. All vindictive punishments serve to deaden the finer sensibilities of human nature, and to incite men to crime by making them familiar with deeds of blood. Our rulers direct that criminals shall be executed in *private*, and by so doing they virtually acknowledge that the example has no good influence on society.

3. Men are not infallible in their judgments, and hence the innocent are liable to suffer while the guilty may escape. In view of this consideration La Fayette, the immortal friend of Christian and republican Liberty, once said: 'I shall demand the abolition of the punishment of death until I am convinced that human judgment is infallible.'

4 We object to the Death Penalty, because its severity defeats the object of the law. Witnesses are unwilling to declare the whole truth in a case of life and death. There are many men who would disregard the obligation of an oath, rather than participate in a judicial murder. Jurors hesitate to convict a man when the penalty is death; hence the law furnishes a temptation to perjury, and an occasion for the guilty to go unpunished.

5. The law is dangerous to LIBERTY. When in the hands of corrupt and ambitious rulers, its victims are often the friends of virtue and the rights of man. The tyrant treats every man as a rebel and a traitor who will not be a slave.

6. We would banish the gibbet because, with the necks of its victims the very heart strings of the young and innocent are broken. Who did not feel, in the case of Professor Webster, that the judgment of the court fell with the most scathing and deadly power on the stricken widow and orphans of the doomed man?

7. We protest against the law, because it sanctions the principle of rendering evil for evil. The reformation of the offender is not, in any sense, the object of the punishment. On the contrary, the law has respect to the evil done and not to any prospective good. Consequently, it is not properly punishment, but *revenge*; and is, therefore, unworthy of a Christian people.

It is in vain to talk of our Christian faith and love, while with hearts of steel we follow the poor culprit to his death. We forget that he who 'hateth his brother is a murderer,' when we drag the prisoner from his dungeon and call down the nation's vengeance on his head. Oh! how long will the professed followers of Jesus continue to clothe themselves in a little brief authority that they may destroy those for whom their acknowledged Master was willing to die. The genius of Christianity sits not in the halls of legislation, nor the judgment seat; she smiles not on the altar nor the sacrifice. When the high functionaries of church and state disregard the claims of Humanity, she withdraws her divine presence and stands on the outer walls of our political Zion, with veiled and averted face. Then, in the name of Him who came not 'to destroy men's lives but to save them,' we demand the immediate abolition of the Death Penalty. Let the soil of Freedom no longer drink the blood of her disobedient children.

Perish forever the record of the law, and the remembrance of the execution! Away with its infernal engine from the wide arena of Republican Liberty! that the moral sense of the people be no more shocked with the damning spectacle of legal slaughter! The magisterial ermine and the priestly robe are deeply stained with blood, while those who wear them, complacently speak of Justice and Religion! Such justice hath its origin in hell! —

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 “Earth is sick,  
 And Heaven is weary of the hollow words  
 Which states and kingdoms utter, when they talk  
 Of justice.”  
 —

But we have done. The Present has its signs of promise; and from these we are encouraged to hope that the penal legislation of these States will hereafter assume a more benevolent aspect. It is our earnest prayer that the spirit of Christ may so temper the nation's deeds

“That, when wrongs are to be redressed, such may  
 Be done with mildness, speed, and firmness, not  
 With violence or hate, whereby one wrong  
 Translates another.”

The old Wrong shall die, and its temples shall be its sepulchers. Man is beginning to live — in the exercise of his higher faculties — the life immortal. We feel that a spirit of inspiration is breathing over the unconscious elements of this human world. Questions of mightiest import — questions concerning the rights of Humanity and the prerogatives of Heaven — the unsolved problem of ages — are To-day presented for solution: With a deep and earnest purpose we interrogate the oracles of Nature and Revelation, and they answer us; while, in each thrilling utterance — in every struggle of man to conquer the ills incident to his lot — we hear the commanding voice of God and the sure prophecy of final victory!

## BEAUTY.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

OH had I but a voice and words to tell  
The lovely dreams that haunt me evermore,  
The many thoughts that in my spirit dwell —  
Which are like harp strings rung in days of yore,  
That can not yet forget their silvery swell,  
Whene'er a breeze of gladness sweeps them o'er;  
Then might these broken thoughts, these lost dreams be  
Poured forth in one deep strain of harmony.

Oh Beauty! how my heart doth worship thee,  
Where'er thou dwell'st in Nature's airy hall,  
Thou most resemblest what my dreams would be  
Could they rise real at my fancy's call.  
When glittering on the forest's leafy sea,  
Or hovering where the sunlit waters fall,  
I love thee, Beauty, in thine earthly shrine, —  
How wilt thou trance me in thy home divine!

Oft I have dreamed that when this soul unbound,  
Flies from its earthly tenement away,  
Words for its dazzling visions shall be found,  
And heavenly fires that now uncertain play  
About my spirit, then shall clasp it round,  
And burn the darkness from its depths away.  
Then like a land uprising from the night,  
How shall it waken to all joy and light!

## LOUIS KOSSUTH.

BY C. D. STUART.

Great emergencies, it is said, call forth great minds ; crises determine who shall lead and who follow ; providence raises up guides, and God gives saviors to the race. All this, confirmed by history, is, it seems to us, specially manifest in the life of Louis Kossuth. No argument nor sophism, can set aside the great fact that this man, this Titan-Magyar, obscure to the world, until, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight he suddenly flashed forth on the brow of revolution, has præeminently stamped his name and fame upon the hearts of all free, intelligent, and generous peoples, as the foremost man of the age. Wisdom sprang not more perfect from the forehead of Jove, than Kossuth from the obscurity in which, three years ago, the astonished world, outside of Magyar-land, found him. Perfect he seemed for the time and occasion, in the first hour of his emergence ; perfect he has proved himself in struggle, sacrifice and disaster, tried by the severest ordeals to which great souls can be subjected.

With a people counting millions ready to follow him, even to death ; a people living and rejoicing in the light of his smile, and on the oracular accents of his tongue ; unbounded in their admiration, and almost idolatrous in their devotion to him ; with this, and a nation in organized form seconding his slightest wish, even to pouring forth from her mountains and glens hundreds of thousands of armed men, to do the battle he willed against despotism, and win as proud victories as grace the world's annals, in the sacred cause of liberty ; aye, and with defeat at last, when Hungary could no longer stand before two proud, merciless imperialities, united and eager to crush her from without, and a fouler treason, willing to slay her from within—amid all these changes of destiny, swift and wonderful as the images of some wild dream,

never for a moment has this wonderful soul lost his balance, descended, or hesitated; but, to the last, over success and failure, has fixed his hold still firmer on the love and faith of his people, and on the admiration and sympathy of the world.

We all remember well when we first heard this name, KOSSUTH. When we read it, linked with others, in the vague reports which, like the echoes of some far-off bursting bomb — startling all who heard — came to us of uprisings in the Magyar-land; of indignant protests uttered against tyranny by outraged people, in the name of ancient custom and eternal right; of the scornful mockings of the tyrants; of dissensions stirred up between the races of Hungary by the perfidious Hapsburgh, that her presumptuous liege might fall by his own hands; of the gathering of armies at the invocation of a prophet, the forging of swords, and the casting of cannon from village bells that had chimed to happy peace and rude, simple freedom, for ages; of the prayers for succor and victory, prayed to God so eloquently over the turf of old Magyar graves, and, finally, the clash of opposing ranks in fierce and bloody battle, and the shout, ere the sulphur cloud rolled away from the field, of victory for the Fatherland! down with the Hapsburgh! Eljen Kossuth!

And there were vast processions at mid-day, as we read; women, rejoicing that their hearths and homes were yet safe from ruin and pollution, strewing flowers and singing glad songs in the path of living heroes, and over the graves of the heroic and martyr-dead. And by night, men gathered in countless hosts, and, coursing the streets of proud old cities, and rustic villages, waved flaming torches above their heads, shouting their joy that the altars of the Magyar were yet undesecrated, that the lance of the Magyar was unbroken, and that he had yet a life, and liberty, and honor to defend. And, central amid all this strange, confused grouping; this battling and rejoicing, stood one man, who seemed its inspirer, its genius, its soul. One who, silently almost — silently to the world at large — had prepared a nation and people for this drama; who had dared to unmask tyranny and assert his country's rights; who had courted and accepted the peril of an appeal to arms, and who, until the odds grew too terrible for the genius of man to resist, was the organizer and insurer of victory.

This one man, was Louis Kossuth. Men repeated the name to themselves, for it was new and strange. And there was something wondrously exciting in the heroic, romantic, yet, then seemingly half barbaric splendor with which, to the masses this side of the Atlantic, this name was, by report invested. A poet, prophet, orator, patriot, statesman and even general, though he practiced not, and knew but little practically of the *art* of war; all these he confessedly was, at the moment when the world first heard and saw of him, as the leader of Hungary in the struggle to retain her centuries-old constitutional rights; her almost immemorial nationality; her government and municipal liberties. "Who is he?" the world cried, and the cry came back from fresh victories won by Hungarians over rebellious Croat and tyrant Austrian, "he is the inspirer, the leader, the savior of that Magyar-land which will not be enslaved while the heart of a Magyar beats in his breast." And some said he is a peasant, divinely inspired to save his country — indeed he prayed and invoked like one both divinely and sublimely inspired. Others said he is a noble in disguise, who seeks by the help of the people to supplant the Imperial Austrian from his kingly throne of Hungary, that he may sit thereon king instead. And we read that a great, tumultuous gathering of Magyars, in the Capital of Hungary, had taken the crown of St. Stephen and placed it on the brow of Louis Kossuth. And many fancied, who knew somewhat of the ancient history of the Huns, that this gathering was a barbarous horde, and Kossuth a barbaric chieftain.

Slowly, and only in glimpses did the actual truth, after a long period, come forth in the light of history. Hemmed in by the Austrian, who would fain make the world believe the Magyar a savage and a rebel, the Hungarian struggle was far gone ere the world knew that Kossuth was no man in disguise; no blood-thirsty rebel; no demagogue; no barbaric chief of a savage horde; no usurper of a crown and throne, but a man who, beginning life as a student, endowed by Nature with the noblest aspirations, and the loftiest inspirations, had contemplated his country, contrasted it with the great and free people of ancient and modern times, and, considered deeply upon its rights and wrongs, how the one could be increased and strengthened and the other redressed;

who early learned that his nation had lost much of its old energy and independence, and that steadily and determinedly, as if finally — which was the intent — to blot out the name of Hungary the nation, and substitute Hungary the province, the Hapsburgher was wresting privilege after privilege from his native land; how he was trampling on its constitution and institutions, until there promised soon to be no will for the Magyar but the Austrian's. How, filled with sublime resolutions, the issue of which he trusted to God, he went into the corrupted Diet of his country, and noting the acts and speeches of the true, and the suborned magnates, he spread them with approving or indignant comment through all the land; how great men, by inheritance and position, saw in him light and wisdom, and harkened to his counsels, until he arose to be an influence, and reform, fatal to Hapsburgh aggression and ambition, began to work for Hungary, and Austria, frightened at the contumacious spirit, which could not be frightened, nor silenced, nor bent to her purposes, made a pretext and thrust him into her filthy dungeons, where, for three years he lay and suffered, but still thought, and learned wisdom and knowledge that should one day avenge him and his country. How he came forth from a dungeon, the idol of people who, before, had only admired him, and was fêted and honored as a martyr; and verily he was a martyr, for the dungeon damp and gloom had broken his constitution, but not his lightning spirit and iron will. How, he no longer sought the Diet to report its acts and speeches openly or by stealth, but started in the brave old city of Buda, a journal wherein he uttered his fiery thoughts, pleading for the enfranchisement of Fatherland, for the freedom of noble and serf, and the education and elevation of all, until his journal poured its thousands daily through all Hungary, and no device nor iniquity of Austria, no right nor duty of his country, remained a secret to prince or peasant. How, appealing for nothing more than the constitutional rights of his country justified, Austria could not again cast him into a dungeon, and could only silence his typéd-voice by bribing base parties to the ownership of his press, and thus closing to him its columns.

How, all this was of no avail in the attempt to silence him, but seemed the happily fated end of his uses of the press, for there-

upon his people elected him to that Diet wherein he clearly saw lay the rightful and true power to work the freedom and glory of his country. How, he became, at once, in the midst of the Magnates of his land, their leader. How, the old, the rich and powerful, followed his guidance even as the Hebrews followed their prophets, until he put Hungary broadly and boldly on her defense against Imperial aggression, and forced from reluctant, but trembling Austria, concessions which the Hapsburgher would respect only until he saw the hour for surely crushing the insolent Magyar. How, he scorned conspiracy, and declared himself openly and fearlessly, and Hungary began to arise, proud and happy, toward her ancient stature. How, he saw the perjury of Austria, when she secretly stirred up the Croat against Hungary, to whom he belonged by old conquest, and long usage. How, with Austria's hypocritical sanction, he put down the Croat, and Austria, enraged at the foil of her infernal cunning, at once elevated the chief of the defeated, rebel Croats, to the Governorship of Hungary.

And here, the world saw Louis Kossuth in the sublimest, the most perilous position of his life. Here, the world saw him, no longer appealing for constitutional liberty, willing that the Hapsburgher should still wear the iron crown of St. Stephen; no longer beseeching the Kaiser to do justly by his country. The hour for all this was past. He who had given the bud and flower of his life to reawaken the ancient spirit of the Magyar; who had lawfully led his country to noble reform; who had stricken the bonds of slavish distinction from his people; who had given freedom to the serf; who had kindled anew the national spirit; exalted its language to the dignity and uses that were its right; who, amid the horrors of pestilence, allaying fraternal discord, had won the affection and adoration of the simple-hearted, devout Magyars; who had dared Imperial vengeance, and expiated his daring in foul dungeons and only come forth to consecrate his life more determinedly for his country; this man was no longer a pleader and protester in behalf of Hungary. With lion energy, and almost superhuman invention, he called to the field armies of his outraged people. Obedient to his summons the noble, the peasant, the priest and even tender women, poured to his standard.

Men, who had never borne arms, became under the discipline of his genius, soldiers in a day. Without fortresses or magazines, and without treasury, his fertile soul found arms and munition for his host. The pious villagers cast their church bells before him, for cannon. Magyar mothers, and wives, and sisters, and daughters, gave their jewels into his hand. The scythe that had battled only with the swath in scented meadows, became a sword of terror in the Magyar's grasp.

It was wonderful to see how, in a day as it were, in a land stripped bare by Imperial rapacity, Kossuth conjured up those splendid armies, which at Arad and Temesvar, were to humiliate the proud Hapsburgher, and render the prowess of the Magyars immortal. True, there were mighty recollections to fire their souls. Ten centuries before, their fathers, descending from Asia had planted themselves, conquerors, on the shores of the Danube. Centuries later, when Austria recoiled before the Turk, and Christendom trembled for her altars, the Magyar had stood the bulwark of Europe. The glory of St. Stephen, and that majestic Empress, Therese, saved by her "faithful Hungarians," were inspirations to the Magyar's soul. And Kossuth, the center and inspirer, well might he retire from the Diet, mute with emotion, when, at his appeal in behalf of Fatherland, four hundred Mag-nates arose, as one man, and with their right hands uplifted toward heaven, granted him two hundred thousand men, and money, and swore before God they would die for freedom and native land. It was an awful grand spectacle, and power, to be evoked by one man. But then, he was a prophet.

And so the great struggle began. Kossuth was Dictator, President, Governor, by whichever name the world chooses, but a patriot over all, thus elected by the spontaneous voice of millions. His armies were ready for the shock. The Magyar had rebellion to crush, and despotism to beat back. To brave leaders he confided the armies, which, unfortunately, he was not a soldier to lead. Yet, how could he have led, had he been soldier, with all this host, and all the wants of his nation to provide for, and he the only man who could answer the summons of the hour. Rebellion was crushed, but it went over, furious, to the ranks of the despot. The despot was defeated, driven back, even to the gates

of his proud capital, and Louis Kossuth, with his Magyars held the sceptre and throne of Austria in his power. O, how easily, had he been but a fierce, revengeful warrior, might he then have stricken to the dust, forever, the enemy and enslaver of his country. How terribly he might have avenged the wrongs of his race. He paused. It was not the blood of Hapsburgh he sought, nor the ruin of his throne. Flushed with victories, he cried, "Only for our country do we battle; grant us but our right, our freedom as you have sworn, and the Magyar will war no more."

Noble forbearance, but how dearly requited. A fiercer foe, from the slopes of the Ural, and the Caucasus, and from the banks of the Don, was on his track. Imperiality joined Imperiality, to defend despotism and the throne. The Czar with his Cossacks took the trembling Hapsburgher to his arms. "I will protect you," growled the ferocious Wolf of the North—"my frightened hound, from these Magyar eagles. I will protect you, that I may by and by gorge upon you both!"

Yes, because four thousand gallant Poles from their places of exile, driven from Fatherland by the Russian wolf, dared draw their blades in the cause of the Magyar, the Czar cried, and shamelessly lied, "the Magyar conspires against me. He would bring tempest and flame to that Poland I hold crushed and bloody at my feet. He shall hear my thunderous howl, and feel the claws that are yet to gripe out Europe's and Liberty's heart." And down, like the avalanche, swept his horde, grim and grizzly in fur and steel as the remorseless polar bear. From the Don to the Danube rolled the impetuous torrent, fearful in number, terrible in discipline and devotion to their Czar. They were like the wolves that scent blood with horrible joy. And the Hapsburgher rejoiced at the coming of his ferocious ally. He saw before him a bloody revenge.

The Magyars were not dismayed. They still trusted in God and their good swords against the combined foe. They had fought with unmatched valor. The Russian was not yet come. In ten great battles, Austria had been driven from Hungarian soil. Could the struggle have remained as it then was, between the rightful parties to it, Louis Kossuth would not be among us this day, nor Austria triumphant, nor Hungary prostrate in the dust.

The Magyar was able to battle the despot with whom he held legitimate feud. He asked, what Kossuth now only asks, not help for himself against the Austrian, but that no other despot shall interfere to strike him down.

But, in the very hour when Hungary was victorious for herself, and might have levelled the throne of the Hapsburgher, the Cossack came. Kaisir and Czar clasped hands. Foul league! yet, Hungary had hope—fear she knew not. Wo! that she then had a traitor in her ranks. That Kossuth, in the generosity of his soul, had caused a Georgy to be made chief of the Magyar armies, and dictator of the Magyar's fate. Georgy—alas! for his fame, which might have been so pure and immortal—who had fought such terrible battles for his country, and sent his warrior name proudly over the world. But there *was* a Judas, there *has been* an Arnold. True, the odds were fearful, but the Magyar was unshaken. He desired battle to the last. But without a final struggle, and with armies and fortresses, and an unexhausted people to fill and close up his broken ranks, the Magyar saw himself surrendered, almost conditionless, to Kaisir and Czar. Cast, armed and without a blow, into the hands of the despot.

Loud is the roar of battle; loud the shout of conquering hosts, but louder and wilder was the imprecation, the cry of wrath and shame, and the wail of woe that rose up from the betrayed millions of Magyar-Land. A few warriors, unsold by treason, remained. Some were shut within fortresses invested by the foe; some were fighting as they retreated from shelter to shelter, hunted and fugitive before the relentless wolf and hound. For Austria was a hound, and Russia a wolf. And Kossuth was with the fugitive. Sadly he fled eastward, from the hearths, and altars, and graves of his people. He would have fought to the death with the fragments of his armies. But, no; he saw the fates against him. He could not resist Austria, and Russia, and treason. He would not shed blood in useless conflict. Enough had already been shed. The turf of ten, aye, more than ten battle fields had drunk the blood of the Magyar. Thousands had gone down to their patriot and martyr graves. Thousands who, to use Kossuth's own words, "animated by the love of freedom and Fatherland, went on calmly against the batteries, whose cross-fire

vomited death and destruction on them, falling with '*Hurrah for Hungary!*' on their lips. And so they died, the unnamed demi-gods." And he cried, "Wo is me! wo is my country! For a time the enemy will desecrate its altars and hearths. For a time my people must bow the head in sorrow, but never in despair or shame. Treason has done its worst. I would have saved my country with my life, but the die is cast. To your homes, O, my people! Mourn, and pray, and still hope for the Fatherland."

And he cried further, to the chiefs of his armies, unfallen and unbribed, such as could if they would, a faithful few: "Follow me who will, I go from the Fatherland." And five hundred, more or less, chiefs and soldiers, followed the genius of Hungary to the land of the Turk. Magyar and Pole, a Bem, a Dembinski, a Guyon, a Kmetyi, a Perczel, and others as true and brave, baptized as patriots by the smoke and blood of many battles, went over to the land of the Turk. And the Turk, more christian than Christendom, gave them shelter from the hound and wolf. Aye, the Turk, who, a few centuries before had been humbled by this very Magyar. All who found shelter with the Turk live, save, alas! the gallant Bem, dead from old wounds, and sleeping in his cold grave, far off in Aleppo. Not so the chiefs who remained — save a few who, from grim fortresses dictated terms — victims to treason. The bullet and the halter closed their career. Bathiany, and many a compeer; on these wreaked they their vengeance, the Kaisir and the Czar. O, Hungary, well mightest thou drape thyself in sable and wail on all thy hills and plains, for thy true, thy noble and thy mighty fallen. And well, too, O Kossuth, mightest thou weep tears of agony over the fate of thy brothers, thy companions. It was not strange that in the halls of the Briton, as thou sawest their names on the walls, that thou shouldst see the shadows of martyrs pass before thee, and hear millions of thy nation once more shout out "Freedom or death!"

And the world, with straining eyes and sorrowful heart, followed Kossuth to his place of refuge. The world saw Kaisir and Czar smite the fallen Magyars, and saw whips and gibbets the swift agents of the despots' revenge. And they heard hound and wolf growl to the Christian, the noble, the magnificent Turk,

"Give us our prey. We have no delight in our feast of blood while the heart of Kossuth beats!" But the Turk was true to himself, and gave not back. And foul assassins tracked the Magyar. A reward was laid — secretly — on Kossuth's head. But God, who sleeps not, by his providence, foiled the poison and the dagger. The Magyar's work was not done. Kossuth had yet a mission in the world. And a great, generous Republic, too great longer to stand silent and quiet, and see freedom stricken down by tyrants, stretched forth its hand and sent its voice over the seas, and said, "Come thou, Exile, to my bosom." And he answered, "I will come!"

And, coming, he looked with his mind and heart upon one other great nation, whose hand had not been closed to him and his country in the perilous hour. And he yearned to go to the people of that nation first, since they were nearest to his country, and place of refuge, if not to his heart. To his heart they were not nearest. And, grandest picture of these ages, that English people, proverbially so grave, arose by millions with a tumult of sympathy and rejoicing, the shout whereof shall pierce to the ends of the earth. Proud old corporations, and vast masses of common toiling men, on whose sinewy Atlas-shoulders the true glory of nations rests, encompassed him whithersoever he moved. And marvellous words flowed from his lips to the people. Wisdom and eloquence disputed for mastery on his tongue. He taught them, and the world, lessons — lessons oracular with truth, the memory of which shall not pass, while this generation lives. He cried to them, "Is not the people, by whose blood and sweat the world of men, in all that is worth, moves on, the rightful and true sovereign of the earth? Sovereign to elect its Kings, its Presidents, and Constitutions, as it may choose, and to have its liberty of speech, suffrage and worship? Shall the tyrants, who are the few, at best, because they hold the weapons of war, band to put down the peoples who are the many, and who would be free; and the peoples not band to defend the freedom which is their life?" And that English people, so fearful of new ideas, so slow to change politics or faith, answered back with thunder-tone, yes! and no! Yes, the people are sovereign; and No, the tyrants shall not thus band.

And Kossuth, the exile, the orator, the prophet, and crusader for liberty, was glad. "My poor life," said he, "what is it, save as it embodies the living principle of a nation's rights, and hopes and faith. What is the life of us all, beyond the uses to which it is given. And this life of mine I consecrate before God, to the freedom — the rightful freedom of my fatherland. O, Englishmen, ye who have been lessoned in Freedom by Hampden, and Sidney, and Milton, let not my words pass idly from your hearts. I go to the 'young giant of the west;' go with me with your prayers, and give me in the hour of struggle that is to come. the aid that shall make my country free!"

And, while these feeble words are being typed, the Magyar Kossuth, is on the billowy bosom of the ocean, borne by wind and steam to the embrace of the "young giant of the west."

Rave over other lands and other seas,  
 Ill-omened, black winged Breeze,  
 But spare the friendly sails that waft away  
 Him who was deemed the prey  
 Of despot dark as thou—one sending forth  
 The torturers of the north,  
 To fix upon his Caucasus once more  
 The demi-god who bore  
 To sad humanity Heaven's fire and light,  
 Whereby should re-unite  
 In happier bonds the nations of the earth;  
 Whose Jove-like brow gave birth  
 To that high Wisdom, whence all blessings flow  
 On mortals here below.

Rack not, O Boreal Breeze, that laboring breast  
 On which, half dead, yet rest  
 The hopes of millions, and rest there alone.  
 Impiously every throne  
 Crushes the credulous; none else than he  
 Can raise and set them free.  
 Oh! bear him on in safety and in health!  
 Bear on a freight of wealth  
 Such as no vessel yet hath ever borne;  
 Although with banner torn  
 He urges through tempestuous waves his way;  
 Yet shall a brighter day

Shine on him in his own reconquered field ;  
Relenting Fate shall yield  
To constant virtue. Hungary ! no more  
Thy saddest loss deplore ;  
Look to the star-crowned Genius of the West,  
Sole guardian of the oppressed.  
Oh ! that one only nation dared to save  
Kossuth the true and brave !\*

And freedom's welcome to the home of the young giant awaits him. Welcome as true and brave as ever nation gave to man. Millions shall shout it, until, from ocean to ocean, the hills and valleys are peopled with its echoes. Wonderful man ! Impulsive and impassioned, yet classic and severe. Impulsive in his hatred of the tyrant, impassioned in his devotion to liberty, classic in the splendor of his conceptions and severe in his measure of the rights and duties of man. Wonderful, beyond all living men, in the knowledge of mankind ; in the breadth of his glance and comprehension, in the power of self-adaptation to time and occasion ; in massiveness, yet delicacy of intellect ; in eloquence of language, and in the power to convince and lead the masses of men. The lines of his face, speak the energy, the fervor and the genius of the man. Thought, such as poets, and prophets, and patriots think, is written on his brow. And so reads his life. He who offers all for his country, who trusts in God and the right, who will not abandon the faith of his fathers' for personal liberty or life, who, cast down never despairs, and exalted never loses sight of humanity, is not such a man born, raised up, or provided to lead the world, in perilous and tempestuous times ?

Such a man is Kossuth. Irreproachable in spirit, in character and design. Unapproachable, almost, in patriotism and genius. A republican in politics, a pure and noble man in morals and sociality, a protestant in religion, he alone, of all men who have impressed our times is the leader of the age. Were he to die now, he has begun a work that will not die. In three years—nay, in three months he has advanced popular liberty, and ideas half a century. Wide as the press can stretch its wings, he has aroused

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\* Walter Savage Landon.

the world to a new sense of itself. Men — nations of men, have heard from him lessons they shall never forget. Ideas that will breed and grow, until they accomplish a perfect work. We can not mistake Kossuth. He combines the noblest elements in the nature of man. Trial, success, adversity, adulation, suffering, joy and sorrow, have ripened him into gigantic, but harmonious stature. In the prime of life\* he is wiser than all the old sages. To us it is certain that this man is no accident, nor chance. The world is approaching a focus of great events. In Kossuth we see the master spirit that shall lead the elements of light, truth and liberty, against darkness, error and despotism. To this end, we behold him pleading among free peoples. Indeed, his purpose is declared — hostility to the oppressors of his country, and the despots of the world. Greater than Peter the Hermit, and with far nobler pursuit, his success is not problematic. If he live, ere one year be passed, the name and fame of Kossuth will ring on millions more lips than they crown to-day. Mark us, the world can not sleep with this fiery, yet tempered soul flaming at its heart. Jesuitism can not stand before it. Traditions, that uphold antiquated fraud and wrong are doomed. Kossuth brings a new spirit to the age, more human, intellectual and lofty. He opens an era of national relations, and peoples' rights, based on ideas recognizant of God's immutable justice and truth. He will accomplish his mission, and the world will one day accredit him in its Pantheon, among the noblest of the saviors of mankind.

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LOVE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

Thine are the hours of purple morn,  
When shadows in their rapid flight  
Turn pale and vanish in the light,  
And the glorious Day is born.

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\* Kossuth is not fifty

Thine the low voices of the breeze  
That whisper in the verdant shade —  
Fanning flowers that droop and fade,  
Or breathing on the far-off seas,

Thine is the song of earliest bird,  
When Spring with her inspiring breath  
Breaks the cold Winter's chain and death —  
Thine every deathless thought and word.

Thine is the life of early Spring ;  
Thy inspiration opes the flowers  
To drink the light of golden hours,  
When Nature wakes to bloom and sing.

Whatever charms the conscious mind —  
Whatever warms the throbbing heart —  
All ministries of Nature — Art —  
In thy great Spirit are enshrined.

In the voices — in the vespers —  
When the moon's pale silvery light  
Reveals the imagery of Night,  
I wait thy gentlest whispers.

I feel thy presence and thy power,  
When Nature breathes her silent prayer,  
And Music thrills the listening air  
To consecrate the twilight hour.

In every crystal stream that flows —  
In every burning thought of thine,  
I see a SPIRIT all divine,  
And in that Presence seek repose.

## PSYCHOMETRICAL SKETCHES

OF LIVING CHARACTERS.

BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

The lady whose name stands at the head of these sketches, is known to possess superior natural powers of mind, and is distinguished, as well for the purity of her life as for the depth and tenderness of those human sympathies which inspire the heart of every true woman, and fit each, in her sphere of silent action, to perform an angel's mission. For some time Mrs. Mettler has displayed remarkable powers of clairvoyance, exhibited chiefly while in a state of magnetic coma. In the exercise of this faculty she devotes herself exclusively to the sick. It is said that more than one thousand persons have been cured, or greatly relieved, by the diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions given by her while in this state of induced abnormalism.

The capacity of Mrs. Mettler, while in her waking state, to discern and unfold the characteristics of unknown persons, by a psychometrical process, is but a recent discovery. By placing a sealed letter against the forehead, she is able to establish a sympathetic union with the writer, when she immediately becomes receptive of impressions, from the mind and character of the person who is thus made the subject of her investigations. Miss Parsons, of Boston, and several others are known to possess and exercise the same faculty. The reader will judge of the accuracy of the following delineations. The sketches of living characters will be continued in the succeeding numbers of this work. [Ed.

\* PROF. GEORGE BUSH.

The author of this letter possesses great benevolence, and is distinguished for his kindness of heart and manner. This person venerates all that is good, and seems to see God in every thing. The masculine attributes predominate, and I judge the subject to

be a man. In his dealings with the world he is upright and honorable — sufficiently cautious — and conscientious in a very high degree. He exhibits great freedom in the expression of his sentiments. I should think this person might be a reformer; certainly he seems disposed to bend his energies, in some way, to the reformation of society. A devoted application to whatever he undertakes is a marked characteristic. He might adopt erroneous views — on some subjects — but he has a supreme love of the right, and will pursue it.

I perceive that the nervous forces tend very much to the brain. This man is thoughtful. His ideas, and his manner of expressing them, indicate that he has long been devoted to serious studies. He loves meditation, and greatly prefers a life of retirement to one of active business. He seems to be fond of home, and desires to have everything neat and comfortable around him. He is not pleased with anything that is gaudy; but is cleanly in person and a lover of order and propriety every where. Pictures — if excellent — afford pleasure; and he might possibly write poetry — has a great love of harmony — but his style would be very peculiar. This man regards with interest the indications of human progress — spends much of his time in reading, and appears to take special interest in works that treat of Man's reformation. I should presume that he would be likely to discover many errors in the writings of A. J. Davis; yet there is much in them that he must approve and admire. He seems to be an attentive reader of the Bible. I think he can comment well on the Scriptures. He likes to read commentaries, and can explain the sacred writings. This man is interesting in conversation. He has read much, and he thinks deeply. His knowledge is general, and the life he leads is eminently moral and religious.

#### SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

The subject seems to be a lady, with a delicate nervous or mental temperament. She is aspiring, in a good sense, and possesses great elevation of mind and character. Her extreme sensibility renders it impossible for her to be indifferent to praise or censure. This is a person of fine taste, displayed in all she does; in her language, habits and whole manner of life. She is kind

in her disposition — benevolent and sympathetic — and refined in character and manners.

This is a beautiful spirit, and so intuitive that many bright and truthful impressions will come to her from the Spirit-world. She has an intense love of sublimity and beauty — is fond of paintings and other artistic objects. With this great imaginative power, she could construct and write a good story — can write and speak very pointedly — and can say severe things mildly. The most beautiful pictures of the imagination come up before me. She is charmed in her meditations — possesses great originality — and, I am sure, can write exquisite poetry. She must be brilliant in conversation; her thoughts are expressed in an easy and graceful style. My mind is clear, and my impressions are vivid. Images of beauty surround me, and blend with my spirit. I am happy in this sphere.

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

This seems like a gentleman — a decided and positive character. When he speaks he is in earnest, and desires to have what he may say observed. He is remarkable for extreme activity of mind and body — has great firmness, self-respect and self-reliance. His presence of mind is seldom shaken under circumstances of danger. Cautious, yet not timid, nor wanting in moral heroism. He is open and unequivocal in his expressions concerning men and things. A straight-forward man in all his business — in whatever he says and does. He seems to like to have every thing in a *plain way*. This man don't stand for ceremonies. He is somewhat combative — but he contends for the Right — and, in his way can defend himself and his views with marked success. He has a capacity to enjoy society, but likes to have things in his own way — will be plain.

This man will investigate new things with great care, and will be cautious about being deceived. He is a matter-of-fact man. This being his nature, he might be rather skeptical; at any rate, *he is no sectarian*. His knowledge is general; he possesses good judgment and clear conceptions of most subjects. He has power to scan and perceive the motives of persons with whom he may chance to meet. He is not gifted as a poet or musician, but is intellectual and has many noble and manly qualities. He will

defend Human Rights — especially will he defend the rights of Woman. He thinks freely, speaks boldly, and acts promptly. He *hates* every thing that is mean and cowardly. Society will look up to this Man.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

This person perceives quickly, yet is accustomed to reflection, and is not hasty in drawing conclusions. I think the subject is a gentleman. He is not wanting in decision of character. For what is really great and good he has a high veneration. This person appears to be fond of the society of ladies — but they must be intelligent. He is polite and affable — is a good judge of character, and possesses much refinement and elevation of thought and life . . . .

I have an impression that this person has a literary turn of mind. He can express his thoughts freely by writing. Ideas are clearly conceived, and I should think he might hold a good argument. He has a good degree of self-command — good memory, and may be fond of history. I think he is not much in love with mathematical studies ; but he is extremely fond of music — especially that which is plaintive. The beauty and sublimity of Nature fascinate his soul. He possesses large form and great constructive power — time and order are also large. These faculties seem to be very evenly blended. He could compose well — it may be poetry. It seems like it — there is so much harmony. He certainly loves poetry.

REV. THEODORE PARKER.

This person seems to unite both masculine and feminine qualities. He is confiding and communicative. The character is revealed and the qualities conspicuous. This person has a great love of truth — is benevolent and might pass over the faults of men. As I continue to look, the manly attributes become more and more manifest. He is not extremely cautious, but highly conscientious — would be pained should he discover that he had embraced an error. He is kind and can render himself agreeable, but is liable to be abstracted in mind.

A lofty and aspiring nature ! This person is devoted to spiritual things, compared with which earthly and sensual objects have

few attractions. He has original ideas, and the moral courage to make them known. On spiritual and religious subjects he expresses his thoughts with freedom and power. He can be eloquent. This man would like to see a greater equality among men. I think he would be willing to bring all his energies to bear against oppression and wrong. He would take care of men's bodies; but especially would he love to minister to their spirits. Is not selfish but desires to see others — all — comfortable and happy. The whole soul is filled with whatever is spiritual and religious in its nature — religious in a high and rational sense. Those who truly know this man will love him. All really refined persons will enjoy his society. I feel strong and pleasant in his sphere.

#### ALICE CAREY.

A clear and luminous mind. This person has religious ideas and sensibilities, but does not seem to be very much attracted to any sect. Highly imaginative, original and intuitive! The author of this letter would, in writing, certainly exhibit masculine powers. Botany might be a favorite study, for this person loves flowers — is a lover of all Nature.

Now, as I proceed, the writer appears to be a female. She loves approbation; is refined in her nature; and entertains the most elevated and ennobling sentiments. She is above all low and grovelling things — might have some acquisitiveness; but her benevolence is broad and diffusive. She loves her own sex, and is firm in the right. To her friends she is confiding, and would readily disclose her affairs — seeking sympathy in her joys and sorrows. I think she may be fond of children and pets — should presume she might be interested in the Fine Arts — She *does love* everything that can please a delicate fancy. Her sympathies are deep, and she is sincere and unwavering in her friendships — is capable of affording intense pleasure and real consolation to others; but wants encouragement to strengthen her self-reliance. Still, she will not be governed by the prevailing ideas and customs of the world. This beautiful spirit has a deathless love of Home, and delights to revert to the scenes of childhood. She can write both prose and verse; but her real nature — the soul — is more clearly revealed in Poetry.

## SCINTILLATIONS.

**TALENT AND GENIUS.**—Industry is the peculiar characteristic of Talent. Intuition belongs to Genius. Talent, by the slow and difficult process of careful study, discovers the truth, while before the rapt soul of Genius it stands revealed forever. Talent accomplishes its mission by protracted labor; Genius reaches the goal as the eagle descends from the loftiest summit to grasp his legitimate prey. While the one patiently collects materials, out of which to erect a monument of evidence which may awe and almost darken the soul with its massiveness, the other utters its oracular decrees, and secures acquiescence by the electrical power of its volition.

**TRUTH.**—If the old Error was feeble and hopeless in its death, the new Truth is mighty in its birth, and immortal in its aspirations. The shadows of the ancient Night vanish like the ghosts of departed hours, and the hosts of Ignorance are paralyzed at its approach; the things that remain become the auxiliaries of its progress, and the newly discovered motors are chained to its triumphal car. Truth claims the supremacy by a right divine. Even the Lightning on his cloudy path is made subservient, and becomes the terrible war-horse on which immortal Thought—in a march sublime—rides to a bloodless victory.

**MUSIC.**—There are chords in Nature which man may reach. These vibrate with a lofty harmony at his touch; but only the span of Deity can reach the octave and awaken the thunder-tones of that sublime diapason which shakes the infinite scale of the Universe.

There is no death; what men call death, is but the mortal struggle for immortality!

S. B. B.

## Editorial.

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### MAMMON WORSHIP.

MAMMON is the Jupiter of our times ; but the ancient Olympus is no more the residence of the god. The modern Jove holds his court in the market, and thunders from cotton factories and rolling mills. Who shall resist the magnetism of Gold, since

“——— Money has a power above  
The stars and fate !”

We have been astonished and amused to witness the action of this magnet on the locomotive powers of vast numbers. Youth leaps and runs with electric fire and speed ; an impulse—deep and powerful—is felt, and Manhood in its strength is shaken. The infirmities of Age, like unwelcome visitors, are admonished to retire and not obtrude themselves at unseasonable hours. Even Indolence exhibits a kind of galvanic action, when the millions are moved by this golden motor. It is impossible to determine the measure of this power. Looking at the busy scene, and analyzing the chief objects of human endeavor, one might almost fancy that the springs of action all ultimate in this source. What privations and dangers will not man encounter to obtain gold !

“ It tempts him from the blandishments of home,  
Mountains to climb and distant seas to roam.”

This world of time, custom, circumstance and business, how does it baffle the power and arrest the behest of the gods, and overcome our own souls ! Men are not themselves. Each is what some one would have him to be, though it must be conceded that in the great avenues of trade the separate individualities distinctly appear. There is a great struggle ! Every one pulls in his own

direction and battles on his own account. To the man of the laughing philosophy, it is a scene that affords infinite amusement. Nearly every man you meet seems to be striving to shoulder the great globe and run off with it on his back! But when one finds himself well under way, he discovers that all the rest sustain so close a relation to earth that he must necessarily carry them with him. How unfortunate! Now he resolves to pull harder and run faster, in the hope of shaking off all excrescences, for what business have others to hold on when we are in a hurry? He makes a desperate rush — stumbles — and falls! The world rolls over him. But what of that? Do not all bodies revolve? And why should he not take his turn with the rest? Blessed is that man who, amid all this heaving and rolling, keeps on the upper side of things, for he shall not be found at the bottom. Ah, this is one of the beatitudes it falls not to our lot to enjoy. For some reason, we know not why — certainly not from any inherent inclination of our own — we are occasionally on the under side. When this happens we are always conscious of our position from the weight of the evidence.

It has been said, with more truth than poetry, that the love of money is the root of all evil. Evidently nothing has tended more to demoralize the race; to weaken the springs of virtuous action; to paralyze the energies of republican liberty, and to extinguish the sacred fires of a pure and undefiled religion. Men with whom love and lust are synonymous; who coil like vile serpents in the couch of innocence; men who scoff at virtue except when they speak in public, and whose unbridled members are set on fire of hell, yet creep into the church to hide their villainies. These are they who tempt, with golden bribes, the young and thoughtless from the bright eden of earthly hope and joy. When starving virtue is driven from her poor abodes to the market-place, they are there, but not to redeem and save. When the world is cold and dreary, and young innocence would clothe its shivering form and seek a refuge from the ruthless elements; when honor is to be sacrificed for bread, and virgin chastity sold to the highest bidder; then and there these saintly hypocrites are present to purchase the treasure, only that they may defile the casket and destroy the jewels.

We have a conspicuous illustration of Mammon worship in the selection of rich men to fill the places of honor and responsibility. When commerce folds her pinions for a little season; when the wheel, the spindle and the hammer are arrested — the mill silent and the forge-fires extinguished — these favorites of Mammon buy their way to the world's proud places, and then summon the victims of their duplicity to celebrate a victory as fatal to public liberty as it is to private virtue. Even the veriest buffoon or mountebank in society straightway becomes a great man, and a suitable leader and governor of the people, when once he is known to be rich. In the hour of trial, when virtue threatens to leave the national shrine deserted, and only lingers tremblingly around her waning altar-fires, the rich man walks into the highest place as though he belonged there; and on Freedom's sacred altar, fires of the bottomless pit are kindled, or kept alive by the excitement of unholy passions.

It is difficult to determine whether Mammon is most distinguished as a fire-kindler, or a fire-extinguisher. He seems alike conspicuous in both these capacities. It is seldom indeed that the same agent is found to sustain relations so essentially dissimilar, and to perform functions so intrinsically diverse. Truly has Mammon become chief among the nations' gods; and while, in honor of the divinity, many flames are kindled which must consume the altars with the sacrifices, others, and more sacred fires, are quenched to be relighted no more at earthly shrines. Especially is this true when Mammon appears as a moral fire-annihilator, to put out the vestal fires of young innocence and truth, and to extinguish the last spark of virtue in the wandering and darkened soul. Who shall preserve and quicken those immortal fires that were fostered amid the darkness, and peril, and storm of the olden time — the fires renewed and kept alive by saints, and seers, and martyred heroes in all ages. Will not Mammon quench all these with his annihilating breath? Even now he seeks the inner courts of a thousand temples — Christian temples — perhaps rears a temple of his own, that he may pollute the sanctuary with the sacrilegious presence and hypocrisy of his chosen ministers. When a corrupt priesthood stands sentry at the gates, it is not difficult for the lover of riches to 'enter the

kingdom of Heaven.' The blindest devotee of Mammon may purchase the keys of St. Peter, and secure to himself an abundant entrance.

That Mammon is worshiped is evident from the manner the rich man is treated whatever may be his character. He may be known to violate the most endearing and sacred relations; entering within the hallowed pale of the domestic circle to desecrate, by his adulterous purpose, the sanctuary of the heart and the home of its best affections. He may be the cruel spoiler of innocence — may spoil what he pleases and pay the cost — and yet the false world bows its brainless head as the rich man goes by; ladies of rank hang on his arm at the *soirée* and the opera, and the minister stoops gracefully to the vile rich man, and speaks eloquently of his public acts — but his secret iniquity cometh not with observation — while fashionable society places its infidel foot on the necks of his victims.

When one bows at the glittering shrine he inclines to worship most obsequiously. He forgets the world — his friends — all — and to the deity renders undivided homage. Mammon, in the person of some proud millionaire, passes along the street, and the people bow very reverently. Christ, personated by his humblest and truest disciple, appears in the public highway, and he is reproached as a heretic or arrested as a vagrant. The world and the church follow the Mammon worshiper. Even the *preacher*, whose duty it is to '*reprove and rebuke*' the rich man for his sins, feels the magnetism of his gold and is silent. But great is Mammon among the gods, and when he touches the lips of the orator, a new fire is kindled, and the gilded periods roll sparkling from his tongue. When Mammon inspires the orator, there is a silvery crescendo in his every word, and the golden richness of his intonation thrills the people, as the orator speaks for the great man — the votary of Mammon — the rich man whose eyes 'stand out with fatness.' Then the holy 'penury of Jesus' is despised and forgotten; and the people say, Amen! and gold magnetizes the saints; and they altogether,

" — to the chink of Mammon's box  
Give most rapacious heed."

We by no means entertain the thought that the acquisition of

money is necessarily subversive of morals. Personally, we have no reason to quarrel with any class in society; nor would we foster an envious restlessness and fault-finding spirit. When the rich man leaves the eminences of worldly power and circumstance, and 'condescends to men of low estate,' he gives an evidence of his virtue that the poor may never have it in their power to furnish. Nor do we doubt that society has illustrious examples of such condescension and humanity. We only complain that wealth is worshiped and that gold is god. If men seek for wealth in legitimate channels, and as a means to some higher good, the pursuit is most honorable; but that man must be low and sordid, indeed, who labors for the mere pleasure of its possession. The secret involved in the accumulation of great treasures, though unpracticed and unknown by many, is easily explained. In the acquisition of wealth, men study whole numbers; in its distribution, they work after the rule of decimal fractions. One would think that the great problem of life was to be solved and immortality secured by gold. If a man must be an idolator, are there not other and higher objects of adoration? Life—Beauty—Genius—Love—these, all have a measure of divinity in them. But the worship of *Mammon* is a species of idolatry so vile, that apostate angels must wonder and weep at such abasement.

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## SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Under this head we find an interesting paper, by Horace Greeley, contributed to the 'Rose of Sharon for 1852.' The writer seems deeply conscious of the materialistic tendencies of the age, and regards the spiritual idea of man's nature, relations and susceptibilities, as intrinsically credible. Concerning the modern 'Phenomena,' which are now attracting so much attention, he maintains that, should these not prove to be veritable illustrations of spiritual presence and power, we may still rationally expect that this most remarkable age will yet be signalized by new and startling disclosures from the immortal world. Materi-

alists, whether out of church or lurking beneath the drapery of the altar—all who presume that the resources of Heaven were exhausted in the ancient Revelations—as well as those whose immaculate wisdom renders further instruction unnecessary, will not, it is presumed, endorse these views of the writer. But such as entertain the solemn and beautiful consciousness that they live in the spirit—who think and speak from the life of God in the soul—his sentiments will be gratefully received. The following extract from Mr. Greeley's article will sufficiently indicate his position :

Ours is preëminently an age of Materialism. The strides of Physical Science within a few years have been gigantic and incessant, and thus far their results are, as a whole, unfavorable to implicit Faith. The Telescope, with its majestic and ever-lengthening sweep, seems, if I may so express it, to *crowd back* the Divine Presence farther and still farther from the orb we inhabit. God no longer walks in the Garden, conversing face to face with man ; He thunders no more from Sinai nor holds his court on the summit of Olympus ; and to the searching inquiries directed to all accessible, cognizable portions of the Universe for the dwelling-place of its Creator and Lord, the chilling answer comes back, "Not here ! Not here !" Meantime the number, importance and power of the intermediary agencies between inert Matter and quickening Spirit seem perpetually to increase ; Electricity and Magnetism steadily approximate the rank of demi-gods ; and when at length some dogmatic Comté, some specious observer and analyzer of "The Vestiges of Creation," proclaims to us, as if from the utmost pinnacle of scientific achievement, the conclusion that planets, suns, systems, plants, beings, men, are but inevitable results of a law which yet had no author, and that intelligence has been slowly, blunderingly, aimlessly evolved from ignorance, soul from body, thought from dust, as planets, with all their diverse properties and uses, from one homogeneous, universally diffused vapor or "fire-mist," our hearts sink within us as we falter out the expostulation,

"O star-eyed Science ! hast thou wandered there,  
To waft us back the message of Despair ?"

These materialist dogmas do not overcome, but they try our faith. They do not vanquish our convictions, but they perplex our reason. To our grosser apprehensions, Earth is so near and Heaven so far, Life and Death are so palpable and certain, while Immortality is so vague and shadowy, that a painful doubt as to the verity of our existence beyond the grave is the unuttered torture of many a mind not wilfully irreligious nor willingly skeptical. Death has so steadily gone forward from a period anterior to History, cutting down all who lived, and removing them entirely and permanently beyond the reach of human cognition—the course of Nature, as we see it, has been so unvaried and inflexible—the fall and disappearance of the successive generations of men so much like that of the annually-renewed foliage of the forest—that even Faith hangs trembling over the brink of the grave, and tearfully, dubiously asks, “If a man die shall he live again?” Most of us *believe* he will, and yet would give very much to *know* it. The stupendous events, which gave assurance of man’s immortality two thousand years ago, seem to fade into indistinctness and uncertainty as generation after generation goes by, and Nature pursues her unvarying, uninterrupted round of birth, growth, decay, death and (apparent) extinction of being. Since myriads of millions have “died and made no sign” since Christ was received up into Heaven, men’s hearts are not always proof against a distracting suspicion that there *may* have been mistake in the record, or imperfection in the testimony. “Lord, I believe; *help thou mine unbelief!*”

Nay, more! the general and scornful outcry against the verity of the alleged “Spiritual Manifestations” attests the existence of a wide-spread and deep-rooted Sadduceeism. The assumption which lay at the basis of this clamor was not that of the insufficiency of the evidence, but that of the essential incredibility, if not impossibility, of the phenomena attested. Translated into plain words, the popular sneer amounted to this—“The pretended ‘Spiritual Manifestations’ are impostures, because such ‘Manifestations’ are impossible,”—or, we might even say, “because there *are no* spirits to manifest themselves.” And yet in no part of the Bible can I recollect even an implication that direct intercourse between the Visible and the Unseen worlds was to terminate with

the age of Christ and his Apostles. On the contrary, Christ's discourses and observations seem to me imbued with the constant assumption that the world of Spirits lies very near to the world of Sense, and that only capacity, adaptedness are required to enable us to look and pass through the thin partition which divides them.

Let me conclude, then, with an expression of my earnest hope that, even though the so-called "Spiritual Manifestations" of our day should all be proved brain-sick phantasies or blasphemous juggles, it will nevertheless be deemed possible, conceivable, desirable, that some farther, fresher evidence of the verity and individuality of our departed friends' existence in the Sprit-world should yet be vouchsafed to Man. Faith needs the assurance, Sorrow the consolation, that such evidence would give; and it may be that, as Astrology opened the heavens to the conquests of Astronomy, Alchemy the earth to the triumphs of Chemistry, and as false Christs preceded and attended the advent of the true Messiah, so imperfect and unreal developments as if from the Land of Souls may in the Providence of God be permitted to herald and draw attention to real and more fitting manifestations from that land which are about to be vouchsafed us. The star in the East would have been unmeaning or else appalling to any but the shepherds who waited and looked for the Messiah; and the sight of the holy child brought joy first to the dim eyes of good old Simeon and others like him who waited but for that vision, and were then ready to depart in peace. And to my mind it seems more than reasonable—it seems fitting and logical—that a century which has witnessed such stupendous advances, such amazing transformations, in the material or physical world, should yet be rendered equally memorable by some farther developments with regard to the nature and conditions of the essential and immortal existence of Man.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

A great picture with deep shades and startling colors is life. On the world's wide canvas are mingled the lights and shadows of existence, as they are blended by mortal or angel hands. Bright and beautiful as the soft eyes of angel watchers are the stars of heaven; but the clouds that veil the horizon and overhang the sublime portals of the upper world are dark, and their gloomy images fall on the earth and man.

The birds will not sing when the storm rises, and when the shadows of night come over the landscape the sweetest songs are hushed, and only the solemn owl comes out to survey the darkness. But the storm is the swift shadow that rides on the invisible wings of the wind. The cloud and the night pass away. The air is pure, and the dwellers of earth gaze with new delight on the renovated glory of the skies, while the trees and flowers come up fresh and smiling from Nature's baptismal service.

The SPIRIT is sometimes veiled in shadows, and hosts of dismal images march in solemn pomp before the portals of its temple—march to its own music, and

" the tones  
Are changed and solemn,"

resembling the boding voices heard amid the grey ruins and the forest gloom. There are times when the heart is sad and the soul is dark; seasons when the light that shines in the inner sanctuary burns but dimly, and the living joys that were wont to dwell there—like the last rays of the setting sun—go out and leave the temple dark and the shrine deserted. We almost fancy that weeping angels are our ministering spirits, and a strange influence is around us like an atmosphere of sighs. Then, to us, the earth and all but Heaven is changed. We see the world through the dark colors of the prism. Its numberless sounds are like empty echoes

in the vast solitude. The voice of the winds comes like the wail of despair, and the tones of mirth are to us but the knell of passing joys.

But the hour of gloom, when the unquiet spirit feels that its pinions are heavy with earthly vapors, is consecrated to a holy use. The light of earth is withdrawn—the objects of sense shrouded in darkness—that the soul may seek companionship with the Invisible, and catch for a moment—in visions of the night—some faint and distant glimpses of the life to come. Long had ignorance sought the kingdom of light and the home of the angels far away; but Heaven's great Messenger of peace on earth revealed the kingdom that is within. Sit thou by the gateway of that heaven, and bright beings shall come, and go, and be thy companions. When no wind of passion moves the mental deep, and the soul is calm as an unruffled sea, the stars are distinctly mirrored in its still depths. But when the winds of passion rudely sweep over its surface they chase the celestial images away, and the soul is like the troubled sea, reflecting no more the heavenly host while its waters cast up mire and dirt. O let the current of thy inner life be smooth and peaceful, and the angels shall see themselves in thee. They love to sit by the clear streams and crystal founts of being, for in these are the heavens visible.

All we feel or know may be comprehended in the lights and shadows of being. Along every nerve of sense travel messages of light, and on each smitten fiber dance the shadows of things that are. Every beautiful thought may be a ray stricken from a world invisible and unknown. These ideal conceptions that come and go, and flash in radiant guise before us, what are they but images of glorious forms inhabiting eternity! Even the ghostly figures that haunt the midnight hour—flitting fantastically along the avenues of sense, and invading the vaulted chambers of the troubled brain—are but the dim and distorted images of hidden beauty.

Be comforted, O pilgrim! for thou art no more alone in thy wanderings. The bright immortals watch with loving eyes over thy lonely way. They hover in the ethereal depths, veiled in the inaccessible light that pales the sun. Not alone in costly temples, at the sumptuous banquet and the pompous ceremonial; or amidst

the courtly throng, in the great avenues of life, do these heavenly guests appear. The dwellers of the star-land visit the abodes of the humblest mortals. They minister at the hearth of the poor and lonely; they visit the prisoner in his solitary cell, and the wrecked mariner on the ocean rock to comfort the grieved spirit, or to waft it from the scenes of its darkness and imprisonment.

When the great world was slumbering, and only the distant stars shone through the night of ages, the anxious spirit watched and prayed for the dawn. But now—that the long vigil is ended—it is time to arise, O watcher! and shake from thy faded mantle the dews of the morning. Already the light shines about thee. It glimmers within the portals of earth's sepulchers, and gleams fitfully along those dusty corridors. It is Day! and the shades of the mighty Immortalized walk before thee, clothed with the glory of the RESURRECTION!

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### THE COMING ORDEAL.

A late number of the Hartford Times contains a notice of a lecture, introductory to a course to be delivered in that city, by Rev. Dr. Bushnell, on modern Rationalistic and Spiritual views of Christianity, which he regards as presenting a new and more dangerous phase of Infidelity. According to the Times, this distinguished divine is pained at witnessing the favor with which natural and rational views of religion are being received, especially by the young. Even the Church is presumed to be in danger; and 'christians who do not thoroughly appreciate the grounds of their belief, are likely to be deceived by these insidious forms of error.' Christians may, however, be excused for not clearly apprehending the grounds of their faith, since they are so variously, yet so dimly, defined in the old theological scholasticism.

We can not resist the conviction that only the *outward form* of the Church can possibly be in danger. Its spirit is essentially indestructible; and if, in its immortal unfoldings, like other souls, it should take the liberty to go out of the old form that it may be

'clothed upon' with a more spiritual body, we trust that the order of Providence will not be disturbed by the transition. The Soul and its relations; Immortality and its mighty issues; Heaven and its unfading treasures, and God in his sublime and shadowless glory, will still be central and divine Realities. Such a transition occurs in all the forms of organized existence. Not alone in the several kingdoms of nature, but in the institutions of human society. Whenever the world's thought is not properly represented, by the existing social compacts and political organizations, there follows, of necessity, such an institutional Reform as will make the external body accord with the inward life. That change is now going on among the political dynasties of Europe. The popular idea is no longer represented by the monarchical forms of government in which it has been enshrined. Hence these forms must die. Even now — from a nation crushed and powerless — a great Prophet rises up to summon the kings of the earth to judgment; and the frightened despot cries from the battlements of empire. In the hour of feasting—in the midst of his costly revelry—the throne is moved by an invisible power; and there is a fearful trembling in palace-courts and mystical writings on the walls. But only the dethroned king and the hirelings who were fed from his table regard the throne, or weep for the broken scepter. Only these yet cherish the emblems of fallen glory, and go up and down among the ruins of the Old, crying aloud, "Come to the rescue!" And the people exhibit a strange composure. Indeed the demands of kings and emperors, with other matters of minor importance, must now be indefinitely postponed. A great resolution for Humanity is about to be taken up in committee of the whole, since the people have well nigh determined to govern themselves.

Such are the revolutions in Nature and the affairs of men. And is there aught to justify the presumption that the Church is an exception to the general law? Here, also, we discern this two-fold nature—the outward form and the inward life. Moreover, the body that now is, is far from being a truthful expression of the religious idea, as entertained by the most enlightened minds. It is well for the interests of Christianity, and for man's immortal hopes, that the divine spirit of the Church does not de-

pend on its earthly investiture. In God are the springs of its life; and that spirit will abide with and quicken us, when the creeds and formulas which once expressed, but which now restrain, the religious thought, shall find their place in the grave that is opening to embrace them. Seek no more to immortalize the body. It is sufficient if we but soothe it in the hour of dissolution.

It is well known that the Church generally denies all present inspiration, or direct influence of the Spirit. It claims that the age of Revelation and Miracle has gone by forever. Thus, it proceeds on the assumption that the relations of man and his Maker are fundamentally changed, since the days of the prophets, apostles and ancient seers. And wherefore this change? Is man so completely lost in his own selfish schemes, that he can no longer be informed, by influx from the spirits that move invisibly around him? Or, is he so wise as no longer to require divine guidance and instruction? And is the world of age, and able to go alone? Has Heaven lost the power of speech, or do the noisy utterances of the Pulpit stifle the 'still small voice'? Our position on these questions is defined. The Spiritual Philosophy presumes that God has still an interest, not less manifest, in the affairs of men; that His relations to the soul are unchanged, and that Humanity retains all its powers. These, if we mistake not, are the points of difference, and here we are to witness the ordeal that shall 'try every man's work.'

We are pleased that Dr. Bushnell has been moved to call public attention to the subject, for, in whatever light it may be regarded, it is one of intense interest and importance. From the distinguished abilities and liberal tendencies of this eminent divine, we shall not expect that all the new views will be comprehended under the old and questionable generalization of 'Infidelity.' No one is afraid of being called infidel now, since it is so manifest that infidelity to the visible church, may be *fidelity* to Christ. The question presented for solution is simply, Shall we dismiss 'the letter that killeth,' that we may entertain the 'Spirit that giveth life'? Shall we accept the Christianity of Christ, with all its spiritual gifts and divine realities, or cling to the dogmatic Theology which carefully preserves its old '*form of godliness,*' while it lightly esteems the influences of the Spirit, and openly 'denies the demonstrations of its power'?

## LABOR.

From the beginning of time, it has been a palpable ordination that man should labor — should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. It was not originally nor is it now more a divine command than a necessity of his physical nature. His animal wants and his soul-aspirings, have alike rendered labor indispensable; they have consecrated, dignified and ennobled it, whenever and wherever it has been useful or honorable to himself or his fellows; whenever and wherever it has been prosecuted, in no matter what pursuit or profession, to the advancement of human well-being. Labor is a noble and beautiful ordination. The strength of man, guided by intellect, in various toil, is the nearest approximation to the God-like, creative power, of which we can conceive. Labor, controlled by intellect, which also toils as well as the animal faculties of man, has achieved whatever is most beneficent, permanent and glorious in all the progress and triumphs of our race. Labor, ever peaceful; the developer of arts, science, trade, commerce and social intercourse, has subjected the earth to man; has founded empires; has reared cities and divided the earth into fields and gardens, wherein fruits and flowers have sprung to answer the essential appetites of man. It has fabricated whatever has served the true desires, pleasures and aspirations of men. The earth exhibits its trophies in temples and palaces, pillars and domes; in altars, tombs and whatever of useful, quaint or rare device speaks for the intellect and skill of man. The sea exhibits it in fleets, whose wings fan the equator and the poles.

In the mart, the hamlet — in crowded and in solitary places, where human feet have delayed and human hearts beat, there has labor, always great, noble, sincere and enduring, beaten down the barriers to human enjoyment, and secured to individuals, to families, nations and races, a measure of plenty for all natural, national wants, limited only by failure in its exercise. War and

its desolations, the main and heretofore unmitigated curse of our race, is the great enemy of labor, the founder of feudalisms, castes, bondage for classes, and misery for the world. War is the animal in man, raging up and down the earth to blacken the beautiful foot-prints of peace; peace, whose battle is labor's battle; whose victory is the victory of arts which enlarge the boundaries of human enjoyment, and sciences which exalt the ideas and capacities of the human mind. Kings and conquerors boast their sovereignty over the earth, and over man. They are but the dependents of the masses who till the earth, and provide for the wants of man; the momentary disturbers of the great physical and mental vocations to which man is forever bound; in which he finds his purest and highest mortal delight. Kings and conquerors are but puppets around whom intoxicated, foolish and mad peoples, in moments of forgetfulness of their higher calling, dance to the music of deadly ringing steel, smearing their hands and brows with the blood of their brothers. All robbers, and tyrants, and taskmen — among whom most of kings and conquerors may be counted — what are they, when the mad war dances of peoples subside? A curse, a derision, a bitter and stinking memory in the hearts of men. There is no sovereignty, nor royalty, nor nobility, save with the divine seal of labor, of hand or thought, on its front.

Whatever attests civilization; the monuments which time buffets in vain; all things grand and beautiful in human achievement, are signs of labor. They alone are the true kings; the men who fell the forests, who make the wilderness to bloom, who plant, nurse and ripen peaceful, happy empire; the men who smite the ores in the mountain, who cast the timbers on the great deep, 'till commerce whitens the oceans and the continents and isles clasp and clap their hands in the fraternity of association and trade. They are the true kings, the men who plough and reap the fields; who build the factories and forges, who guide the shuttles and spindles, who beat time to toil with hammers, and trowels, and sickles and spades. Only fools and drones scorn and condemn labor. Fools and drones, whose daily livelihood is a swindle upon brave, ungrudging toil. The dwelling of the nabob, the food, raiment and all surroundings by which he goes forth to

play his shallow game of dazzle, are the fruit and creation of labor. Let the tailor, the shoemaker and the hatter — the artisan, mechanic and worker of every kind say to the labor-scorner, we will serve thee no more, and what would be his fate? Either to toil honestly to clothe, feed and shelter himself, or be driven forth naked like the savage to make his burrow among the beasts of the earth.

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### SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

In the next number of the Quarterly we propose an analysis of modern Mystical Phenomena, comprehending the several modes of communication, and the various sensible demonstrations of Spiritual presence and power. That the materials for this article may be abundant, our friends are respectfully solicited to forward to the Editors' address, brief statements of important facts, which may have occurred in their presence, tending to illustrate the influence of spirits on the various forms of material existence; together with such communications as indicate a supra-mortal intelligence. The facts need not be numerous, but they must be of such a nature as to preclude the adoption of any materialistic hypothesis concerning their origin. The messages, to be satisfactory, must either afford unmistakable tests of the actual presence of the spirit, or they must embody great thoughts worthily expressed. Unless they transcend, in some way, the capacity of the medium, they will not answer our purpose. The mere utterance of blind faith; the creations of fancy; and the exclamatory and senseless verbiage of juvenile ecstasy, will be of no use in this analysis. Undoubtedly there are many apocryphal writings in these days, and it is therefore expedient to heed the Apostle's injunction — 'Try the spirits.'

We trust that our language will not be misapplied. Very likely the spirits have already been sufficiently tried by an uncandid skepticism, as well as by the impatient restlessness and irritability of many believers. Indeed, we may be thankful that, along with other unearthly graces, their immortal *forbearance* is so

conspicuous. But what we especially desire to exhibit in ourself, and to witness in others, is the exercise of a calm and rational discrimination — a spirit of candor and of wisdom — that will venture to disregard the superficial claims of men and things, and judge of each and all by the higher standard of intrinsic worth.

The facts that may be furnished us should be concisely stated, and sustained by the testimony of credible witnesses, whose names must accompany each statement. Let the facts be prepared and forwarded as soon as possible, that we may have sufficient time to examine and classify them before our next issue.

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ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

The Roman Catholic Church in America is rapidly growing into gigantic proportions, and ere long its power must be more sensibly felt. Indeed, no man on this great continent has an influence so wide and deep at this moment as the distinguished representative of the Papal See. Neither the Republic nor Protestant Christendom can confer such power on a mere mortal. Moreover, the disposition of the Archbishop to place the education of the young under the immediate and exclusive supervision of the Church can have no other object than to conserve that power by determining their prepossessions. The assumption that Religion is disregarded and dishonored by the state—while the state tolerates all forms of religion—and that our youth can not receive suitable moral and religious instruction, except under the high sanction of the Pope or the superintendence of a body of ecclesiastics, may be a *cardinal* point with Bishop Hughes, but it will not be accredited by the American people. We regret that since the promotion of this eminent spiritual functionary his interest in the cause of popular liberty has not been remarkable for its cordiality

## MODERN MIRACLES.

Some of the most startling examples of the Spiritual Phenomena are now occurring in the city of New York, and are attested by persons of the highest respectability. These consist, in part, of writings in several living and dead languages, executed with remarkable elegance and precision. Some of the communications in Hebrew have been translated by a distinguished scholar, who gives it as his conviction that they could only have been written by a master of the language. These mystical writings are frequently quotations from the prophetic scriptures, of such passages as are deemed to have their fulfillment in the events of this wonderful age. In our proposed analysis we shall embrace these singular developments, and to render the whole matter more interesting and satisfactory to the reader, we shall furnish engraved *fac similes* of the writings, and probably *diagrams* representing the process of their execution. These things are not less mysterious than the hand-writing on the palace walls, seen at the feast of Belshazzar.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—We send this number of the Shekinah to several friends and others—not on our ‘List’—and who may not know of the existence of such a work, presuming that they will be pleased to subscribe, and also to introduce the Quarterly to their friends. Those who may not desire to receive the work, agreeably to the terms of subscription, will greatly oblige us by inviting attention to its claims. Some one near may be interested in its philosophy. If otherwise; let the copy be carefully enclosed in a wrapper and returned to this office; directed, Shekinah, Bridgeport, Ct. Will subscribers and friends everywhere consider the Shekinah as *their enterprise*—in the highest sense it is so—and forthwith SOLICIT SUBSCRIPTIONS? The present issue may be taken as an index of what the work will be, and it will readily appear that we are more than redeeming our first promise.

About 150 persons have ordered the Shekinah, saying they would ‘remit the subscription on receipt of the first number,’ which they have neglected to do. We wait for a more significant evidence of their interest in the common cause. S. B. B.

## Reviews.

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### REICHENBACH'S DYNAMICS.\*

Did we feel ourselves competent to give a thorough analysis of this wonderful new contribution of Mr. Charles Von Reichenbach to the cause of human science, our present limits would preclude us from attempting the task, whatever we may do in a future number. The aim of the work seems to be, to prove the existence, in all solid and liquid substances at least, of a certain element or force, of a similar character in many respects to what (especially when manifested in certain crystals and metals) is denominated magnetism, and to which, inventing a new nomenclature, the author gives the name of Od or Odic force;—a refinement or subtile emanation, perhaps, of the magnetic force; to observe the manifestations of this principle; to analyze its nature; and more particularly to notice its relation to the vital forces, and its influence upon the human system.

The experiments of the German savant seem to have been conducted in a most cautious and careful manner, and though the subject is one that is usually classed by those who neglect and despise whatsoever is new, or beyond their own experience, under the very easy generalization of 'imposture and humbug,' yet the author seems determined to leave nothing to fancy or enthusiasm, but to subject every thing to the test of experiment; and to rest all his conclusions on the solid basis of established facts, upon which enduring foundation, the superstructure of every true science must be erected.

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\* Published by J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York.

We regard this work of Mr. Reichenbach, as having a peculiar value at the present era, from its affording us a series of *primary* observations and experiments in verification of facts that require to be certified and classified, before a *beginning* even can be made in establishing a just and sound theory of "Human Magnetism," and thus elevating it to the dignified rank of a fixed science. And we welcome this contribution to the cause, not alone on this account, but we hail it as one among the many recent signs, that the subject is beginning to excite that interest with the too often exclusive and bigoted circles of professed savans and scholars, which its wonderful interest and importance deserves. We would not listen coldly to these always "eleventh hour" men; though truth compels us to regret, that their conservative tardiness takes away half the value of their words, and that the unmanly dread of committing themselves to any thing new, and the conceit that declares all beyond the limits of their own knowledge and experience to be 'humbug and imposture,' gives a puerile and pedantic tone to all their boasted learning. Mr. Reichenbach's theories are experimental, and his scientific formulæ—as all truths of science must be—are deductions from facts of careful observation. Experiments carefully made with the artificial magnet, the natural magnet, or crystal, go to prove that they contain an element or principle, *separate* from *magnetism*, that acts to a greater or less degree upon the vital powers especially of the nervously susceptible, sensitive and sickly. That through this principle, the magnet has power to induce in such the so-called magnetic sleep. That this principle or Odic force manifests itself to the visual organ of the susceptible, by an appearance of slight incandescence, a flame, or luminous cloud at the poles of the magnets or along their surfaces when presented in the dark. That the magnet by this force has power to attract the hand, feet, or head of such, and act upon the body of the sensitive and susceptible as on a piece of steel or iron. It is proved, also, that the sun's rays possess the same odic force, as also to a certain degree the light of the moon, heat, friction, electricity. That all chemical action has the same magnetic or odic influence and manifests the same odic incandescence or flame in the dark to the eye of susceptible individuals. That this quasi-magnetic influ-

ence of dead bodies, and the phosphorescent light waving over graves, once so terrifying to the superstitious, and still visible to the nervously sensitive, has this explanation. That digestion and respiration is a fertile source of this odic emanation; and, finally, that all solid and fluid substances have something of this principle, and exhibit similar effects. This odic force increases, it is ascertained, as the day advances, reaching its ultimatum in the evening. That taking food, or the process of digestion, augments it. And that the decline of this odic force results in natural sleep, and is a necessary condition to healthful slumber. Hence the profoundest and most refreshing sleep is before midnight, from the decrease of the odic force. And that sleep, in the morning, when this force is on the increase, is less natural, profound and salutary. That late digestion, by increasing the odic influence, is unfavorable to repose. That the earth is a grand magnet, and the Aurora Borealis is an incandescence similar to that seen by sensitive people on small magnets, &c. That the odically positive pole is warm; the od-negative is cold. That in man the whole left side is od-positive—the whole right, od-negative, &c. &c.

Step by step, freed from all shackles, is science ascending those sublime heights that lead her upward to the mystic penetralia of the wondrous Source of life and light, to the throne of the *Omniscient*. Plato declares, "God is truth and Light is his shadow;" and Reason, trembling, asks, Why may not this odic light be a shadow of the divine presence—the radiance, visible alone to the quickened vision of a celestial emanation from the Life-spring of all things? And this odic force, the divine vitality—the eternal stream of motion, sensation and intelligence, flowing through all things, whose fountain and nucleus is God.

Religion indeed may quicken the aspirations of men after union with the Divine; but it is Science, earnest, deep-fathoming Science, alone, that can determine the nature of that holy and wondrous Essence, and the methods of its influx into the souls and its action on the lives of men; and thus instruct us how we may be always filled with divine emanations, and be kept in continual, uninterrupted communication, and blessed harmony and union with the divine principle or holy spirit of life.

R.

PUTNAM'S BOOKS.\*

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." So sung Keats, and we agree with him in the sentiment. The eye can not look upon the beautiful, in form or color, in matter or manner, without delight. The mind takes the beautiful, or so much of it as the impression fixes upon the memory, as its own rightful property, wherever, and in whatever, it may be found. The glassy face of calm rivers, the green and gold of meadows and grain-fields, the cloud-mottled sky; nature sleeping or waking, in all its investiture of beauty, has joy for the heart of man, according to his instinct, his taste, or his inspiration. Beautiful, vastly, to the hunter, is his trained falcon, his dog, and his steed with arching neck; beautiful, to the warrior, the waving banner, the flashing sword, and the tumultuous music of battle; beautiful, to the philosopher, his visions; to the poet, his dreams; beautiful, surpassingly, to man, is the face, and grace, and love of woman, therein being foreshadowed the features and foot-prints of angels; but to all, whether man or woman — all of human intellect — books are greatly beautiful. Not all books, but with so small exception as is not worthy to be named. But a *beautiful book*, which both delights the eye and instructs the sense, is a rare, beautiful thing.

Is there no suggestion of things super-sensual, even in material images and forms? The dumb statue is not without life and lesson. Ideas of use and capacity, of principle and sentiment, flow into the soul when the eye looks upon perfect form and harmonious color, or the ear listens to harmonious sound. The statue, the painting and the landscape, are not beautiful so much in their form, as in their spirit. The value lies in the moral and intellectual significance of things. Yet, harmonious form is

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\* 'The Home Book of the Picturesque,' and 'The Home Book of Beauty,' New York. Published by George P. Putnam.

essential to clothe the idea and spirit of beauty; essential to attract us to the study and contemplation of all things. The statue is but stone, yet we can not see Cupid or Psyche in the rough rock of the quarry. We might, indeed, fancy it, as we can to ourselves image the face of blind old Homer and honey-lipped Plato; but these images are seldom with us in spirit, except at the suggestion of sympathetic forms. We see God, and study him in the open volume of nature, but if nature were not, should we behold him? We adore him, because in that volume he presents us endless forms of beauty, wherein we see typed something more essential than form; the eternal spirit of his goodness and mercy. So, too, by the study of inferior volumes, do we come to know of what is next to God, man; the human mind. As God created his volume beautiful to mortal sense, that man might delight in its perusal, why should not the man-maker of books regard this principle of attraction. If he be wise he does. The casket is gilded, that curiosity may open it; once opened, the treasure within shall determine its own value, and win admiration, according to the taste of its possessor.

We confess to a delight in beautiful books. Books are all beautiful to us, abstractly — but a beautiful book is peculiarly so. We can not hold that form and color, are of no worth to us in this matter, as some do. We have a dainty, yet strong relish for excellence in the mere mechanical parts. They are a large enticement to the severer examination of the within, to which, attractive covers and titles call us. Not that we suppose books always have their best merit in a handsome dress, but *that* merit is something certain, and makes an indifferent volume bearable, whereas, an ugly dress, renders indifferent matter unbearable. If we do not always learn much wisdom from show, we may get sensations of delight, and this is one thing we live for. It strikes us, that libraries — ill-assorted as they generally are — are like gardens. Books are like flowers; we can not familiarize ourselves with either, without gaining something, higher and better than mere sensuousness. The thistle and stink-weed may blossom close upon the tulip and the rose, and a worthless volume may intrude itself along side with Goldsmith's *Vicar*, and Milton's *Paradises*, but we shun the less worthy almost by intuition. As

bad men are not averse to stealing within the circle of the good, and thereby imbibing of their better spirit, so, corrupt and low minds, can not refuse admiration for the ideas of pure and lofty intellect, nor resist altogether their influence. Averaging human experience, books have been to man, a delight and blessing.

We have written thus far, in pursuit of ideas clearly enough felt, but not so fully tangible to our pen as we might wish, in order to say a word of the two exceedingly beautiful books named at the head of this article. Mr. Putnam is a true artist in his line. We never enter his great book-shop, but we feel that he is one who loves to see ideas well dressed. Highly unexceptionable, as his publications always are in matter, they are not less so in manner. His jewels are all well set, in stuffs of pure gold, and perfectly fashioned. This season he has ventured — as these books, when their character shall be understood indicates — on a somewhat novel and hazardous undertaking. That is, he has ventured to have engraved in fine line, twelve American landscapes, by as many of the most distinguished American landscape painters. These he has issued in a large, elegantly printed and bound volume — similar to London publications of the kind — with letter-press descriptive and desultory, by Cooper, Bryant, Willis, and writers of equal stamp. It is a magnificent book; one that fills the eye and the mind, with pleasure. Within it, glows the inspiration of painter and poet. There are Richards, and Kensett, and Durand, and their compeers communing with us, shorn only of their colors. Is this noble volume, so white in its sheets, so clear in its type, and perfect in illustration, the worse for being richly dressed? Not thus will be the judgment of the publisher's sales-book. Akin, and companion to this "Home Book of the Picturesque," Mr. Putnam has caused to be drawn in crayon, by the distinguished artist Charles Martin, the portraits of twelve fashionable and beautiful married ladies of New York; these portraits, handsomely engraved in fine line, are issued in a volume still more elegantly expressed in its exterior, accompanied with letter-press by Mrs. Kirkland — a charming story having no relation, biographical or incidental, to the portraits. Beyond question, this "Home Book of Beauty," is the most superb volume ever issued from the American press. High as it

is priced, thousands will buy it, to place on their center tables and in their libraries, if only as a record of the progress of the beautiful in the book-making art.

Intrinsically, in point of matter, these two volumes stand with us far below many others, less imposing in dress; but extrinsically, they are of that high value to us, which can be measured only by our delight in their artistic beauty. They suggest to us more than never so many volumes of musty sermons. All over and through them is evidence of taste, genius, and inspiration. They represent the highest point attained among us by many noble, intellectual arts. In all these facts, we find something cheering and beautiful. Books can not rise in favor, without benefitting all who have to do with their making. As Angelo wins respect, admiration and fame, through his pictures and statues—surpassingly beautiful—so, through their beautiful books, shall authors and publishers win these things. Verily, “a thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

C. D. S.

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### SALANDER AND THE DRAGON.\*

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON, A. M.

This ingenious and beautiful allegory, illustrates in a very powerful manner, the danger “of uttering, or of lending ear to the unkind word, or insinuation,” which is unhappily so near to being a universal fault, that few are exempt from its unlovely, mischievous, and wicked influence.

Poor Goodman, the keeper of the Hartz Prison, is persuaded by a person of gentlemanly address, and insinuating manners, to admit within his walls a hideous Dwarf, named Salander, at the same time being warned in a solemn manner, not to let him escape, though he had something more than a hint that it would be

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\* ‘A Romance of the Hartz Prison’—Published by Taylor, Nassau Street, New York, 250 p., 12 mo.

extremely difficult to detain him. The Keeper's wife discovers that something of a private nature is going on; and she continually tantalizes her husband with entreaties to see the monster, to which he consents, though it is entirely contrary to orders. At length she is permitted to look upon the hideous prisoner, with her own eyes, when, wonderful to say, she is seized with a strange fancy for him, petting him, as it would seem, for his very ugliness. She communicates the secret to a neighbor. Unpleasant and disgraceful things begin to be whispered abroad; and finally the poor Keeper, intolerably annoyed, turns the prisoner loose.

The career of Salander is delineated with a most graphic power. Every step is marked by disgrace, misery, and death. Conscienza, the Lord of the Castle, having been entranced by a potent drug, administered by Goodman and his wife, that he might not know, and punish them for their mischief, suddenly rises from his sleep; and the poor Keeper of the Prison is overwhelmed by his terrible anger. As a punishment he is sent forth to recapture, and bring back Salander. He treads paths which are bordered by his ruins; but the dwarfish monster, mounted on his Dragon, is going wide in the world. He is at large; and no human power can arrest his progress.

But it is impossible to give even an outline of the story. In the catastrophe and some of its results, it rises into the splendor and majesty of a true poem—now grand and powerful, in the imagery of the battle, now sinking into the sweet and mournful numbers of a wailing sorrow for the Lovely and Noble, who have fallen victims to the escaped Demon. Nothing could be more beautiful than the dying man's dream of finding the LOST JEWEL.

The volume is beautifully illustrated with fine etchings, some of which have in themselves much merit. Let story readers read this story of truth, and profit thereby; and let none venture to pass it over, lest, peradventure, he should lose something of which Society had better pay the price than that it should not go where it is so much needed—that is, everywhere. A person of even common good feeling, after having read this book, would be apt to think twice, before giving either utterance, or ear, to a single detracting word.

F. H. G.

## PSALMS OF LIFE.\*

This little volume, bright with gilt leaves and covers, at first seems only a pretty gift for the holidays ; but, as we open it, we find it so full of trumpet-toned notes for Freedom, Truth and Progress, that we should love to sow it broadcast over the land, from Canada to California. A rich man could do no better than to scatter a thousand of them in this way, and they cost so little that every poor man can easily afford to buy one for each of his boys to keep as a pocket companion. There are very many lines here fitted to give fervor and point to the sermon of the earnest preacher, and to add force and brilliancy to the glowing periods of the orator for Freedom, Justice and Humanity. On its pages we find Mackay's spirited Odes on "Eternal Justice," "Clear the Way," "Old Opinions," "The Three Preachers," &c., with stray lines from Whittier's clarion muse, Lowell, and others. We quote a few final stanzas from "Labor is Worship."

"Time was when the tongue's petition  
Wisely wrestled with the skies,  
When the flames that curled on altars  
Made accepted sacrifice.

Time was when the crowd exalted  
Priests above their fellow men ;  
But that worship is departed,  
And doth ne'er return again.

Ever working—ever doing—  
Nature's law in space and time ;  
See thou heed it in thy worship ;  
Build thou up a life sublime.

Be a workman, Oh my brother !  
Trust not worship to the tongue,  
Pray with strenuous self-exertion,  
Best by hands are anthems sung."

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\* "A Token for the many. Compiled by J. Olney, A. M. HARTFORD :  
Brockett, Fuller & Co. SPRINGFIELD, Mass. : H. W. Hutchinson & Co. "

# Voices of Nature.

## A DUETT.

WORDS BY A WESTERN AUTHOR (UNKNOWN.)—MUSIC BY V. C. TAYLOR.

### Soprano.

1. Heard ye the whis - per of the breeze, As soft it

### Tenor.

murmured by, A - mid the shad - ovy forest trees! It

tells, with moaning sigh, Of the bowers of bliss on that

# VOICES OF NATURE.

viewless shore, Where the wea - ry spirit shall sin no

more, Where the wea - ry spi - rit shall sin . . . . no more.

2.  
While sweet and low in crystal streams,  
That glitter in the shade,  
The music of an angel's dreams,  
On bubbling keys are played;  
And their echoes breathe, with a mystic tone,  
Of that home where the loved and lost are gone.

3.  
And when at evening's silent hour,  
We stand on ocean's shore—  
And feel the soul-subduing power  
Of its mysterious roar;  
There's a deep voice comes from its pearly caves,  
Of that land of peace which no ocean laves.

4.  
And while the shadowy veil of night  
Sleeps on the mountain side,  
And brilliants of unfathomed light  
Begem the concave wide,—  
There's a spell, a power, of harmonious love,  
That is beckoning mate to the realms above,

5.  
And earth, in all her temples wild,  
Of mountain, rock, and dell,  
Speaks with maternal accents mild,  
Our doubting fears to quell,—  
Of another shore, and a brighter sphere,  
Where we haste on the wings of each dying year.

# The Dying Child's Vision.\*

A DUETT.

WORDS BY MARIA F. CHANDLER.—MUSIC BY V. C. TAYLOR.

**Moderato.**

The musical score is written for a duet. It features two vocal staves (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

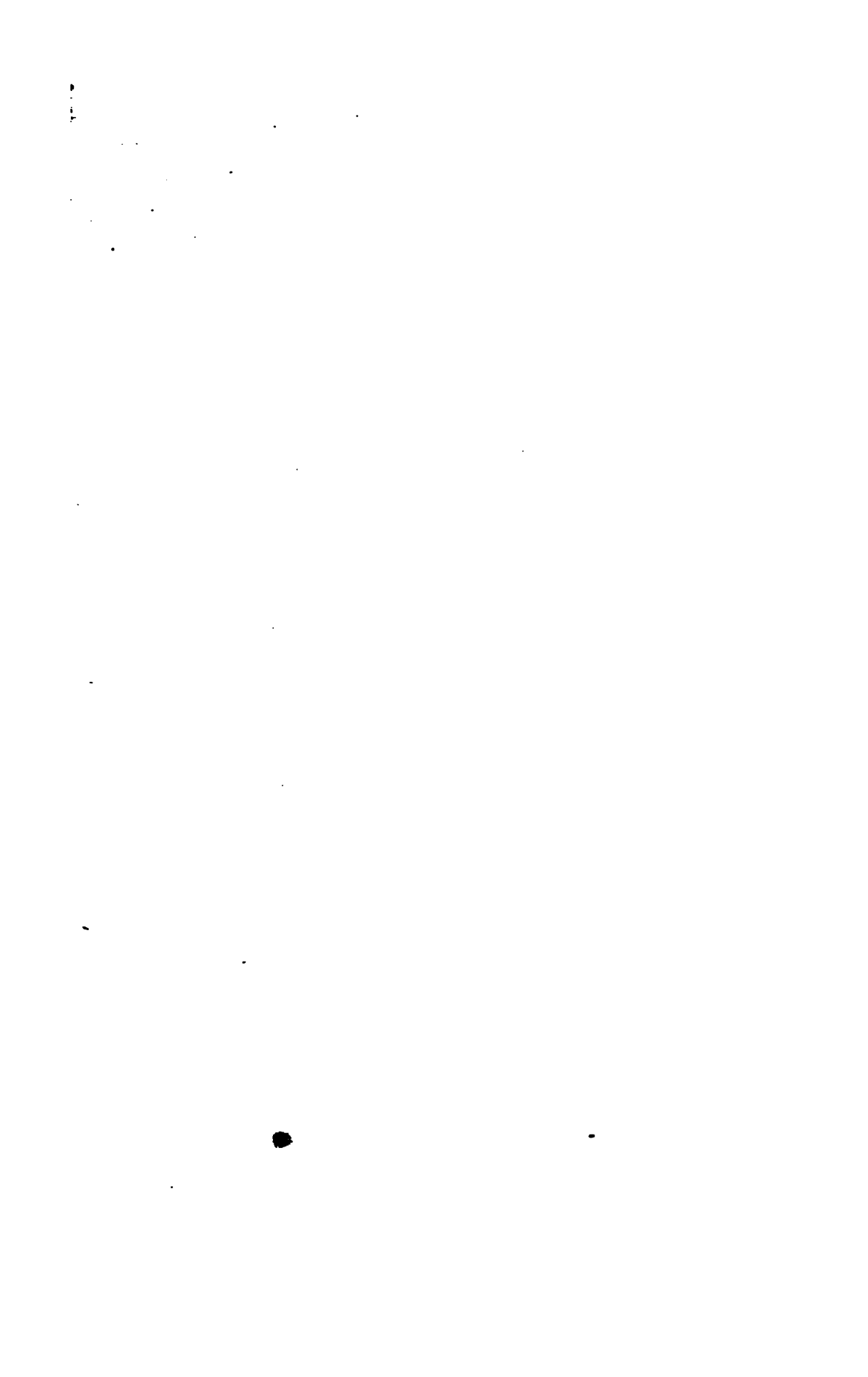
Fairest blossom, thou art fading    Gent - ly from thy native bough ;

As we gaze, death's wondrous shadows    Pencils soft thy sculptured brow.

O, what raptured vision meeteth  
Thy illumined spirit's eye !  
Thou thy guardian angel greeteth—  
Radiant forms are hovering nigh.  
Eyelids fringed with silken lashes  
Joyously have open sprung ;  
As to reach the vision lovely  
Beauteous arms are upward flung.

"Mother," from those sweet lips breaking  
In affection's softest tone,  
Echoes in our hearts are waking  
Its subduing power to own.  
Now the blue-veined eyelids closing—  
Powerless now the frail arms fall ;—  
On its mother's breast reposing,  
Pain nor sorrow more may thrall.

\* The narrative from which the subject of these words is taken, will be found in the work, by A. J. Davis, entitled, "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," page 43.





W. L. Ormrod & Co.

PYTHAGORAS.

*Engraved for the Publisher.*

## ANCIENT AND MODERN SEERS.

BY A MYSTIC.

PYTHAGORAS.

BEAUTIFUL and holy youth of Samos! Godlike Pythagoras! whom in their own times men worshiped, with a tender reverence as an incarnation of the divine! whom philosophers and pious sages of succeeding ages have bowed down to with heartfelt homage! Would that I might present thy radiant features, through this faint outline, in so fair a light, as to draw the men of even these irreverent days to listen to thy wise and lofty teachings, to contemplate and follow thy blameless and holy life!

No being was ever more highly esteemed, more truly and profoundly revered, than this "*long-haired Samian*," and even men themselves, wonderfully great and good, celebrated his life; as Iamblichus and Porphyry, Diogones Laertius and Cicero.

Iamblichus, himself, called by the Platonists that succeeded him "*the divine*," thus commences his "Life of Pythagoras":

"Since it is usual with all men of sound understandings, to call on divinity, when entering on any philosophic discussion, it is certainly more appropriate to do this in the consideration of that philosophy, which justly receives its denomination from the divine Pythagoras. For, as *it derives its origin from the divinities*, it cannot be apprehended without their inspiring aid. To which we may add, that the beauty and magnitude of it *so greatly surpasses human power*, that it is impossible to survey it by a sudden view; but one can alone gradually collect some portion of this philosophy, when, the Gods being his leaders, he quietly (with serenity) approaches it."

To give the details of this Pythagorean philosophy, however

does not come within the compass of our plan; we only have space for a brief sketch, derived chiefly from the work of Iamblichus, of this exalted and divine SEER.

In perusing any modern history of the mighty sages and prophets of the past, especially of the Grecian, Persian, Hindu or Chinese nations,—Heathens and Pagans as they are modernly termed — a certain base and narrow Jewish jealousy, that vitiates the whole narrative, and utterly destroys our confidence in the narrator, is always to be taken into account. And there are many so styled Christians, professed admirers and disciples of the divine Jesus or Joshua of Nazareth,\* truly with little if any understanding and appreciation of his simple and beautiful life, and of his earnest and unpretending character, who make it an especial duty to detract from the high repute of all other sages and teachers; to question their motives; *doubt the record of their lives; deny their miracles*, and villify their characters: calling them “cheats” and “impostors,” — thinking thus to exalt the fame of the “holy youth of Galilee,” at their expense. Even the pious and liberal Fenelon in his “Lives of the Ancient Philosophers” is not wholly free from this narrow prejudice. Such a course, — too common as it is, — must be regarded by all high-minded and earnest men, as simply vile and contemptible. And yet, the character and reputation of the divine Socrates,—the “golden lipped” Plato,—of the pious and devoted prophet of Arabia, of Swedenborg (the Seer,) and other God-sent “Providential men,” have suffered more, with the ignorant and superstitious herd, from this meanness and falsehood in the advocates of the popular Theology, than from any other cause. God inspired and sent Mohammed into the world as well as Moses; and the Platonists of Greece and Rome had, it may be, similar reasons for calling Pythagoras “the child of the Divinity,” as the Christians of Rome or America for calling Jesus “the Son of God.”

Pythagoras was born some six centuries before Jesus, probably, B. C. 586, on the island of Samos, and, in common with all remarkable teachers and prophets,—the demigods of the world—

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\*“Jesus” is merely the translation of the Hebrew name “Joshua,” by which the Nazarene prophet was always called in his life time.

he was regarded as the offspring of deity—the son of Apollo. “Indeed,” writes Iamblichus, “no one can doubt that the soul of Pythagoras was sent to mankind from the empire of the God of wisdom (Apollo) either being an attendant on the God, or *co-arranged with him in some other more familiar way* ;\* for this may be inferred from his birth, and the all various wisdom of his soul.” And a Samian poet sings :

“Pythais, fairest of the Samian race  
Bore, from the embraces of the God of day  
Renowned Pythagoras, the friend of Jove.”

His name literally signifies, “declared or foretold of Apollo,” from “*ποδων* Apollo,” and “*αγορευειν* to declare,” although Aristippus the Cirenæan uses *αγορευειν* in the sense of “uttering an oracle ;” and says, that “he was named Pythagoras, because he pronounced oracles as true as those of Apollo.” Iamblichus, however, gives the following account of his name and birth, To Mnesarchus, the father of Pythagoras,—“who came to Delphi for the purposes of merchandise, with his wife not yet apparently pregnant, and who inquired of the Deity concerning the event of his voyage to Syria,”—the Pythian oracle† foretold,—“that his voyage would be lucrative and most conformable to his wishes, but that his wife was now pregnant, and would bring forth *a Son, surpassing in beauty and wisdom all that ever lived, and who would be of the greatest advantage to the human race, in everything pertaining to the life of man.* But, when Mnesarchus considered with himself, that the God, without being interrogated concerning his son, had informed him by an oracle, that he would possess an illustrious prerogative and *a gift truly divine*, he immediately named his wife Pythais from her son and the Delphi prophet, instead of Parthenis, which was her former appellation, and he called the infant, who was born after at Sidon in Phœnicia, Pytha-

\*This will remind the reader of the popular doctrine of the divine and human nature of Christ, mystically blended, and of the incarnation of the Godhead.

†The Pythian priestess is supposed by many to have been a subject of animal magnetism, extremely sensitive and clairvoyant. See “Martineau’s Letters from the East” on Egyptian oracles, &c.

goras; signifying by this appellation, that such an offspring was *predicted to him by the Pythean Apollo.*"

In regard to his training, it is recorded, that "he was educated in such a manner as to be fortunately the most beautiful and god-like of all those that have been celebrated in the annals of history. On the death of his father, likewise, though he was still but a youth, his aspect was most venerable, and his habits most temperate, so that he was even revered and honored by elderly men; and turned the attention of all, who saw and heard him speak, on himself, and appeared to be an admirable person to every one who beheld him. Hence, it was reasonably asserted by many, that *he was the son of (a) God.*" "He was also adorned by piety and disciplines or studies, by a mode of living transcendently good, by firmness of soul, and by a body in due subjection to the mandates of reason. In all his words and actions, he discovered an inimitable quiet and serenity, not being subdued at any time by anger or laughter, or emulation, or contention or any other perturbation or precipitation of conduct; but he dwelt at Samos like some beneficent divinity, (daimon.) Hence, while yet a youth, his great renown having reached Thales at Miletus, and Bias at Priene, men illustrious for their wisdom, it also extended to the neighboring cities. To all which we may add, that the youth was everywhere celebrated as the *long-haired Samian*, and was revered by the multitude as one *under the influence of divine inspiration.*"

In his eighteenth year, under the rule of the tyrant Policrates, with a rare wisdom for any youth, foreseeing, that, under such a government, he might be hindered in his studies, we find him seeking the society of Pherecydes, of Anaximander the natural philosopher, and especially of Thales at Miletus. But Thales, after communicating to him his own wisdom, advised him to take a voyage to Egypt, and form the acquaintance of the Memphian priests and priests of Jupiter there, freely confessing "that he was neither naturally nor by exercise endowed with those excellent prerogatives, (peculiar gifts?) which were so vividly displayed in the person of Pythagoras."

While in Sidon, on his way to Egypt, we find him in the company of the descendants of Mochus, the physiologist. With

them, doubtless, he confirmed his notions concerning a system of pure diet; of the effect of a simple and proper regimen on the development and action of the soul; of the necessity of temperance and simplicity in living to the health and purification of the spirit. The foundation of all religion and virtue indeed rests here; and Pythagoras, with a wise and holy discrimination, regarding it as degrading for a man of piety to live to gratify the palate and pamper the body, employed only those articles of food that had no disturbing influences on the spiritual nature, and, living on fruits and vegetables, as we have recorded of Swedenborg in a former article, rejected animal food, and whatever over-nourishes the body or stimulates the animal nature. Beans, though a vegetable, were excluded for this reason probably; and this, doubtless, is the true explanation of the so long vexed question of the Pythagorean antipathy to beans, and *not* the fact of their being employed as ballots in voting, and thus typifying the strife and warfare of the political world, in which philosophers should not mingle.

In Egypt, Pythagoras remained two and twenty years, in the pursuit of divine truth; and,—as the publican Matthew records of the youthful Jesus—"he grew in wisdom and in favor with God and man," till, at length, being taken by the soldiers of Cambyzes, he was carried captive to Babylon. In place of bemoaning his captivity, he formed a friendship with their Magi, and received instruction in the ancient learning of the Babylonians; and, as in Egypt he astronomized and geometrized in the adyta of the temples, learning the venerable mysteries of the Egyptian religion, so in Babylon he pursued music, mathematics and other studies. With these Magi he associated twelve years, returning to Samos in about the fifty-sixth year of his age.

"On his return to Samos," as it is recorded, "being known by some of the more aged inhabitants, he was not less admired than before, for he appeared to them more beautiful and wise, and to possess a divine gracefulness in a more eminent degree. Hence he was publicly called upon by his country to benefit all men, by imparting to them what he knew." He afterwards established a school in Samos, which was long after known as "the semi-circle of Pythagoras." He also had a cave out of the city in which he

shut himself up night and day, for a long time together, for meditation and the study of divine mysteries. Owing to the indifference of the Samians to education, as it is supposed, he again left his native country, and journeyed to Italy, where he formed an association, or more properly *founded a community*; for in the words of Iamblichus: "On his arrival at Crotona, which was the noblest city in Italy, he had many followers, amounting, as it is said, to the number of six hundred, who were not only excited by his discourses to the study of philosophy, but also to *an amicable division of the goods of life in common*, from whence they were called *Cenobitæ*, (people living in common.) These indeed were such as philosophized. But the greatest part of his disciples consisted of hearers whom they call *Acusmatici*, who, on his first arrival in Italy, according to Nichomachus, being captivated by one popular oration alone, exceeded two thousand in number. These, with their wives and children, being collected into one very large and common auditory, called *Homacoion*, and which for its magnitude resembled a city, founded a place which was universally called *Magna Græcia*, (Pythagoras being a Grecian.) This great multitude of people likewise, receiving laws and mandates from Pythagoras as so many divine precepts, and without which they engaged in no occupation, dwelt together with the greatest general concord, celebrated and ranked among their neighbors among the number of the blessed. At the same time, as we have already observed, they shared their possessions in common. Such also was their reverence for Pythagoras, that they numbered him with the Gods, as some beneficent and most philanthropic daimon, (divinity.) "And," continues the biographer, "indeed a greater good never came, nor ever will come to mankind, than that which was imparted by the Gods through this Pythagoras. Hence, even now, the proverb of *the long-haired Samian* is applied to the most venerable man." Such is an early, perhaps the earliest instance in the world, of a community, successful and prosperous, as well as cultivated wise and virtuous.

It is recorded of him, also, that inspiring their citizens, who had long suffered under oppression, with an enthusiasm for liberty, he was the instrument of restoring the cities of Crotona, Sybaris, Catanes, Rhegium, Agrigentum, &c. &c., to freedom and inde-

pendence, and established laws and institutions whereby they became more prosperous and flourishing. "He also," says Iamblichus, "entirely subverted sedition, discord, and party zeal, not only from his familiars, (friends) and their posterity, for many generations, as we are informed by history, but, in short, from all the cities in Italy and Sicily, which at that time were disturbed with intestine and external contentions. For the following apothegm was always employed by him in every place, whether in the company of a multitude or a few, which was similar to the persuasive oracle of a God, and was an epitome and summary as it were of his own opinions: '*That we should avoid and amputate, or cut off, by every possible artifice, by fire and sword, and all various contrivances, from the body, disease; from the soul, ignorance; from the belly, luxury; from a city, sedition; from a household, discord; and at the same time, from all things, immoderation or excess.*'"

Of his mysterious influences over men, and over irrational animals; of his remarkable insight and prophetic vision; and of the wonderful works and miracles recorded of him, we come now to speak in conclusion. Of his spiritual vision, it is recorded by Iamblichus that "Empedocles also appears to have obscurely signified this about Pythagoras, and the illustrious and divinely-gifted conformation of his body above that of other men, when he says:

"There was a man among them (Pythagoras,) who was transcendent in knowledge, who possessed the most ample stores of intellectual wealth, and who was in the most eminent degree the adjutor of the works of the wise. For when he extended all the powers of his intellect, *he easily beheld every thing, as far as to ten or twenty ages of the human race.* Simplicius, in his Commentary on "Aristotle's Treatise On the Heavens," has the following concerning the Samian Seer and his wonderful powers: "All things are not commensurate with each other, nor is every thing sensible to every thing, (or to every one,) even in the sublunary region. This is evident from dogs who scent animals at a great distance, and which are not smelt by men. How much more, therefore, in things, which are separated by so great an interval, as those which are incorruptible from the corruptible, and

celestial from terrestrial natures, is it true to say, that the sound of divine bodies is not audible by terrestrial ears? But if any like Pythagoras, who is reported to have heard this harmony, (the harmony of the celestial spheres,) should have his terrestrial body exempt from him, and his luminous and celestial vehicle, and the senses which it contains purified,\* either through a good allotment, or through probity of life, or through a perfection arising from sacred operations, such an one will *perceive things invisible to others, and will hear things inaudible by others*. "The soul has three vehicles, one ethereal, another aerial, and the third this terrestrial body. The first which is *luminous and celestial, is connate with the essence of the soul, and in which it alone resides in a state of bliss in the stars*"—This will remind us of the theory of Swedenborg, and of our own Davis, in regard to the spiritual or celestial body, as derived from their heavenly visions.

Of the power of his divine spirit and celestial character on mankind, we have an instance even while he was a youth of eighteen summers. At that period of his life, by the advice of Thales, "he embarked for Egypt, through the means of some Egyptian sailors, who, very opportunely, at that time landed on the Phœnician coast under mount Carmel, in whose temple Pythagoras, separated from all society, for the most part dwelt. But the sailors gladly received him, foreseeing that they should acquire great gain by exposing him to sale. But when, during the voyage, they perceived with what continence and venerable gravity he conducted himself, in conformity to the mode of living he had adopted, they were more benevolently disposed to him. Observing, likewise, that there was something greater than what pertains to human nature in the modesty of the youth, they called to mind how unexpectedly he had appeared to them on their landing, when from the summit of Mount Carmel, which they knew was more sacred than other mountains, and inaccessible to the vulgar, he leisurely descended without looking back, or suffering any delay from precipices or opposing stones; and that when he came to the boat, he said nothing more than, "are you bound for Egypt?"

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\* See Andrew Jackson Davis' account of the process of passing into the superior condition.

and further, that on their answering in the affirmative, he ascended the ship and sat silent the whole time of the voyage, in that part of the vessel where he was not likely to incommode the occupations of the sailors. But Pythagoras remained in one and the same unmoved state for two nights and three days, neither taking food, nor drink, nor sleep, unless perhaps as he sat in that firm and tranquil condition, he might sleep for a short time, unobserved by all the sailors. To which we may add, that when the sailors considered how, contrary to their expectations, their voyage had been continued and uninterrupted, as if some deity had been present; putting all these things together, they concluded that a divine daemon had in reality passed over with them from Syria into Egypt. Hence, speaking both to Pythagoras and to each other with greater decorum and gentleness than before, they completed, through a most tranquil sea, the remainder of their voyage, and at length happily landed on the Egyptian coast. Here the sailors reverently assisted him in descending from the ship; and after they had placed him on the purest sand, they raised a kind of temporary altar before him, and heaping on it from their present abundance the fruits of trees, and presenting him as it were the first fruits of their freight, they departed from thence, and hastened to their destined port. But Pythagoras, whose body through such long fasting was become weaker, did not oppose the sailors in assisting him to descend from the ship, and immediately on their departure ate as much of the fruits as was requisite to restore his exhausted strength."

Concerning the instinct of a previous existence, which—although to the eye of reason it seems more a mysterious phantasy, or even a morbid idiosyncrasy, than a real experience—many men of fine genius have felt, Iamblichus observes "Let this, therefore, be one specimen of his piety, which also we have before mentioned, that he knew what his soul was, and whence it came into the body, and also its former lives, and of those things he gave most evident indications." The professed admirers of Jesus of Nazareth, so many of whom have an unshaken belief in the "prior existence" of that remarkable being, will here find new confirmation to their faith. To his power over the irrational animals we can only allude here. Meeting the Daanian bear, that had done

much injury to the inhabitants, it is said, "that having gently stroked it with his hand for a long time, he fed it with maize and acorns, and compelling it by an oath no longer to touch any living thing, he dismissed it. But the bear immediately afterward hid himself in the mountains and woods, and was never seen from that time to attack any irrational animal. Perceiving likewise an ox at Tarentum feeding in a pasture, and eating among other things green beans, he advised the herdsman to tell the ox to abstain from the beans. The herdsman, however, laughed at him, and said that he did not understand the language of oxen, but if Pythagoras did, it was in vain to advise *him* to speak to the ox, but fit that he himself should advise the animal to abstain from such food. Pythagoras therefore approaching the ear of the ox, and whispering in it for a long time, not only caused him then to refrain from beans, but it is said that he never after tasted them." Those, who have a firm belief in the stories contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, will easily receive this account, as it is much more credible, that a being like Pythagoras should speak with intelligible influence to the ox, than that Balaam's ass should turn and rebuke the sinful prophet. As absurd as it may seem however to the skeptic, it is given as an historical fact, that this ox lived for a long time at Tarentum, near the temple of Duno, where it remained when it was old, and was called the sacred ox of Pythagoras. It was also fed by those that came to it with human food." It is also recorded that "Likewise when he happened to be conversing with his familiars about birds, symbols, and prodigies, he was said to have brought down an eagle that was flying over Olympia, and after gently stroking it, to have dismissed it. Through these things, therefore, and other things similar to these, he demonstrated that he possessed the same dominion as Orpheus, over savage animals, and that he allured and detained them by the power of voice proceeding from the mouth." Concerning his spiritual vision and miraculous power, we can speak but briefly in conclusion. On one occasion, a ship was seen sailing on with a prosperous wind, when Pythagoras observing it, predicted that it would be merged in the sea, and described its shipwreck, which took place as he had foretold. It is narrated, also, by his venerable and wise biographers, that he

foresaw that there would be a speedy earthquake, from the peculiar taste of the water of a well whence he had been drinking; and his prediction was soon verified. To use the words of Iamblichus: "Nearly all the historians of his life confidently assert, that in one and the same day he was present at Metapontum in Italy, and Tauromenium in Sicily, and discoursed in common with his disciples in both places, though these cities are separated from each by many stadia (or furlongs) both by land and by sea, and can not be passed through in a great number of days. This is accounted for by supposing that "he passed over rivers and seas and inaccessible places like one walking on the air as Abaris, his disciple, on the dart of Apollo (ray of light.) Doubtless, however, it was his spiritual or celestial body, that was in Tauromenium in Sicily, while his physical form remained at Metapontum in Sicily.

It is interesting to the Christian to learn, that the same miracle, repeated by Jesus of Nazareth, of "walking on the water," is recorded of *the long-haired Samian*, nearly six hundred years before the time of *the Savior*; and, that he also calmed the tempestuous waves and soothed the waters of the angry seas, that his disciples might safely pass over them. And we shall be reminded of the same holy prophet of Galilee, and of the voice heard at his baptism in the Jordan, by the story told of the divine Pythagoras, ages before, that in crossing the river Nessus, with a large company of his disciples and friends, a clear voice from the stream was heard to speak distinctly, by all present, saying, "Hail! Pythagoras!"

Certain persons in Metapontum wishing that they could have the treasure, with which they supposed a vessel to be freighted, that was just sailing into port, Pythagoras told them, that they would only have a dead body. His vision proved correct, for such was the only freight of the vessel.

The story of Paul of Tarsus on the island of Melita and the viper, is brought to our mind, as we read how in Sybaris, the "divine Pythagoras," with his wonderful power over animals, caught a deadly serpent, and after a while let it go "and felt no harm;" that also, in Tyrrhenia, he took in his hands a small serpent or viper, whose bite was fatal, receiving no injury there-

from. And, as says the historian "*Ten thousand* other more wonderful particulars, likewise, are uniformly and unanimously related of *the man*; such as infallible predictions of earthquakes, rapid expulsions of pestilence and tempests, instantaneous cessations of the effusions of hail, and a tranquilization of the waves of rivers and seas, in order that his disciples might easily pass over them." "And, as these are acknowledged to be true, and it is impossible they should have happened to a man, they consequently think it is clear, that what is related of Pythagoras, should be received as pertaining to a *being superior to a man, and not to a mere man*. This is also the meaning of their enigmatical assertion, that man, bird, and another third thing, are bipeds." For the third thing is Pythagoras. Such, therefore, was Pythagoras on account of his piety, and such was he truly thought to be." Very similar to this, is the view of popular theologians in regard to the founder of Christianity" as a being superior to man, and not a mere man."

We can not close without a passing reference to the teachings and philosophy of Pythagoras. Great seers, prophets, and sages naturally gather around them, in all ages and among all people, admirers, friends, and disciples; and thus form parties, sects, or schools. Thus Christians are, or profess to be, of the school of Jesus. Thus Zoroaster, Confucius, Calvin, Luther, Emerson, Davis, Parker, have originated new parties or school.

Pythagoras, journeying into Italy, founded what is called the Italian school or denomination. And pages might be filled with the names only of his *distinguished* disciples, many of whom are well-known by their teachings to the modern scholar; and Damon and Pythias, (or Phintias,) who gave the world the sublimest example of tender faithful friendship, were Pythagoreans. We find among them a strong belief in immortality, so that it is recorded of a certain servant of Pythagoras, that "having returned to the Getae, (his own people,) after he had heard the discourses of Pythagoras, he gave laws to them and exhorted the citizens to fortitude, *having persuaded them that the soul is immortal. Hence, even at present, all the Galatians, and Trallians, and many others of the Barbarians, persuade their children that the soul can not be destroyed, but that it remains after death,*

*and that death is not to be feared, but danger is to be encountered with a firm, manly mind."*

It is also said of the Pythagoreans "that no one of them either punished a servant, or admonished a free man, *while angry*, but each of them waited till his mind was restored to its former condition; for they accomplished this waiting by employing silence and quiet. Thus we have in Pythagorism the germs of good Quaker *Friendly doctrine*. And we find, also, the very central principle of Non-Resistance in it, for it was a saying of this ancient Philosopher, "*That it is much more holy to be injured than to kill a man*," a precept long after repeated by Jesus, in the words: "Resist not the evil or injurious one, but, whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him thy other also."

Concerning the followers of Pythagoras, Iamblichus declares "That their whole life is arranged with a view *to follow God*"—the Christian's aim:—"Be ye also perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

If we should seek, however, the distinguishing characteristic of the philosophy of Pythagoras, it would be best expressed by the old phrase of "*sana mens in sano corpore*;" in making a sound mind and a healthy soul depend upon a pure, well regulated, healthful body. With Pythagoras, indeed, we find the great principles of Physiology, and of the natural laws that have been so ably developed in later times by Spurzheim, Combe and that school, most distinctly enunciated, and emphatically enforced. "And," to use the words of an ancient biographer, "*what is the most beautiful thing of all, he demonstrated that the Gods are not the causes of evils, and that diseases and such things as are the calamities of the body, come from the seeds of intemperance or excess*." The necessity of a pure and simple diet to the serenity, health, and true happiness of the soul,—a principle that lies at the base of all morality, spirituality and religion,—was always faithfully inculcated by this divine philosopher. According to Iamblichus, "He rejected universally all such food as is flatulent, and the cause of perturbation, but he approved of the nutriment contrary to this, and ordered it to be used, viz: such food as composes and compresses the habit of the body. But he altogether rejected such food as is foreign to the Gods, because it

withdraws us from familiarity with the Gods." "He likewise exhorted men to abstain from such things as are an impediment to *prophecy*, or to the purity and chastity of the soul, or to the habit of temperance, or of virtue. And lastly, he rejected all such things as are adverse to sanctity, and which obscure and disturb the purities of the soul, and the phantasms that occur in sleep." "Separately, however, he forbade the most contemplative of philosophers, and who have arrived at the summit of philosophic attainments, the use of superfluous and unjust (?) food, and ordered them never to eat anything animated, (animal food) nor in short to drink wine, nor to sacrifice animals to the Gods. And he himself lived after this manner, abstaining from animal food, and adoring altars undefiled with blood."

"In short, he was the cause to his disciples of the most appropriate converse with the divinities, both when they were awake and when asleep; a thing which never takes place, in a soul disturbed by anger, or pain, or by pleasure, or by any other base desire, or defiled by ignorance, which is more unholy and noxious than all these. By all these inventions, therefore, *he divinely healed and purified the soul, resuscitated and saved its divine part, and conducted to the intelligible its divine eye, which, as Plato says, is better worth saving than ten thousand corporeal eyes; for, by looking through this alone, when it is strengthened and clarified by appropriate aid, the truth pertaining to all beings is perceived.*" "With respect to generation also, the Pythagoreans are said to have made the following observations. In the first place, they thought it necessary to guard against what is called untimely offspring; for neither untimely plants, nor animals are good, but prior to their bearing fruit, it is necessary that a certain time should intervene, in order that seeds and fruits may be produced from strong and perfect bodies. It is requisite, therefore, that youth and virgins should be accustomed to labors and exercises, and appropriate endurance, and that food should be given to them adapted to a life of labor, temperance and endurance. But there are many things in human life, which it is better to learn at a later period, and among these is the use of vengery. It is necessary, therefore, that a boy should be so educated, as not to seek after such connection as this, within the

twentieth year of his age. But when he arrives at this age, he should use venery rarely. This however will be the case, if he thinks that a good habit of body is an honorable and beautiful thing, for excess and a good habit of body, are not very much adapted to subsist together in the same person."

Pythagoras was the father of Mathematics and Geometry; and all remember the wild delight with which he was transported, on solving the problem that the square of the hypotenuse, in a right angled triangle, is equal to the squares of both the sides.

Equally renowned was he as an Astronomer. It is an historical fact, that the Copernican theory is but a revival of the system of Pythagoras, and that, so many centuries before the Christian Era, he taught that the earth was round, and that the earth and planets revolved around their central sun; he first demonstrated also, that the morning and evening star was the same. Like Swedenborg, the renowned Samian professed to visit the spiritual world, and hold converse with departed spirits, and described the condition of Homer, Hesiod, and others, there. And his pure, holy and divinely wonderful life make it impossible to doubt his sincerity. Of music he was the most distinguished patron and cultivator, not only inventing an instrument to measure musical intervals and the lyre, but using the influence of divine harmony, as a spiritual medium, to elevate and educate the soul. And yet, though too modest to take the name of wise man, (or σοφός,) used by others who preceeded him — preferring the name of philosopher (φιλοσοφός) a lover of wisdom — yet so profound was the reverence and strong the faith of his disciples in their divine teacher, that "αυτος εφη" ipse dixit or "He said so," was sufficient proof to their minds, of the truth of any proposition. Here we are reminded of the Christians faith in their teacher. And yet, with all his modesty, he was conversant with every science, and at home in every part of wisdom's wide domain. "He knew everything and was right in everything." In Geometry, Mathematics, Astronomy, Music, Physiology, Temperance, Vegetable diet, Communism, Immortality of the Soul, Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Prophecy, he was an adept discoverer and leader. Such, in all too faint and meagre outline, was THE DIVINE PYTHAGORAS OF SAMOS.

*Dedham, March, 1852.*

## THE INSTINCT OF PROGRESS.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

When the poor worm feels his old coat growing too narrow for his free growth and expansion, and finds that he must have more room in which to develop himself, he neglects his food, forgets all other instincts, and is uneasy and restless till the desired change be accomplished. So, forever, the earth-worm man, if true to his divinest instinct, is never content with the forms and methods and customs of the past, that confine him in their straitened limits, and restrain his free motion and development, but seeks new forms in which to expand himself. The old no longer satisfies him, he desires the new. The known ceases to suffice him, the unknown tempts him forward, and, as he goes continually onward and upward, the restless spirit cries out upon the past, "Vanity of vanities, all is Vanity." And yet, as we listen to this restless cry, how apt are we to regard the wise preacher of the Hebrews as a discontented and unsatisfied soul, "seeking rest and finding none;" and to condemn, in no measured terms, that spirit of unrest, of never-ending and never-successful SEEKING, which he manifests.

It has been the custom to regard any discontent a man may manifest respecting his position and circumstances, and his physical or mental condition, as worthy of censure and rebuke; to look upon all, who are in any way restless and unsatisfied, as either foolish or impious, and to consider the man who is contented and mentally inactive and at a *stand-still*, satisfied with what he has and with what he is, as alone wise and good. That not only a man must not desire a better position, a more comfortable house, finer grounds, a more elevated and influential sphere; but more especially, that he must not seek a truer Theology, a more perfect Religion, a purer Church a more reasonable and consistent Philosophy, or a

loftier Morality. That to cry out with a dissatisfied spirit, as he passeth through the various forms and ceremonies and modes of faith about him, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" is the weakness of an unstable nature. That any endeavor, any wish even, to modify his theology is but a foolish weakness — that it is heresy to over-step the bounds of his creed, or to go beyond the narrow pale of his sect; impiety to throw aside, or doubt even, the old book; irreverence to question the old priest; infidelity to forsake the old church; and very blasphemy to receive any new or further revelation. That if a man is born a Catholic among Catholics, a Catholic he must always continue to be, no matter how much new and brighter light may dawn in upon his soul to lift him above his present darkness. That if he is born a Calvinist among Calvinists, or a Unitarian among Unitarians, he must remain so through eternity, no matter how much farther, deeper, and higher he may see, or how earnest may be his aspirations after something truer, better and happier. If he has begun life a Baptist, he must die a Baptist; if he was born a Mohammedan, a Mohammedan he must die; if he was at first a bigot and an ignoramus, he must live on a bigot and an ignoramus still; if he is born a brute and a slave, a brute and a slave he must remain forevermore.

A man who has belonged always to the same party,—he is respectable. A man, who has been always firmly and unchangeably bound to one sect, is quite venerable. He who has never gone beyond what he was first taught, or advanced beyond his earliest notions of truth; who has stood still at the very point where he first started; who has never grown a single inch beyond his boyish stature; who has progressed in nothing; who has never gone forward and reached upward, but has remained forever the same, fixed, stationary, rigid, immovable and lifeless;—he alone is the man to be admired and respected,—the one most honorable, most venerable, most worshipful. To think what always has been thought, that is praiseworthy; but to reach forward to *new ideas*, and thus to enlarge the sphere of human thought and knowledge, is altogether unpardonable; and to outrun his party, or outthink his sect is damnable. He must rest content with things as they are; take the world, its customs, its institutions, and its

beliefs, as it is, without any exertions, any expectation, any thought even of improving it. "Choke up the little stream, lest it flow on and grow into a mighty river. Dwarf the tree into a poor, stunted bush. Drug the child, lest he shoot upward into a man. Check the ever active, progressive, thinking mind, lest it outgrow our creed, our sect, our party, or our church. Stint and crush, if need be, the aspiring spirit and the expanding soul. Perish all fresh, living thoughts, all new ideas, lest our old musty notions, our rotten institutions, our ancient and moldy doctrines, be overshadowed and destroyed." This is the view, far too commonly felt, expressed, and carried out in the conduct and lives of men. "Let the full grown man keep on the boy's jacket, no matter how much it may fetter the free action of his limbs, no matter how tight and chafing it may be to his expanded muscles, or how awkwardly his long arms may protrude the scanty sleeves. Keep the coat — the coat is old and time-honored — then keep the coat, though the man be fretted and worried—aye! though the *man* be destroyed. Keep the form, the institution, the creed, whether the man's soul can be expressed in it or not. *Aye! keep the form and the creed, though the soul perish.* Give the grown up man the childish toy, the infant's rattle still, and let him content himself with these; they sufficed him once, and why not now." "That house is small and inconvenient; a man six feet high can not stand up in it without stooping; the windows are but sorry loopholes in the wall, and let in too little light for him to see." "What matter, his fathers lived there, let him rest content; is he better I pray you than his fathers?" "It is old and rotten, it has been mended and patched till it can be repaired no longer, and the elements of nature must soon sweep it away. The house is no longer tenantable." "What godless irreverence for ancient authorities, for the wise and good of past generations! Impious man! was not that house built by your pious grandfather?" "But the sills are decayed, the posts are failing, the building is falling into ruins." "Then perish in its ruins; *better perish with the old than live in the new.*"

Such is the tone of the popular thought, such is the popular doctrine, and the popular life. With such a philosophy as this in the world of action and of business, where would have been our

Manufactories, our gigantic Steamers, our Railways and our Telegraphs, with the stimulus to life and activity they have given to man; with the comforts, the luxuries, the blessings they have brought in their train? Where all our discoveries, inventions, and improvements in the physical sciences and useful arts of life? Where would have been the outward culture,—the intelligence? Where would have been this glorious and ever-increasing civilization, that spreading over earth like a garment of light, is continually beautifying, elevating, and ennobling, more and more, this world of ours? And can we consent to be men in Science, Gods in the wonderful creations of Art, and mere children, infants, ignoramuses, in morals, religion and theology—in the knowledge of our minds and souls, and in lofty and spiritual wisdom, as the popular rule would make us?

I thank God that this is an impossibility! I thank God, that you can not build a Railway for the *physical* man to advance more swiftly on, without adding greater speed to thought, and quickening, by the diffusion of ideas, and the extension and reciprocal interchange of knowledge, the progress of the *spiritual* man. That every invention in Art gives us a new proof of the divine power and wisdom in man, and thus humanizes and enlarges our Religion. That the discovery of every new law of the Universe increases our knowledge of the great Law-giver, and thus widens and deepens our piety. That every advancement made in Science, which is the understanding and interpretation of Nature and her revelations, advances our acquaintance with the *Omniscient* Author of Nature; and that thus art and true piety, science and religion must, despite all opposition of ignorance, bigotry, and fanaticism, move forever hand in hand. That even the narrow-minded conservative and the very bigot himself, sees and feels the truth of this, their frequent bitter hostility to the progress of science and art, and to the advancement of philosophy sufficiently proves. And he who thus stands forth in opposition to the advancement of science and philosophy, and to all progress in morals, theology, and religion,—who chooses to remain where he is, without moving onward and enlarging his sphere of vision, widening his field of thought and attaining to higher and nobler views, and fuller and more extensive knowl-

edge, seems to me a full grown man in the little coat and breeches of the boy, that are everywhere bursting out, revealing his poverty and his nakedness; or like a swathed and swaddled infant, sprawling on the ground, that can neither stand nor go save in leading strings, tickled still with the noise of his shaking rattle, and delighting still to be fed with pap from the spoon of the nursery priestess. And surrounded by such, we feel ourselves among imbeciles or savages. And whatever may be their circumstances and condition, and the outward and apparent civilization of their lot, they but resemble those barbarous chiefs, that the traveler sometimes meets in the wilds of benighted Africa, their heads adorned with the plumed hat of some plundered English officer, and their unclad shoulders glistening with shining epaulettes, but they themselves, despite their foreign adornments, naked, imbruted, ignorant and savage still. Such are the men who have nothing of their own,—no inward convictions of right, no living principles of truth to depend on,—but only the authority and traditions of the past and dead.

But however much the world—and that most worldly portion of it, the popular church—may censure this restless and unsatisfied spirit, this desire of progress, this *Moulting Instinct of the Soul*, that is ever aspiring after greater freedom, wisdom, and excellence; and however much it may exalt that inactivity of thought, that fixedness and rigidity, and that reverence for the past and its authority, that stands in the way of all advancement, we shall endeavor to show that this dissatisfaction with the past—this discontent with our former views and opinions,—with the ancient theology, the old sect, the worn out and insufficient philosophy—is not only *natural, noble and praiseworthy, but that it is necessary to all real improvement and progress.*

And first: we say this dissatisfaction is *natural*.

As the infant grows into the child, as the child blooms into the youth, as the youth ripens into the man, he looks back with a smile of derision, with a sneer of contempt, or it may be with a tear of regret or pity upon the ideas, the pursuits, and the ambitions of his former state.

He says, with Paul of Ephesus, “when I was a child I thought as a child, I spake as a child, but when I became a man I put

away childish things." With him too, "he counts himself not to have apprehended" or learnt all things. The chrysalis in its silken tomb has no desire to be again the poor crawling worm of the past, but is longing and preparing earnestly to spread its mystic and beautiful wings and soar aloft. The child never looks backward with the wish to be an infant again. And the youth scorns the childishness of those early days, and looks forward and presses onward to be a man. The man derides the ignorance, the crudities and follies of his youth. And, if the old man longs for youth again, it is no earthly rejuvenescence that he craves, but the pure, serene and immortal youth in the Spirit-land, to which he is ever advancing. Man's eyes are not placed behind, that he should look backward, nor is his head like the brutes bent down to the earth, whence he sprung; but his eyes gaze forth from his forehead, and his face looks ever onward, and turns upward to his destined Heavens. And thus, is it natural for man to be dissatisfied with the past and old, and reach forward to the future and the new. The infant drops the old accustomed toy, when the new plaything is within his grasp. The child soon tires of the old play and the well-thumbed book. The smart little boy of the nineteenth century, true to the age in which he lives, plays horse no longer, nor mimics the rattling stage in his sports, but now he plays Railroad and sets up Telegraphs. And so the man, the real *live man* of active mind and soul, is never content with his present, but aspires ever to a higher, nobler future. The pictures that pleased his eye so much but yesterday, to-day seem coarse and soulless daubs. The music that so lately charmed his soul, as he comes to hear some deeper, grander harmony, some more thrilling melody, seems now but a poor discord. The writings that delighted him but one short year ago, and the preacher that stirred the very depths of his spirit then, seem now, perhaps, stale, flat and unprofitable, for he has gone beyond them now. "Milk for babes," he says; "Strong meat for grown men!" What nourished his soul once, feeds it now no longer. And so his appetite rejects with loathing that which it craved of yore. The old book is thrown aside: "dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The old coat of theology or philosophy has become too strait and narrow for him; he has all outgrown it now. Thus the child discards, or breaks

in pieces the old toy;—the youth is ashamed of the child's play;—the man of the youth's folly. The living scholar tires of the stereotyped and musty folios of the past; the thinker wearies of the old philosophy that fails to satisfy his queries; and the earnest seeking Divine is sick at heart of the foolish old theology of Jewish Savages, and of the Dark Ages. So *natural* is it for man to look forward and upward,—to be discontented with the old and past, and to seek for something newer, fairer, and better in the future. And still and forever, “the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing,” neither will the nature of man consent to be limited or restrained by any bounds. Put the active child to play in the narrow ground, and he sighs for the field; give him the field, and he is soon through the fence, into the streets, and over the whole town. He can not be contained in any limits. Tell the youth of quick and generous mind, that he must not open this book and hear that preacher, and though he knew of neither book nor preacher, and cared for neither yesterday, yet, before to-morrow he will have heard and read them both.

The desires and aspirations of man are as illimitable as the Universe. The old boughs are still strong, perhaps, and bear fruit, but the ancient moss covers them, and decay already threatens them; then let the young limbs grow with greener foliage and larger, fairer fruits. Because I have a cottage now, is it any reason why I should not have a palace by and by? The more anxious the youth is to have a silver watch to-day, the more likely he will be to want one of gold to-morrow. Because I have learnt so much of truth this year, I am not content. What I *have* known makes me eager to know *more*. Still the unknown provokes my mental appetite,—excites my knowing faculties as their natural food and stimulus; and I am better prepared and more strongly incited by what I have learned and thought this year, to learn and think the more next. It is not enough for me to see France and England, I must visit China and Japan also. After I have examined the moon through the telescope, I want to see Jupiter and Saturn all the more. I am restless in the limits of the old knowledge. The old science refuses to satisfy my questionings. In my new strawberry-bed, I am not content to set out the old unproductive roots, with meager berries, that the old

gardener cultivated, but I must plant new kinds with more prolific and mammoth fruitage. Calvinism was my book of A B C's. Among the Baptists I perhaps was taught to spell. Unitarianism was my School Reader, where I learnt to help myself to knowledge, but I found a world of books beyond all these. A sect that seemed wise and liberal enough yesterday, to-day is found to be one-sided, and foolish, and narrow. The soul outgrows all sects, all creeds, all philosophies, makes and unmakes them at its pleasure. They are but the cast-off skins of the caterpillar and *the soul grows at every moulting*. Thus it is not only *natural*, but *noble* and *praiseworthy*, to feel the vanity of our past opinions and past experiences; to be discontented with what we have been, and with what we are, and to reach forward to something higher and fairer in the future. And, however the stationary, unprogressive and bigoted may condemn and anathematize,—the world, in its inmost heart, cherishes those who enlarge the sphere of human knowledge,—its great thinkers and reformers,—its distinguished inventors, and its world-renowned discoverers, as the noblest of the race. Admiring posterity reverences their memory, and History, in its immortal records, deifies them as the Heroes of the World. Copernicus, Galileo and Newton, with their new System of the Universe, and their new revelations of its laws, are held up to our admiration; while the memory of their opponents or persecutors has fallen into quick decay. The fame of our American Channing grows with the growing years, and his glowing words of new and higher truth are extending throughout the civilized world; while the old drivellers of ancient and moldy creeds, who were so bitterly hostile to his teachings, are dying out of our memory with their decaying faith. And Columbus, who left an old world to seek a new, is held in deathless remembrance; while the nameless navigators, who remained behind, are buried in oblivion. The history of Socrates is immortal; yet will you tell me who were his poisoners, and what their occupations? And can you repeat to me the names of those old Pharisees who crucified Jesus? Praise me not then for my adherence to a time-worn faith, or an ancient and fashionable theology;—for the fixedness of my views and the unchangeableness of my opinions. Blame me rather for my want of mental activity and

spiritual advancement. Commend in me no false consistency;—the consistency of remaining always the same in my opinions, theories, and belief. *The only true and worthy consistency is that of constant improvement, perpetual never-ending progress.* If I am to be respected and applauded for any thing, I would be for that. In all things but theology man dares always to desire the new. The pious old lady loves the new cap-crowned bonnet, but, strange to say, she hates and curses the new and higher and purer Religion. Away with your old theories, your antiquated notions that the world is rapidly outgrowing; that the true soul has already outgrown. Away with your moldy philosophy, your tattered creed, your musty system of ethics and philosophy. I will be fettered no longer by your parties, your sects, your leaders and chief-priests, or by *your tyrannic* "POPULAR OPINION." I will be no longer tied down by your formulas and dogmas, by your antiquated customs and conventional usages—

"Old opinions, rags and tatters,  
Get you gone—Get you gone!"

I will be henceforth free to think, to speak, to act. Free to follow the truth, untrammelled by human fashion, unfettered by ancient notions and systems, "where'er she leads the way."

Do not let us indulge in any dread of "freedom of thought," nor fear that the enfranchised mind shall lead us astray,—shall carry us to a fabulous perdition. For the mind is created, inspired and directed by the great God; and if the mind could lead me to perdition, I am not afraid but that I should reach through hell to heaven. But fear not, there is no danger in the advance of thought. *Ideas, opinions, can not damn the soul, even should they prove false. Slavery, confinement, the repression of thought, the destruction of mental activity,—of mental and spiritual life—that is damnable; its free growth and progress—that is saving.* "This is the damnation," says Jesus, "that light hath come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." The tree that grows in the open sunlight and free air of heaven, is vigorous, beautiful and fruitful. Confine it, dwarf it, crush it down, and its vigor, beauty and glory are gone. And so with the fettered and enslaved mind; it becomes poor, and mean, and meager; narrow, distorted and deformed,

degraded darkened, and almost extinguished in intellectual night. Look around you and see if this be not the case. The *intelligence of man is a breath of the Almighty, and man himself, like nature, is a fact of God*; a creation, a revelation of the divine mind; then fear not its freest, fullest development. In such free and full development does it alone manifest itself most truly and most nobly. Neither dread the destruction of old systems, institutions and forms of faith, for the good can never die—

" 'Tis but the ruin of the bad,  
The wasting of the wrong and ill,  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Is living still."

Aye! must live forever! The old dead leaves must fall before the fresh, new foliage can start into luxuriant life, and the tree can grow and bloom and fruit afresh. Every time the old dead leaves fall, and the young foliage puts forth, the tree renews its youth and strength, its beauty, and its glory. The old house, now tottering, must come down, before the new and nobler edifice can be erected. The more thoroughly the land is cleared, and the deeper it is ploughed, the more flourishing and abundant will the new crop be. Then away with these groundless fears at the destruction of the old and the coming of the new. Put not your new cloth into an old garment, your new wine into old bottles, but "put the new wine," says Jesus, "into new bottles, that both may be preserved." I have always found, that when I trembled for the results of mental freedom, and feared that new views and new theories would bring destruction in their train, that my still beclouded mind was troubled by some scarecrow of old superstition, or frightened by some bugbear phantom of ancient error, or time-honored absurdity. Then let old opinions be exploded, let ancient systems perish, but let the new spring up more vigorously from their decaying beds, till man be enfranchised forever from the slavery of Error and of Wrong.

Onward move the earth and planets and great sun himself, through the infinite regions of space. Onward move the streams to their destined sea; upward grow the trees; and so the human world moves ever onward, and grows ever upward. Mankind is just beginning to perceive that *the great, eternal, all-powerful*

*law of the Universe and of the Soul is "progress,"* and this must forever put an end to all sectarianism and bigotry. Put the seed into the ground, then, quietly and without fear, for it will spring forth and grow upward to the heavens. Without anxiety, aye, joyfully, scatter your great ideas and earnest thoughts,—those living seeds of eternal truth—into the seed field of the world, and no indifference, opposition, or hostility,—no power in the Universe, can prevent them from springing forth, and shooting upward, and spreading throughout the nations.

"From out the little fountain,  
 There swells a mighty tide,  
 Upon whose broad and crested waves  
 The broods of commerce ride.  
 And on the wing'ed tempest  
 A little seed there flies,  
 Whose roots strike down, whose giant arms  
 Reach upward to the skies.  
 And so the little slighted truth,  
 At length more mighty grown,  
 Shall fill the nations with its power  
 And make the world its own."

Superstition, ignorant bigotry, and intolerance, trouble me not, for I know that, sooner or later, the truth *I* see shall be seen by *all*; that the great ideas I may chance to hold, the noble principles I am blessed to cherish, shall, ere long, be received in the hearts of men everywhere; and that, as civilization and intelligence increase in the world, large, liberal, and noble views of God, of man and of religion, shall flourish with them, by the eternal and glorious necessity of PROGRESS.

"They may veil their eyes but they can not hide  
 The sun's meridian glow;  
 The heel of a priest may tread thee down  
 And a tyrant work thee woe;  
 But never a truth has been destroyed:  
 They may curse it, and call it crime,  
 Pervert and betray, and slander and slay  
 Its teachers for a time,  
 But the sunshine aye, shall light the sky,  
 As round and round we run;  
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost  
 And justice shall be done."

## THE TRANSITION AGE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

### I.

Ope, Tyrants ! ope the gates of hell again ;  
    Bid War and Pestilence ride darkly forth ;  
    Stain with her children's blood the shuddering Earth :  
Man's universal heart transfix with pain :  
    Loose from the Northern hills  
The huge, Barbarian avalanche ; and cast  
    Pale Famine's gathered ills,  
    Like winter on the blast.  
Crush beneath Atalantean loads of wrong,  
    The Poor, lest they should rise :  
Strengthen with arms, and gold, and buttress strong,  
    Your crumbling Anarchies :  
Pierce, with the blinding spear, Thought's sun-like eyes,  
    Lest men should see the heavens o'erflow with light ;  
    Drown with shrill, clamorous lies,  
    The harmonies of Love, the Archangel-trump of Right :  
Lift, if ye dare, the awful Cross on high,  
    And crucify HUMANITY thereon ;  
While an unnatural gloom usurps the sky,  
And the dead Past comes forth and reigns—like Death alone.  
    Do—but do all in vain.  
    The avalanche and the rain  
Quicken the buds of Life that sleep in earth.  
    Humanity shall rise !  
    Swift lightnings pierce the skies ;  
The last long Sabbath morn of Time come forth !  
    Humanity shall rise and live forever,

Throned in the might of its sublime endeavor,  
Divine, harmonious, free, in glorious Spirit-birth!

## II.

What am I, a frail reed,  
Drooping beside the sounding sea of Time,  
That I should strive to cheer Earth's hour of need,  
With Prophecy sublime?—

\* \* \* \* \*

God made his Prophets Poets in the Past,  
Foretelling harmony with voice and lyre;  
He makes his Poets Prophets now at last,  
Pours the bright Future o'er their lips of fire;  
Making the Soul His trumpet-voice to break  
The ancient Night with swift, electric breath,  
To scatter hopes like morning stars, and wake  
Humanity from death.  
Put off the sandals of thy base desire;  
Arouse thy heart to feel, thy eyes to see;  
In worship bow, in holiest faith aspire;  
From the dim time-world silently retire,  
Then learn what is, then known what Heaven hath willed to be!

## III.

We rise, up-borne by flame-like inspirations;  
The body — fading cloud — beneath us dies.  
Sphered Continents of Light, divine Creations,  
Homes of the Immortal on the vision rise.  
We hail from far the beatific Nations;  
We stand among the ancestral generations,  
The People of the Skies!  
Below, the Earth through golden exhalations,  
Glows like an Isle in some far Indian sea.  
Splendors and Loves, and calm Transfigurations,  
Rulers of Heaven's divine Humanity;  
O'er each Hesperian height,  
Lead in harmonious march the Immortal Sons of Light.  
They call, they call, from far!

Each like a spheréd star !  
 Let us go up and join the array of these,  
     "The Cloud of Witnesses."  
 Called from Heaven's wide extremes, they go  
 Up to its inmost shrine ; their faces glow  
 With hope for Earth, now crushed beneath its last great Wo.

## IV.

Lo ! the great Temple, burning from afar,  
 As if in every ray was fused a star ;  
 As if the sunrise in its glorious dome  
 Was born, and made its sempiternal home !  
 It is the Temple of the Ages, wrought  
 With traceried sculptures of Immortal Thought.  
 'Tis the Shekinah, shadowing forth to view,  
 The Infinite Beautiful, and Good, and True !  
 There reign, in mild supremacy of love,  
 Th' Hierarchal Rulers of the realms above.  
 There in the calm divine of peace, await  
 The mighty Angels of delivering Fate,  
 'Till the GREAT HOUR shall lead them radiant forth,  
 To ope the gates of Morning on the Earth.  
 Banner and crest droop low ! We enter there  
 And pause, entranced like flames that rest in purple air.

## V.

The mortal History of immortal Man,  
     Shines, pictured on that time-revealing dome.  
 Each glorious Spirit, who since life began,  
     Hath poured out thought or blood to rear a home .  
 For Earth's fraternal Peoples, and to span  
     The Race with Freedom's sun-bow, hath a throne  
 'Neath that far shining arch, and sits serene thereon !  
 Angels of Light ! they rest, entranced in vision,  
     Fronting the Infinite with god-like eyes.  
 Angels of Beauty ! picturing the elysian  
     Repose and peace of new eternities.  
 Angels of Harmony ! in whose high cadence,

Heaven's mystic music finds a living voice,  
 Angels of Gladness! lifting urns of fragrance,  
 Saying, oh, blessed ones, rejoice, rejoice!  
 Angels of Worship! who, in pure communion  
 Of love and wisdom, silently adore.  
 Angels of Strength! majestic in their union,  
 With Infinite Will: thus mighty evermore.  
 Poet, and Saint, and Sage, who patient bore  
 The cross, and drank the cup of deadly pain;  
 Who left their words and works upon the shore  
 Of Earth when they ascended;—like a rain  
 Of lightnings,—like an earthquake,—like a strain  
 Of seraph-music,—like a prophecy,—  
 Man's fettered mind and heart to thrill, inspire, and free.  
 There wait they, consecrate, serene, divine;  
 The dawning of the New Earth's Eden time,  
 In mild omnipotence of virtue strong,  
 With silent prayer uplift, "How long, O, Lord! how long!"

## VI.

A voice — a silence — then a rushing blast —  
 The invisible PRESENCE of the GODHEAD passed,  
 And on that Angel Host its Inspiration cast.

\* \* \* \*

Hear the departing Hymn.  
 Henceforth the Seraphim  
 Shall dwell with Man, on Earth's love-blossomed shore;  
 And Man, with spirit-eyes,  
 Shall see the eternal skies  
 Ope to his longing heart, and close again no more!

## ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

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### CHAPTER VII.

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#### RELATIONS OF MENTAL TO VITAL MOTION.

The anatomy of the human body and the functions of its several organs constitute an interesting and profitable study which neither the many have pursued nor the few sufficiently appreciated. But the whole subject of the organic structure of man—comprehending the relation and dependence of its various parts—without the knowledge of the vitalizing, sensorial and motive powers, strikes the mind like the obscure image of an unilluminated presence, scarcely revealed amid the gloom of its own shadows. To protect the mariner who sails in dangerous waters, it is not enough to build a lighthouse and leave it unlighted. Shrouded in the gloom of midnight the unconscious navigator may strike on the invisible rock, and in a moment the fragments of his frail barque float away over the sullen sea. Physiology and Anatomy, as hitherto taught in the schools, are but the outward structure without the inward light that reveals its mysteries. The mere physiologist, who knows little or nothing of the laws of mind and its capacity to produce physical effects, is left to study the organic functions at best by a dim and uncertain light, and his investigations will scarcely save him from some fearful and perhaps fatal violation of the laws of life. The great problems of our being are left more essentially in the dark by the anatomist, who only presents us with the bare frame-work of a splendid temple, on whose altar the fire is extinguished and from whose shrine the divinity has departed.

So intimate is the relation between the body and mind that they

act reciprocally and powerfully on each other. Especially does the mind exert a mighty influence, for weal or woe, over the body. The mental and vital action are so inseparable that every silent emotion and unspoken thought leaves its image—dim and shadowy it may be—on the organic structure. The vital fluids flow fast or slow, as the mind is excited or is permitted to repose. The great thoughts of the poet and the orator quicken the blood in their veins, and accelerate the pulsation in millions of human bosoms. The heart of the poor exile leaps at the thought of his country and the memory of his home. The patriotic deed, and word, and thought even, strike the chords of life till they vibrate with a strange and ungovernable energy. How does Love play on the heart-strings! And how mysteriously the little thought—to which a vocal utterance was denied—finds its way down into the heart; and then moves invisibly over the mental deep, till the vital waves rise high and crimson the cheek of beauty!

The fact is confirmed by universal experience that the functions of life are influenced—accelerated, retarded or arrested—by the mental action on the bodily organs. And as disease has its origin in a disturbance of the vital forces, and consequent derangement of the circulation, we at once discover the importance of mental harmony to physical health. Many persons become diseased from believing they are so already. In a highly nervous organization the action of mind may be so intense, and the body so easily impressed, as to generate any conceivable form of disease in this way. Any powerful mental impresssion will generally leave its image, more or less perceptible, on the physical constitution. Thus a jealous, unsocial or melancholy disposition, will be likely to occasion billious derangement. Extreme fear, anger or any other violent passion, will expose the system to spasmodic attacks; while an anxious, sympathetic and restless state of mind will inevitably induce nervous diseases.

Not alone in the diseases generated by disturbed mental conditions, but in the very conformation and development of body, and in the expression of the countenance, do we perceive the power of mind over its corporeal vestment. So completely and indelibly does the soul stamp its image on the body that, in every lineament of the face, the practiced physiognomist may trace the

revelation of some attribute of the mind. The prevailing thought and sentiment of the man are, in general, sufficiently manifest even to the most careless observer. Some nerve vibrates at the gentlest touch of thought, and our secret emotions are incarnated in our muscles. The spirit of kindness wreaths the face with smiles. Hatred can not conceal its ugly visage behind a wall of flesh, but hangs it out for the world to look upon. While the man—shut up in his earthly dwelling—vainly imagines that his real nature is unknown and will remain concealed, at least until his house tumbles down, he is unconsciously tracing his secret history on the outer walls of his habitation, where it may be seen and read of all men. The eyes especially are the windows of the earthly tenement through which we perceive the disposition of the occupant, and the character of the guests he is wont to entertain. The contracted, selfish and bigoted man presents you a diagram of his soul in the acute angles of his face; while in the frank and generous expression, and the curved lines that arch the expansive brow we read the certificate of the only nobility that claims the authority of Nature and the seal of God.

The philosophy of the mind's action on the body has hitherto received but little attention from scientific men, and few have even a vague conception of its paramount importance to physical health and life. I conclude, therefore, that my observations on the subject may not be out of place in this connection.

It is well known that in all animal bodies a variety of chemical changes are perpetually going on, and that the slightest action of the vital batteries has the effect to disengage electricity. Thus every process, conducted in the living laboratory, evolves the very agent on which the process itself depends; for it is conceded by many profound electricians that all chemical changes—whether occurring within the sphere of organic existence or in the realms of unorganized matter—depend on electric action. Hence digestion, respiration, and indeed muscular motion, as well as the several secretory and excretory processes of the body elaborate a form of etherialized matter, which may be called animal or vital electricity.\*

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\*Baron Von Reichenbach, in his work on Dynamics, gives numerous illustrations of what he is pleased to term the *Od* or *Odic* force, which he regards

This is exceedingly rarefied and readily permeates such objects as are good conductors. It moves with inconceivable rapidity and power among the particles of grosser substances, changing their atomic relations, and determining in all living bodies the molecular changes on which their conception, growth and decay are made to depend. Not only is this ethereal aura, the proximate cause of vital motion, but the mysterious and diversified phenomena of sensation are properly referable to the multifarious excitements of the same agent. The animal electricity thus evolved is believed to constitute the circulating medium of the nervous system, and, of necessity, the motive and sensorial power of the body whereon the functions of the organs depend. The relations of vital electricity to sensation and voluntary motion are easily explained. A few feeble rays of light, reflected from the surface of any foreign object, so disturb the ethereal agent that pervades the optic nerve as to make an impression on the sensorium. The soul's interpretation of that impression constitutes thought. The sense of hearing results from a similar electrical disturbance on the auditory nerve, occasioned by the vibratory motion of the atmosphere; and the other senses admit an explanation on the same general principle. Thus all feeling and all action, are seen to depend on a succession of electrical disturbances. When the excitement occurs at the extremities of the sensor nerves—as when you place your finger in the fire—it is the means of conveying information from the external world to the soul. When this agent is first excited at the brain, by the act of volition—as when you speak or walk—the impulse follows the nerves of motion, and is made to express and accomplish the purposes of the mind.

This leads me to observe that, among all the agents which have power to act on and modify the electrical conditions of the body,

as essentially different in its nature and effects, from electricity and magnetism. We have no interest in merely verbal distinctions; and whether the observations of the Baron, on this point, shall be ultimately sustained by the discovery and acknowledgment of an independent force in Nature, remains to be seen. We entertain the opinion, however, that many of the phenomena he describes, as illustrative of the *Od* force, can be directly referred to certain electrical conditions; and while we are strongly disposed to question many of the conclusions of the author, we still esteem his book as one of great value.

there is not one that exerts a mightier influence than the mind itself. Having a direct control over the immediate cause of vital motion, it affects the distribution of all the fluids, and determines many of the physiological changes that occur. The mode of this connection, between the mental and vital action, will admit of a philosophical explanation. It is well known that electricity accelerates the motion of the fluids. If you discharge an electric current through a siphon while a stream of water is passing, the water will be driven out with great force, moving in the direction of the electric current. That the distribution of vital electricity has the same effect on the blood in the arteries, and on the circulation of the animal fluids generally, is equally true, and is confirmed by a long course of observation. A single fact will suffice to illustrate this point. In all surgical operations performed while the patient is in a state of physical insensibility, whether induced by magnetic coma or otherwise, the loss of blood is inconsiderable. In such cases, the mind's action being measurably suspended, the electrical forces are not disturbed and the equilibrium of the circulation is not materially interrupted. But when the same operation is performed on a conscious, sensitive subject, the mind is of course concentrated at the seat of the injury; the nervous forces and the blood necessarily exhibit the same tendency, and the patient is liable to bleed copiously, and perhaps may lose his life from excessive hemorrhage.\*

With the foregoing facts and considerations before us, we can scarcely be at a loss to account for the influence the mind has on the body. Mind is enthroned above—is over all. The electrical medium is subservient, and in its distribution to the several parts of the system it conforms, in a very great degree, to the executive function of the mind. In speaking and singing it is discharged through the vocal organs; through the arms, when we use the implements of toil; and through the lower limbs in the function of locomotion. It is a trite but truthful observation that the exercise of any physical organ or member augments its size and strength; and I apprehend that the philosophy of these effects

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\*I am sustained in these remarks by the observations of Dr. Esdaile, physician to the British East India Company, and by others skilled in practical surgery.

may now be clearly perceived. The frequent electric discharges from the brain, through the members thus employed, occasions a correspondingly increased deposition of molecules in a given time. Thus the right arm of persons engaged in numerous industrial occupations is larger than the other. For the same reason the mechanic is distinguished for vigor of muscle, and the student for a powerful brain. The development of the human form is, therefore, measurably within the compass of our own powers; and a close attention to the principles herein suggested, with proper modes of mental and physical discipline, could not fail to develop the race up to a far more exalted and divine standard.

I am not unconscious of the power of the elements on man. I know that the fluids of animal bodies may be suddenly dissipated by the frost and the fire. But the mind, when misdirected, is not less fearful and mortal in its action. When for example a person is greatly terrified, the motive power is driven back from the surface to the brain, which is so powerfully surcharged as not unfrequently to occasion dizziness, sometimes temporary insanity, and we have well authenticated accounts of persons who have instantly expired, so terrible has been the shock occasioned by this violent tendency of the nervo-electric forces to the brain. That precisely this physiological change does occur, is evident from the following considerations:—First, the partial or total loss of muscular energy in the extremities, seems to demonstrate the absence of that electric agent on which all muscular power is made to depend. Second, increased motion in the region of the heart and the brain. The accelerated arterial action, and the intense cerebral excitement as evinced by the hurried and irregular character of the mental functions, furnish evidence not less convincing that the motive power is concentrated at the seat of life.\*

The action of the mind on the hair of the head is very remarkable. It is said that extreme fear will cause the hair to stand

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\*Persons rescued from drowning often assure us that, under the apprehension of immediate death, the mind acts with such incredible rapidity that the whole history of the drowning man passes before him in a single moment.

erect. I know of no agent, artificially generated and applied, that will produce this effect but electricity, and can only account for so strange a phenomenon by admitting the identity of the nervous fluid and electricity, and ascribing its occurrence to the presence and concentrated action of this wonderful agent.

Powerful cerebral excitements have the effect to change the *color* of the hair. This has occurred in some instances in consequence of severe mental discipline, though the change when produced from this cause is usually more gradual. But suddenly—in a moment I had almost said—the raven locks of the terror-stricken have become white as wool. Mysterious as this change appears, and difficult as the problem it involves may be regarded, it may be susceptible of an easy and rational solution. It is doubtless true, as has been observed, that all chemical changes are governed by electrical action. From an analysis of the hair we discover that sulphur enters largely into its composition. Under the influence of strong mental excitement the vital electricity is concentrated at the brain. A powerful chemical action is thus produced, by which the oil containing the coloring matter of the hair is probably absorbed by the sulphur. It will be found that this change is most rapid where the mental-electric action is strongest. A single fact, illustrative of this principle, must not be omitted in this connection. While giving lectures in Worcester, Massachusetts, two years since, a lady suffering from severe physical derangement came to me for advice. She was a total stranger. Glancing at her head I discovered that the hair—over that portion of the brain wherein the phrenologists locate veneration and marvelousness—was almost white; while in the region of hope it was still dark as a raven's wing. Madam, said I, you have been fearfully excited on the subject of religion. She gazed at me for a moment, with evident astonishment, and then proceeded to say that she had been greatly disturbed by the doctrines of Father Miller, and on this account had formerly been an inmate of a *lunatic asylum*.

Numerous facts might be adduced to prove that a vivid impression on the mind is sufficient to generate the most aggravated maladies. Two or three well authenticated examples may be given in this connection. The facts are derived from undoubted

sources, and they are here introduced to indicate more impressively the great importance of preserving a quiet state of mind, under all circumstances, as one of the conditions essential to health. The first case offered in illustration of my idea, occurred during the prevalence of the cholera in 1848, and was thus related in the Covington, (Ky.) Journal :

"A lady in this city, who enjoyed ordinary health previous to the appearance of the prevailing epidemic, became alarmed on its advent, and suffered her mind to dwell upon the subject until she became exceedingly sensitive and nervous. Every case she heard of increased this morbid condition of the mind and body. Finally, on being told of the death of an immediate neighbor, she clasped her hands in agony and exclaimed, 'My time has come !' She then went to bed, and a physician was called in ; but no effort could relieve her of the conviction that she had the cholera and would die. Subsequently, there were manifestations of cholera in the case, but the medical attendant has no doubt they were induced solely by fear. She died within three days."

A still more remarkable illustration of the power of mind to produce disease, happened in the same year. The facts are extracted from the London Medical Times.

"A curious experiment attended with the most astonishing results, was recently tried in Russia. Four murderers were placed, without their knowing it, in beds wherein persons had died of cholera. They did not take the disease. They were subsequently told that they were to sleep in beds whereon some persons had died of malignant cholera ; but the beds were new and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, *three of them died of the disease within four hours.*"

Thus we perceive that absolute contact with the very elements of infection were powerless to injure the body, while under the more certain and fearful action of mind the disease was generated — death suddenly evoked and his mission accomplished. Numerous cases of a similar character may be found in medical books and in the public journals, while innumerable examples occur whereof no record is made. Verily our boasted culture and the advantages of modern civilization are turned to a poor account if they do but render us more miserable. It is impossible to dis-

guise the fact that among savages and wild beasts disease is comparatively unknown, while civilized man is cursed with a thousand mortal maladies. It will be found at last that most of these are born of the mind. Ever does each passing thought move like an incarnate spirit over the chords of life, and horrible discords or beautiful harmonies awaken the soul as they echo through the mystical courts of its temple.

Men are startled when death approaches suddenly, and they pause to consider the reason of his coming. But few are conscious that in the thought and deed of every day, men solicit his untimely presence. The evil of which we speak — the influence of mental disturbances on the functions of life — is not most terrible where it is most strikingly displayed. To a certain extent — a fearful extent too — this evil is well nigh universal. Millions lay the foundations of wasting disease by yielding perpetually to violent impulses. A thousand trivial circumstances in the common affairs of life are permitted to disturb the equilibrium of mind, and the angry thought strikes harshly on the vital chords until the instrument is unstrung, and life's song on earth is hushed forever.

The power that can thus derange the body is not less competent to preserve it unharmed, or to restore the physical equilibrium when once it has been interrupted. We have heard of the wonders of faith and the power of imagination in the cure of disease, but of these agents we must speak elsewhere. In this place it must suffice to say that they are of more consequence to humanity than the whole *materia medica*. Therefore, give us knowledge in the place of nostrums, and faith for physic.

How strangely are we conquered by little things! The man who stood firm under the great calamity — braving the stormy elements like some great rock in the midst of the troubled sea; now, in an unguarded moment, bows low beneath the slightest breath of misfortune. Things so small that he would be ashamed to mention them, are his masters, and he their slave. I have seen a being in human form, raving as though he were possessed of a devil! and, on drawing near, I learned of the bystanders that Nature had not made his horse strong enough to bear the burden he imposed; and for this cause he was mad. An angry spirit

breathed on the fountain of life within, until the vital tide rose in one crimson flood and submerged the brain. *He died of congestion.*

I have been in many a domestic circle where the woman — whose mission should be to calm the little discords that break the harmony of social life — would lose the command of her temper every hour in the day. The most trifling incident was sufficient to arouse the war-spirit in the little citadel; and small missiles in the form of angry looks and words — possibly deeds — were hurled at any one, as though *all* had offended. Much the good woman wondered that *the children were cross*, and that she was *troubled with weak nerves*. And yet seldom indeed has any one lived thus, to the age of thirty-five years, who was not hopelessly diseased.

There is no security for the earthly tenement while the reckless occupant kindles a destroying fire within, and suffers the flames to run through all its apartments. If a man allows himself to be led by every wild impulse and erratic fancy, or if his disposition be like gun-cotton, he is never safe. His body becomes a kind of magazine, in which the passions frequently explode and shake the whole building. That man's house will not be likely to last long, and he should pay an extra premium for insurance. The importance of preserving a calm and equal frame of mind will be sufficiently apparent, if we but know and remember that the most frightful physical maladies result from disturbed mental conditions. Look at any person of ungovernable temper, who has reached the meridian of life, and you will find the body a wreck. The nervous system is a broken harp, hung in a tree that has been scathed by fierce lightnings. The harp is still swept by every wind of passion, and in the vibrations of each untuned string, a dismal spirit utters its mournful wail!

When a mind of vast capacity is lodged in a frail body, the intellectual faculties should be exercised with great caution and reserve; otherwise the brain will absorb all the vitality and the body will rapidly decline. One might as well put an immense engine into a slender vessel and proceed to test its utmost power in a rough sea as, in such a case, to give full scope to the mind. The consequences would be alike fatal.

I had a friend — an inheritor of genius. He was of a feeble frame but his mind was wondrously endowed. The spirit was informed by influx from spheres invisible and unknown. The angels spake through him, and mortals listened with astonishment. He was subject to rapt moods and gave birth to divine ideas. As we have seen the clouds that hover in the midnight sky suddenly break and pass away, revealing the glorious stars, so came the great thoughts to him! And then all the faculties of the mind awoke, and their action was solemn, yet beautiful and musical. To the inspired soul it seemed like the music of a great organ — so did the lofty dome and every meaner part of the spirit's temple shake at the sound. Under the action of that earnest spirit every heart-beat was like the tolling of a great bell in a frail, crumbling tower. At length the structure fell! And over the classic and beautiful ruins many watched and wept. Hushed was the tolling of the bell in the tower, — when the ear of faith caught the immortal song of triumph in the temple of God!

I would have no one forget or disregard his relations to this world; but the wrong — if there be a wrong — is at least greatly mitigated when the body is thus made an offering to the soul. A peculiar grandeur and a religious importance characterize the deed, and I dare not say that Heaven will dishonor the sacrifice.

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SLEEP.—Man is susceptible of no condition that is more remarkable for its beauty and its mystery than sleep. The outward senses are sealed up, and our connection with the external world is severed. The eye and the ear are dull and insensible; our earthly plans are all forgotten; and the objects disclosed so vividly in our dreams, are discerned through an inward spiritual medium. Thus sleep is a temporary *death*. The frequent recurrence of this state prevents our becoming wholly absorbed with the affairs of earth. It disengages the mind, in a degree at least, from the scenes of its grovelling and its imprisonment. Angels come and lead us away to the very confines of mortal being, that we may stand for a brief season by the veiled portals of the invisible Temple, and question the radiant beings who frequent its courts and worship at its shrine.

S. B. B.

## THE LIFE BEYOND.

BY C. D. STUART.

How vain, without that blissful faith,  
In Heaven — beyond these fleeting hours —  
The fairest dreams, and fondest hopes,  
That make our path a way of flowers.

I have been taught by joyous birds,  
When Spring was bright around, above,  
To long for lands of fairer flowers,  
For purer life, and deeper love.

I knew not, but the whispering leaves —  
When Autumn made them sadly sere,  
As Spring restored them — bade me feel  
That I had other home than here.

That dream was fed by setting suns —  
I knew the morning would restore —  
And every day, but taught me still  
Of time, when nights would be no more.

O, there were gentle spirit-tongues,  
That cheered me when I grew forlorn,  
And chid me for my faltering faith,  
Upon the rosy breath of morn.

I can not doubt! I feel — I know,  
By all that hems this life around,  
By all that's fair, or fondly loved,  
That there is nought but bliss beyond.

Thy smile, O God, is beauty here,  
It hues the earth, the cloud, the sea;  
I love them — but I look beyond,  
And long at last for Heaven and Thee!

## LAWS TENDING TO IMPROVE SOCIETY.

BY D. M'MAHON, JR.

We hear much of the gradual improvement and amelioration in the condition of mankind in the present century — many utter the most profound truths on this important subject — yet rarely does an individual appear on the world's stage and develope his theory by practical results. Occasionally we meet one who originates some sublime exemplification of the progressive movement of the age by proposing a measure fraught with real and lasting benefit, such as the homestead exemption and the like. Such a proposition too, when first started, is liable to be looked upon with distrust or horror; and perchance your theoretical progressionist may be the first to combat it, with the most strenuous objections, on the ground of immorality, or its antagonism to the precepts of the Bible.

We also hear much of religious culture, but, on mature reflection, we are inclined to believe that the culture Society receives now is not religious in any true sense. The people are taught Idolatry; and it is a sad truth that there is, even in the present century, as much idolatry in the Christian as in the Pagan world. Whether you take the doctrines of the Catholic ritual or the Scriptures of the Protestant church, you will perceive the deification of the one or the other by your professional Christians. Every thing appears to be tintured with sect or dogma. It is impossible for us to discover why the Christian who deifies his bible is not as much an idolator as the heathen who burns his incense before his household image. It is surely attributing to the book what the Pagan attributes to his image. When you create an idol for man you violate the first law of society which is individualization, and we would rather that men should deify themselves than their idols; because, in the one case, they exalt and indi-

vidualize themselves, while in the other, the individual is degraded and society is centralized by herding the people around their favorite image, to which every perfect attribute is awarded.

Let us inquire, what is this boasted theoretical society of which we hear so many discoursing? We have our own ideas about it, and a limited experience has taught us certain truths which may greatly tend, when established as laws, to improve the conditions of the masses. We may presume that the end of society is to effect a perfect state of Tribution and Retribution, wherein men will be influenced by love, to seek the pure, the truthful and the good, and where crime will disappear because its incentives are removed. This result is best effected when the Citizen is individualized, that is, when he represents in himself all the good elements which will constitute a society in our sense.

It is conceded, in our country at least, that that government more nearly assimilates itself to the perfect society which develops the right of the individual citizen. We allude to the Republic; and by parity of reasoning we assert that the Republic more nearly perfects itself when it is a government of checks and balances; or rather in proportion as the authority is removed from the centre, and is distributed. The curse of the Roman Republic was its centralism; the blessing and the adhesive power of the American Union will be found to consist in its distributive qualities. As the realms of the great First Cause are composed of systems upon systems moving in concentric circles and in harmony with each other, so, in our judgment, does the Republic harmonize itself the more that an independent action is caused apart from the common center.

Starting from these premises we suggest the passage of the following Laws which, we are led to believe, will benefit society by removing the causes of frequent antagonism.

1. The appropriation of Land to the Landless.
2. The election of all officers by the People; leaving to the President only the power to appoint Ambassadors and his Cabinet.
3. The abolition of all laws for the collection of Civil Contract Debts.
4. The abolition of the Hangman's Office.
5. Free Trade and Direct Taxation, and consequent economy in the administration of the Government.

1. A law giving limited quantities of the Public Lands to the actual settler, and restraining the holding of immense tracts by individuals, we consider — with the Laws of Homestead Exemption and the abolition of laws for the collection of simple contract debts — as of the utmost practical importance in the reorganization of Society, because they all tend to produce the planetary or individual action of the Citizen. They create for him household gods; they make him a conservator of laws because of his interest in the community. Tiberius Gracchus, two thousand years ago, nobly expressed himself on this subject when, in his character of Tribune, on the subject of the Agrarian Laws he said to the Roman people: "The wild beasts of Italy have their caves to retire to, but the brave men who spill their blood in her cause have nothing left but air and light, without any settled habitation they wander from place to place with their wives and children; and their generals do but mock them when, at the head of their armies, they exhort them to fight for their sepulchers and domestic gods, for among such numbers there is not perhaps a Roman who has an altar that belonged to his ancestors, nor a sepulcher in which their ashes rest."

The heathen expressed in these words, sad truths — applicable even in our age — and had Tiberius and Caius Gracchus accomplished their mission 2000 years ago we, of this day, would have been centuries in advance of the ideas of the present age, for historians now assert that, the Roman Republic fell not because of its weakness or enormous size, but because of the absence of the individualization of the Roman Citizen, and the consequent centralization of all the springs and vital forces of the Republic.

An inalienable right to the soil individualizes the Citizen by making him independent of the future, for they are slaves who depend for their daily bread on the nod or pleasure of the favored few. Moses appears to have foreseen the curse of centralizing the land in the hands of the few when, in the years of the Jubilee, he ordained that every possession should revert to its original owner, notwithstanding he might have parted with it, and consequently, in the Jewish state, there never existed that abasement of the People which existed in other countries, wherein they ceased to be holders of land but were held as part of it. Were it not

for the fact that the title to the land in the kingdom of Great Britain is vested in the few, there would not be that misery which now almost depopulates portions of her domains; and not until the tenant right is fully established will Ireland recover her position among the nations of the earth.

LAND TO THE LANDLESS, must be the motto of this great Republic, or we are doomed. When land is now so easily obtained we do not appreciate this principle, but when that ease enables large capitalists to engross immense tracts of country — stopping settlements in districts except on their own terms — we should awake to a sense of its importance. The creation of a feudal landed aristocracy must be checked, but the creation of individual settling owners must be encouraged. By the passage of a Law, such as is here indicated, we put an end to one of the incentives to violate the social relations, by removing from the Citizen that poverty which is the mother of vice, and we thereby neutralize those antagonistical influences which promote crime.

2. The election of every officer by the People, leaving to the President only the power to appoint Ambassadors and his Cabinet.

Before the Constitution of 1846, in the great state of New York, all the appointments of administrative officers emanated from the executive power. That is now the rule with the majority of the States, and also with respect to the government of the United States. The result of the operation of these organic laws was seen in the utmost corruption around the central power, giving rise to what is well known in the political world as "office-seeking," "office-decapitating," &c., and creating a vast band of political lazaroni who were expectants of official favor — eager to bask awhile in its sunshine, that they might revel in ease and luxury. And when their political sun disappeared, they suffered a corresponding poverty which the more depressed them the longer they held their official positions, acquiring habits of idleness unfitting them for the nobler pursuits of industry, intelligence and virtue.

By the Constitution of 1846, the appointing power, in the state of New York, was taken away from the executive and vested in the People who elect their officers. The result was that the mass of men — earnest in pursuit of the "loaves and fishes" — were

seen no more haunting the shadow of the Governor. None of those vile, political influences were brought to bear to corrupt the executive of the State; he remained alone in a measure to devote his intellect to the performance of the duties of his office. The condition of the moral nature of man was improved in this, namely, that the temptations—formerly presented to him when seeking for office—to traduce the character of his fellow office-seekers, and to resort to bribery and corruption, were removed or greatly diminished; and henceforth, if one desired an office, he appeared before his neighbors and rested alone on his personal reputation. If such were the change with regard to the influences brought to bear upon the Executive, what has been the result of the election by the People? We unhesitatingly say that superior men have been chosen; and if, perchance, at one time or another, improper candidates have been fraudulently placed before the People for their suffrages, the minority vote recorded in their behalf has taught them a useful lesson.

What is now the state of affairs with regard to the executive power of the United States? Every corrupt influence is brought to bear upon it. Legislators are influenced from their states to pander to the political cravings of some supposed influential suitor. The Executive is moved by the Legislative power to do what his conscience tells him is wrong; and he must be more than mortal if he can withstand the temptation.

The secret of existing social wrongs is the influences surrounding the infractor; remove those influences and you will prevent the crimes we so much deplore. Few men are naturally depraved, and so great is the desire of mankind to meet with approval from the world that they will generally do right, unless influenced by some opposite cause which it is hard to resist; and, for the most part, such causes are the creations of Society.

It is in the power of Congress, at any time, to take away from the Executive the official appointments, and there is no necessity of an amendment of the Constitution for that purpose. The sooner that alteration is made by Congress the better for the nation. The present system is working a curse of centralization which, if not checked, will ere long absorb the rights of the different states, and will accomplish more than the efforts of any

foreign enemy to destroy the Republic. Principles, almost daily, are swallowed up in expediency.

There are now, it is estimated, in the United States about 250,000 officials; there are about 3,500,000 voters; the proportion, therefore, is one office-holder in fourteen. Many of these officials have families whose destiny is more or less influenced by their conduct; and when we consider that these heads of families generally procure their offices by the most contemptible and immoral influences, what a sad picture is presented to our view of the demoralizing nature of official life. The prospect is mournful and daily becomes more alarming. The legislator, forgetting his congressional duties, robs his constituents of his time and devotes it to seeking place and emolument for a favorite partisan; corruption stalks rampant through the land; fat jobs are given; state antiquated claims are raked up; all for the benefit of political tricksters and office-holders. Apply the proper remedy instead of permitting these acts of corruption to be carried on in the bureaus of the Executive, let them be done openly before the People and a stop will be put to these most unhallowed practices.

But we by no means presume that the elections by the people, as now conducted, are of the very purest character. Much improvement may and must be suggested, especially with regard to party nominations, before this corrupt bargaining for office, which takes place in cities, will be removed. Much depends on the individual elector to assert his privileges, and that exercise will be the more appreciated as he is the better educated.

3. The abolition of all Laws for the collection of Civil Contract Debts.

This proposition may excite alarm and be regarded by many readers as a most unheard of radicalism. Concede it to be a strange idea—this is an age wherein such vagaries do mostly grow luxuriant—the novelty of an idea is with many its best recommendation. But it is not put forward here on account of its novelty, but because we think it most salutary. We judge of things from their results. When a law or set of laws produce imperfect results, we proceed to amend them; if they are productive of no practical results, let us repeal them. In New York, for example, there are probably 6000 Lawyers, whose time is

profitably engaged in the practice of their profession. There are some 1000 Judges, Justices, and other officers who adjudicate upon the laws; perhaps 1500 Sheriffs, Deputies and Constables, who execute the judgments of the Courts, and some 50,000 suits pending in the Courts of Civil Justice. Then will not all this paraphernalia of justice produce splendid results? We find on examination that it does not; but on the contrary, the expenses of all this judicial arrangement more than over-balance the amounts collected. The results display its futility as a system.

Imprisonment for debt is justly considered a relic of barbarism. Nevertheless, it was the most efficient agent in the collection of debts, though it was enforced at the expense of all the finer feelings of our nature. When it was proposed to abolish that, in several of our States, the same objections were presented which, doubtless, will be urged against our proposition, namely, that it would unhinge all social relations. But the result has not verified the apprehension. We can not perceive any more cogent reasons for taking away the very means for the collection of debts than we can adduce in support of the present proposition. You take away from the creditor the most efficient means for enforcing his claim, and you in effect destroy his claim. And if taking away the chief means has not injured Society, who shall suffer if we remove the pitiful remnant that yet remains.

The objections to the repeal of the laws under consideration lie chiefly in our education. Slaves to habit and popular usage our lives are disfigured by their influences. But it is time to call wisdom from the future, not the past. We should consider the many beneficial results which would follow the abolition of those laws. This vast official machinery would be removed; the many perjuries which daily take place in our courts, would cease; the hostile feelings engendered by litigation, and the deprivation of witnesses and jurors of their time would be at an end. Every man in the community would find his true estimate in his reputation and his character. Leave men to depend on personal reputation and you incite them to honorable exertions. And when a man has once established a character for integrity he will be anxious to maintain his standing, and will not grow rich, as many now do, by numerous failures and defalcations.

When the laws for the collection of such claims are abolished, the people may provide for a public List, to be kept, of persons who do not perform their engagements. There are hundreds of merchants in the city of New York, who sell goods on credit to their customers, who never think of going to law; who as a body would favor our proposition because of its policy; and who would rejoice at such a public list. But, to be understood, we do not wish to abolish anything other than the right to collect by law debts incurred for the sale or purchase of goods and services, or claims of like nature. We do not wish to interfere with the arrangements of trusts, the loaning of monies on bond and mortgage, or with any other public engagement whatever.

4. We would abolish the Hangman's Office.

Upon this subject so much has been said by distinguished literary men that we apprehend nothing we can advance will illustrate it to any great degree. But we are surprised to see the advocates and opponents of Capital Punishment rely so much on biblical authority for the defense of their respective positions. The Mosaic dispensation has been quoted *usque ad nauseam* to sustain this most inhuman and, we say, demoralizing vengeance. We oppose Capital Punishment solely on the ground of the progress of society.

In those countries where the centralizing or despotic principle prevails, but little regard is paid to the individual citizen. Life is readily taken for the slightest crimes — as was formerly the case in Turkey, or the Barbary States. But in those countries where the citizen is the more individualized, his life is not taken without at least the forms of a trial; and in such countries as England and the United States, where the rights of the citizen are abstractly acknowledged, if not practically enforced, the taking of life becomes only necessary for heinous offenses. The corollary from this, therefore, is that the life of the citizen is considered the more valuable as we are intellectually and socially advanced.

We prove this proposition the more conclusively by comparing, in our own land, the standard of punishments with that of a century past. At that time human life was taken for most trifling offenses, such as simple larceny; but at present the scale of

punishment is only capitally marked when applied to crimes of a more aggravated description. We look with horror at the rack, the thumbscrew, the wheel, and the instruments of torture of two or three centuries ago. Yet, in those ages learned men and divines wrote understandingly, recommending those punishments as salutary. Nevertheless, in our day, men wonder at the sanguinary spirit of those times, and rejoice that they live in a more enlightened and merciful era. A century hence the people will look upon us with the same feelings of mingled astonishment and compassion with which we regard the ages past. The opposition to Capital Punishment arises from the general intellectual superiority of the present over the preceding ages; and as our descendants advance beyond our standard of thought and intelligence, they will become still more mindful of the sacredness of the individual life. Then the feeling now so often excited toward the murderer, will be exercised against his crime; and the case of the last murderer will compare with that of the first — a mark will be set upon him — and his state will be socially so dreadful that its fearful retroaction will put an end to the destruction of human life.

Put up the scaffold before the people and make them constantly familiar with its scenes, and you instill into their minds the idea of revenge; you brutalize them; because, forsooth, it is the animal and not the spiritual man that demands this bloody retribution. You thus create and continue one of the greatest barriers to social love. Take away the gallows, and you stimulate a feeling of mercy and charity; and gradually excite an awful horror of an appeal to passionate vengeance, and especially against the darkest of human deeds — the imbruing of our hands in a brother's blood.

5. Free Trade and Direct Taxation, and consequently economical salaries for officers.

We do not intend, on the subject of free trade, to utter a political homily; if we did, we should mistake the mission of the journal in which we are honored in appearing. We simply propose to discuss the moral or social effect of the passage of laws permitting free trade among all nations.

The first benefit which would accrue to our country would be

the end of Custom Houses, and custom house officers, and custom house office-seeking. In this case the taxes of the general government could be collected by those who collect the state taxes.

Another benefit would consist in the removal of the incentives that now prompt men to adulterate the different articles which form the elements of our commerce. While on this latter subject we may remark that, of the different articles imported into this country alone, a large majority are adulterated to such an extent that the practice has become an alarming evil, both to the health and the morals of our fellow-citizens. The man who adulterates an article and sells it as pure, commits a social crime, which operates in a two-fold way, to blind his own moral sense and also, it may be, to damage the vital interests of the consumer. This species of deception involves a constant violation of the principle, *meum et tuum*.

The moment a fraud is committed, private social evils are developed. Public morality is only to be estimated by the standard of private morals, and *vice versa*. When the state is engaged in robbing, then the individual members of that state are robbers — as for example the Barbary States. Moreover, it is a violation of the social basis to say that there shall be one standard of morals for the state and another for the citizen.

Another great public interest would be subserved in the incentive given to commercial enterprise throughout the world. Remove the shackles from commerce, and you intermingle the nations as in a common brotherhood. Whatever tends to this great end benefits mankind as a whole, and the individual is most truly served when we advance the interests of all the nations of the earth.

Put on your tariffs, say the protectionists, and we make our nation the greatest on the earth; we will produce everything and consume everything within ourselves. But will the application of that principle benefit the social state of MAN? Must we as a nation wrap ourselves in this narrow circle of selfishness, act the part of the Chinese and Japanese, despising all outside barbarians? The idea is preposterous. It is not out of Manufactures that the mind of man has been quickened and expanded. It is Commerce that, from the time of Tyre to this age, has spread the

blessings and intelligence of each nation among its fellows. Commerce has civilized and replenished, elevated and improved the nations; and it is that which will distribute among all people the manifold blessings which the Great First Cause has so liberally bestowed. The very institution of society affords the best argument in favor of "Free Trade;" for a true state of society is founded on the idea of mutual obligations and reciprocal blessings and benefits, which each member of that society can shower upon his fellows.

But this enactment of Free Trade on the part of this nation must require time. We are now so singularly situated that to adopt it at once would be to apply the torch to our rising manufactures. It must be done gradually, yet surely, so as not to destroy that which now exists. But the manufacturing interest must not be permitted to act as a monopoly, supported merely by human laws. It must be made to depend ultimately on its own proper qualities and energies for an independent existence.

The manufactures of England have arrived at such a state of perfection and self-existence that she can dispense with tariffs, and therefore, Free Trade is the motto in England. When our manufactures have arrived at the same stage, we can utter and be governed by the same sentiment. Then we can say, abolish tariffs for revenue and protection, and let each citizen pay a direct tax toward the support of his government. This will instantly create a greater desire, on the part of the people, for economy in expenditures. When that economy is maintained in the springs of government, you bring forth many an Aristides — a just and virtuous citizen — who will feel compensated in the discharge of his duty, by the emotions springing from a sense of conscious rectitude. Let us hail that day when the principle of duty shall be spread over the land — when the "*Utero tuo ut non alienum lœdas*" — will be the prevailing motto, and we shall exemplify the proposition with which we started, viz: Society is a state of Tribution and Retribution — wherein man is united to the true, the good, and the beautiful, by the love of them, and where crime will cease because its incentives have been removed.

## GOD'S PERPETUAL INSPIRATION.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

Not in ancient mouldy writings  
Of Chaldee or Hebrew bard,  
Which the dim and distant ages,  
As a sacred mystery guard:

Not to tribes of wandering Hebrews,  
With Jehovah's bloody code,  
Nor to Israelitish prophets,  
Who their race to battle goad,—

Vaunted by their bigot followers  
Special favorites of Heaven!  
Not through such, has the good Father  
Holiest revelations given.

Nor alone to wondrous Seers  
Of the dark and barbarous Past,  
Earth's divine Messiahs! stirring  
Souls as with a trumpet blast,

Who, through mists of ages looming,  
Giants superhuman seem;—  
Not to these, alone, the vision  
Heavenly, and the prophet's dream.

“By the Almighty's inspiration,  
Still is understanding given” ;—  
To each age, its revelation ;  
To each time, its word from Heaven.

To us in the radiant Present,  
As to centuries old and dim,  
God still lives, and earnest spirits  
Still, as ever, speak through Him.

Not another Holy Spirit,  
Grown degenerate in its power,  
Answers to the pure heart's incense,  
Rising at the present hour.

But the same that moved old Peter,  
'Mid the Pentecost array,  
Thrills anew the quickened pulses  
Of the Peters of our day.

Nor to fishermen of the Present  
Are God's gifts by measure doled,  
But He pours them forth as freely,  
As on James and John of old.

Never dries the holy fountain,  
And the stream is never low ;  
Nor do ages, in their passage,  
Check the heavenly spirit's flow.

As from out the germ, the leaflet,  
From the bud, the radiant flower,  
So still fairer revelations  
Are unfolding every hour.

Providence, that rules the nations,  
Thus I read the historian's page,—  
Living still, and still creating,  
Is the SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Perish then the old dead letter,  
While the passing years unroll  
Teachings for each new condition  
Of the still expanding Soul.

## THE GALLOWS MIRACLE.

BY C. D. STUART.

High up I see the gallows stand—  
The gallows brave and high —  
And swinging from its sable arm,  
What looks like you, or I :  
A human form !— Its pulses warm  
Still beat in mimic round,  
But why that livid, purpling face,  
And whence that gurgling sound ?

Is it a merry gala day,  
The people celebrate ?  
And he, who dangles o'er the crowd,  
Some signor of the State ?  
Else why the thousand idlers here —  
In rabble gathered round —  
With mock, and jest, and ribald word,  
A wild confusing sound.

Ah, 't is some saintly day I trow,  
And he who hangs, a saint ;  
And who shall stay from such a sight  
The rabble, by restraint ?  
They shout to hear the priest declare  
The sinner of last Even',  
This Morn a saint, unfit for Earth,  
But good enough for Heaven.

A Saint, a Saint !—one miracle,  
Not Gibbon's thirty-nine\*—  
The gallows and the priest have made,  
Why give him not a shrine ?  
And why not hang all sinners up,  
Since, for the hardest even,  
This Process has the saving power  
To send them straight to Heaven.

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\* Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," says that, during the Middle Ages, it required only thirty-nine miracles to make a Saint, and miracles were so cheap that any one, almost, could afford to become a saint.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

### PROEM.

“He who receives  
Light from above, the fountain of all light,  
No other doctrine needs.”

*Paradise Regained.*

It is now a little over a year since I was afflicted with the loss of the one most near and dear to me on earth. I was in great distress, yet I never entertained the idea of seeking consolation in spiritual intercourse. Indeed, I knew not even of its existence. I had been for years a mere man of the world. I knew nothing of Animal Magnetism. I had once, and only once—and then as a mere matter of curiosity—seen a clairvoyant. The ‘Rochester knockings’ I had heard of but never witnessed, and looked upon the matter, when I thought of it at all, as one of the fancies of transcendentalism, which, like many others, would have its day and be forgotten.

At length, through the solicitation of a friend, and more to gratify her and to while away a tedious hour than any thing else, I was induced to witness an exhibition of Spiritual Intercourse.

I saw much to surprise and interest me, and I gave to the subject all the attention I could spare, that I might thoroughly investigate it—and expose the deception, if there was one. I have now continued that investigation for more than a year, and have been careful to keep an accurate record of all I have witnessed.

As I have progressed, I found that I was myself becoming, in some measure, a medium; and when alone by myself, without any medium near me, I was receiving communications, that were to me, in an eminent degree, interesting. These come to me in differ-

ent forms. One is, by seeing pictures painted to my mind's eye, as bright, as vivid and as distinct as any that my physical vision can convey to the mind. One of the earliest of these, I now give you.

#### THE VISION.

My Dear S—— appeared to me clothed in shining and flowing garments—her countenance beaming with affection and gladness. She approached, leaning affectionately on the shoulder of a female older than herself, and somewhat shorter in stature.

I was impressed who that was. They were accompanied by other spirits whose identity was made known to me. Others were there or came, among whom I recognized my father, my mother, my children, and my brother and sister, some of whom had been thirty years in the Spirit-world.

All were clad in the same shining garments, except occasionally some one would appear in the dress he wore when on earth, that I might recognize him.

It was thus that William Penn appeared, and said that he had been one of my guardian spirits since the incident of the kitten;\* that he happened to witness that and was struck with the effect it had produced upon me. He had ever since been near me, trying to influence me, and had influenced, though not enough to keep me always from going astray. He had, however, helped much to produce in me my repugnance to slavery and to inflicting suffering.

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\* The incident alluded to occurred when I was a child, and more than forty years ago. I was one evening playing in the streets of the village where my parents resided, and with my boyish companions, was rather noisy. Amid our play a kitten was seen to run along the side-walk, and in the frolic of our boyhood we gave it chase. We pursued it into a vacant lot, which was surrounded by a high fence. We chased it around the lot. From one thing we thoughtlessly proceeded to another, until we began to throw stones at it, and finally, without having actually intended it, we killed it. It seemed that my mother, a gentle Quaker lady, was passing by the lot while we were thus engaged, and was attracted by my voice to observe what we were doing. On my return home, I found her waiting for me. She drew me up to her, and in her gentle way said to me, "J——, what had that kitten done to thee that thou shouldst take its life?" and then she read me a lesson on cruelty which has lasted my whole life-time.

Sir Isaac Newton next appeared, and told me he was wrong in considering the attraction of gravitation as a distinct and substantive principle, for it was, in fact, nothing but the effect of a combination of motion—motion being a principle that pervaded all created things, and one of its effects was gravitation.\*

Swedenborg then appeared and said to me that in his revelations of what he had seen, he was right and truthful, and to be relied upon, but not in the theory which he had built upon them; and especially he mentioned his doctrine of correspondences, and his attempt to reconcile his revelations with the popular religion of his day. And he said, as the Bible contained many important and valuable truths, yet being written in and for an unprogressed age, it contained errors and imperfections; so his theological writings contained many valuable truths, as well as some errors produced by his desire to reconcile the truths which were unfolded to him with the prevailing theology of his age. He bade us beware of his errors, to receive as true his revelations but discard his theories, and instead of them appeal to our own understandings for the inferences to be drawn from the truths he had developed.

Dr. Franklin then came forward and said something about explaining to me the manner in which the "Odic Force" was used in making spiritual manifestations.† But somehow or other

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\* Some years since, in the course of my reading, I had imbibed the idea here expressed by Newton, and had made many observations to test its accuracy. After I had become convinced that spiritual intercourse was a reality, and no deception, I had a strong desire to make some inquiries on the subject, and waited several months without finding a fitting opportunity. I had never mentioned this desire to any one, yet it had lived in my mind for a long time, and now and thus it was gratified.

† To enter into a full explanation of what is here alluded to, would swell this note beyond due proportions. That may be the subject of a future paper. It will be sufficient now to say briefly this: I had been assured that there was nothing supernatural in spiritual intercourse—that it was but the result of human progress. I had said, if that is so, then it must be in obedience to a general law? "Yes." If so, can we not then understand it, as easily as we can electricity or magnetism. Again it was said, "Yes." And I made many inquiries to learn it. One difficulty, I found, was in my own ignorance of the laws of nature, and I inquired whether there was any book which I could study that would help me to understand it? and they referred me to Von Reichenbach's *Dynamics of Magnetism*, a book I had then never heard

his explanation was not made, and in the mean time a great crowd of spirits appeared—all of them bright and happy spirits—among whom I recognized many acquaintances whom I had known when on earth. A sort of semicircle was formed fronting where I stood, S—— and her companion forming the center of the arch, and on their left, Penn, Franklin, Newton, Swedenborg and many others. Behind the front rank, spirits in great numbers were there, and the number increased every moment. I was permitted to see far beyond where we were—far indeed into the regions of space—and I saw millions upon millions of glad and happy spirits—and many of them from other planets—all crowded around that semicircle.

They had musical instruments in their hands, and were rejoicing that a communication had at length been opened between the inhabitants of this earth and the Spirit-land. And their joy was not merely because they could again commune with those they had left behind, and whom they loved so well, but also because they would thus be able to reveal to man his duty and his destiny, and roll away from his mind, the cloud which had so long rested upon it.

They set up one glad shout which rang through all space, and pointed to Dr. Franklin as him to whose practical and enlarged philosophy they were indebted for perfecting the discovery.

The Doctor received their gratulations in the most meek and humble manner. No gratified vanity appeared in him, but his face beamed with humble and overflowing joy that so much had been added to the happiness of his fellow immortals both there and here.

Very many of those who stood at the right of my dear S. —, and behind her, then pointed downward to the right and far in the distance. She clasped her hands with a gesture of great sorrow and lifted up her eyes with a countenance full of hope.

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of, and where, for the first time, I became aware of a new force or fluid in nature, which flowed from man, and was the product of the chemical action of digestion and respiration.

At subsequent circles, I was told that this force or fluid, named "Od" or "Odic," by that author, was used in spiritual manifestations, and was promised that the manner in which it was used should yet be explained.

Still I could not see at what the spirits pointed. They looked at me, and then in the direction in which their hands were outstretched, as if they were saying to me, "Go and see."

At length I was permitted to look where they directed me, and oh! what a sight I beheld! Innumerable spirits were there, engaged in perpetual pursuit of each other. They were dark and somber in appearance and the vilest passions were most apparent.

There I saw the murderer, with his drawn dagger, with fiendish hate pursuing his victim until he struck him to the heart. When lo! his blow had alighted upon impalpable air, and he had missed the darling object of his pursuit. Rage and despair devoured him at his failure and he fled howling, his intended victim pursuing him in turn with revenge and hatred rankling in him.

I saw the adulterer, pursuing the object of his raging lust with a fury that was frightful to behold. He caught the object of his pursuit, and in her found a willing participant in his unholy love. But it was nought but empty air that he embraced, and he threw her from him with a loathing that was unutterable, while she turned from him with scorn at his impotence and a fiendish gladness at his sufferings.

I saw the miser, unheeding all that was around him, sitting on the ground, grovelling in the dark soil of that unholy place, and gathering up sparkling atoms and laying them carefully in a heap by his side. At length he turned to his cherished and piled-up treasure and found that it had turned to dust. He threw himself in despair, prostrate upon this useless emblem of his wealth, and howled wildly in the madness of his disappointed cupidity.

I saw the hypocrite essaying, and as he fancied successfully, to hide the diabolical purposes of his heart; yet as he approached his victim, he felt and knew that his every thought was revealed. He fled in horror at the picture which himself had made. And I learned that he was ever engaged in the same fruitless effort — ever deceiving himself with the same belief in his success — ever meeting the same terrible disclosure of himself.

I saw the seducer approach with bland and subtle arts, and when on the point of success, his arms were filled with nothingness, and his heart riven with the reproachful looks of betrayed affection before which he writhed and fell down.

I saw the warrior heading an army, which, rioting in wild confusion, refused to obey him, and in the vain pursuit of an enemy that was no where to be found.

I saw the suicide bound still to the earth which he had quitted in his impious despair, — bound there by the spiritual umbilical cord which he found it impossible to sever.

I saw the assassin, attended ever by the spirits of those whom his violence had slain — ever presenting to his view their misery, caused by him — ever reproaching him, and he again and again, but in vain, seeking by the same violence to rid himself of their presence.

I saw the hard and callous man of the world, who had carried with him into the Spirit-land the selfish disregard for others which had marked his earthly career. I saw him approach. He was an outcast even in that horrible place. His cold selfishness stood out upon him in bold relief and all, even there, abhorred and shunned his company. Wearied with the utter desolation, to which he was condemned, he persisted in thrusting himself upon that society, fiendish and revolting as it was, and they turned upon him in their wrath. Abandoning each his favorite pursuit, they, with one accord, drove him from their presence with shouts and yells of execration.

Amid the turmoil and confusion, I saw a good spirit approach. He was one, I thought, whose enthusiasm was stronger than his judgment, and he approached that awful society in the vain hope that he might be able to wean them from their evil ways. The contrast, between the brightness of his appearance and the darkness of theirs, was most striking. He seemed like a solitary star shining amid the blackness of midnight. His presence was beyond measure offensive to them. They arrested his progress in crowds. They met his advances with bold and impudent looks. They received his entreaties with derision and laughed his remonstrances to scorn. They insisted he should leave them, but he refused. They then turned and fled his presence with shouts and laughter. All so fled — all save one. And he was observed by that good Spirit, prostrate in the dust. The good spirit approached him and lifted him up, and spake words of comfort to him. It was one who had begun to progress in goodness —

whose eyes were beginning to open to the evil of his ways. It was one who had begun to repent.

Instantly the announcement sped through Heaven, with the celerity of thought, that a fallen man might be saved, and in crowds the good spirits flocked to the scene and welcomed the rising hope that was in him.

They took him in their arms and bore him in triumph from that evil place, to their own happy mansions. There an apartment was assigned to him, and while he was not progressed enough yet to associate with those who had redeemed him, he was at least secure from the intrusion and influence of his former unhappy companions.

There he is now, attended by that enthusiastic good Spirit, with a humility, a gentleness, a kindness and patience, to be found, alas! only in Heaven. The promptings of the despair of that unhappy one are soothed; the waywardness of his temper is patiently endured, and his new-born aspirations for good are cheered and borne along.

It is a parent welcoming the return of a prodigal child. It is a mother nursing into eternal life an infant immortal. God speed the work!

Such was the vision imparted to me when alone. Subsequently, at one of the circles where I had read it, it was said to me from the Spirit-world, "Think you, my dear H——, that the vision was a heavenly one? It is but the faintest ray compared with what is in store for you."

At another time, and with another circle to whom also I had read the paper, it was said, "It is perceived that you do not exactly understand the lesson it was intended to teach. The crime and misery in it, are intended to represent *your sphere*, and the sin and suffering which flow from the condition in which the greater part of mankind are placed. The bright features of purity and happiness in it, the higher spheres in the spiritual world; and the prostrate spirit who was lifted up and redeemed, those who have begun spiritually to progress."

## TO THE MORNING STAR.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

"Fair crescent star, upborne on waves of light,—  
Bud of the morning! that must fade so soon."

*Dalgoni*

Sweet Phosphor! star of Love and Hope,  
Again I see thy silver horn  
Rise o'er the dark and dewy slope  
Of yonder hills that hide the morn.

All night the glooming shadows lay  
So thick on valley, wave, and wold,  
I scarce could deem the buried day  
Would ever pierce their shrouding fold:

Yet, even now, a line of light  
Comes slowly surging o'er the dark,  
And lo! thy crescent, floating bright  
And buoyant as a fairy bark.

But ah, the solemn stars of night—  
The distant stars that long have set—  
How can I in thy nearer light  
Of love and hope their smile forget?—

The stars that trembled through my dream—  
That spoke in accents faint and far—  
Can I forget their pensive beam  
For thine, my radiant morning star?

No dawn-light in my soul can wake  
 One hope to make the world more fair ;  
 No noon-tide ray illumine the lake  
 Of dark remembrance brooding there ;

But Night comes down the paling west  
 With mystic glories on her brow —  
 She lays her cold hand on my breast  
 And bids for me the Lotus blow :

She bears me on her Lethean tides  
 To lands by living waters fed —  
 She lifts the cloudy veil that hides  
 The dim campagnas of the dead.

Down the long corridor of dreams  
 She leads me silently away,  
 'Till through its shadowy portal streams  
 The dawn of a diviner Day !



## WINTER.

BY FRANK.

O, thou, that sorrowest for the golden Past,  
 Saying, we lack all Beauty and Romance ;  
 Come watch with me, in Winter's chain held fast,  
 The sun's new splendors and the wind's wild dance.  
 Is there no beauty in the tinted sky ?  
 The whitened fields, the forest shaking down  
 Its feathery load as the rude blast whirls by,  
 Or yon blue smoke above the quiet town ?  
 And sure beneath that light and vanishing fold  
 Romance yet lingers, and not all in vain  
 Have the vast ages of the gray world rolled.  
 Great poems to be written still remain  
 In Man's deep heart — in Hope and Love and Faith,  
 And the grand mystery of Life and Death.

## PSYCHOMETRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is now nearly ten years since J. R. BUCHANAN, M. D., made his first observations in Psychometry, and coined the term by which the subject is now generally distinguished. In 1842, he gave lectures in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, illustrative of the several phases of the system of Anthropology, to which his "Journal of Man" is devoted.\* Hitherto, it should be observed, the record of Dr. Buchanan's observations and experiments forms by far the greater portion of the history of Psychometry. When there is so much unreasoning skepticism on one side and blind credulity on the other, it is interesting to meet with one who is fitted, by nature and education, to conduct the investigation of new things with so much candor and discrimination. Dr. Buchanan was eminently qualified to pursue the subject in a rational and scientific manner—neither rejecting facts because they are new and strange, nor yet rashly accepting results that are chimerical.

The ability to perceive the character of persons by merely holding a letter against the forehead—of which we have already given some interesting illustrations—is a faculty that may be employed, in numerous instances, with great practical advantage. We present, in this connection, some further readings by Mrs. Mettler. The first delineation was given while Mrs M. held a carefully-folded letter which the Editor had just received from

DR. BUCHANAN.

"The author of this letter is a gentleman of energetic habits, yet inclined to thought and meditation. His mind is naturally active and has been improved by cultivation. He has a great

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\* Buchanan's "Journal of Man," published at Cincinnati, Ohio, is a work of peculiar interest and value, and cannot fail to serve the cause of science and humanity by illustrating the manifold relations of Man.

respect for Truth—a sort of religious veneration. But he demands that the truth shall appeal strongly to his *reason*. In his conclusions he depends mainly on himself; not much on the testimony of others. I think this person has made nature, and especially human nature, a study. Perhaps it is from having been occasionally deceived that he seems more cautious than formerly. Occasionally he may be a little confused or undecided. He is not wanting in decision and firmness when he is *sure he is right*. He might be a little backward in receiving new ideas unless confirmed by personal observation. If this were wanting, he would require considerable evidence. This person is disposed to theorize, but is careful to notice facts. He can argue forcibly, and readily remembers facts and ideas which others have forgotten. He desires the truth and is conscientious in all things.

I receive the impression that the writer has a strong love of home and the scenes of his childhood, on which he might occasionally dwell with a kind of melancholy pleasure. He has more love for children than he would ordinarily express. I think he would rather prefer to associate with men, though he is not indifferent to woman. He can be very agreeable in the social circle, and can adapt himself to the society he is in. If occasion requires, he can be very merry, and cause others to feel so—can make them feel sad too. If what he says or does should be disapproved or disregarded, he might feel injured, but would not be likely to exhibit his feelings openly. He can veil his emotions from the world, and the character does not always appear the same outwardly, though he is very truthful. I should not know how to make up my mind concerning him, from an ordinary interview. His sphere would affect my nerves if I were in his immediate presence. Some persons might think him rather eccentric. His powers are various—he is an able writer; he loves Art, but loves Nature more. At times he almost wonders why Nature can not speak more plainly of her mysterious origin.”

*By S. B. B.*—Is this person a clergyman?

*Mrs. M.*—I think not; the ministry is not his sphere. He is moral, loves truth, and has large benevolence—always exercised with judgment—but has not so much religious *feeling* as would be necessary to render the profession agreeable to him.

*S. B. B.*—Is he a lawyer?

*Mrs. M.*—He might succeed well in the law. He may be a *physician*, but the impression is not clear that he is. He is not quite so sympathetic as I should desire him to be, if he were to attend *me* in this capacity.

*S. B. B.*—What do you presume to have been the main purpose and labor of his life?

*Mrs. M.*—Human Nature has been his chief study. He has studied MAN, *in his whole nature*—it would seem equally.

Without the slightest hint from which Mrs. Mettler could have derived the first idea of the character she was to describe, I next handed her a letter written at New Castle, Lawrence Co., Pa., by

JUDGE WHIPPO.

After a few moments delay—occasioned by outward disturbances which rendered it difficult to produce a proper state of receptivity, Mrs. M. proceeded as follows:—

“This is a gentleman possessed of large firmness, self-reliance and decision of character. He would exhibit his firmness on public occasions, and his great executive powers would enable him to accomplish his purposes. My impressions indicate that he is a person of uncommon concentration of mind. When reading, or considering any important subject, he could be so firmly riveted as to pay no regard to other things—can thus abstract himself from the sphere of external conditions, and is given to reflection. He has strong powers of resistance—resistance accompanied with a good degree of calmness,—could argue well and preserve his self-command. To some he might seem to express himself too openly and unreservedly; but he is frank and undisguised.

This person is charitable and sympathetic, and has strong social qualities and affinities. He is pleased with the society of both sexes, and is extremely fond of friends and home. He has a relish for a good story, and might be fond of the luxuries of life. He wants to have all things in order, and is distinguished for his promptness and punctuality. This man has a literary turn of mind; his ideas are ready, and his language rather copious. He has a good memory of events, and could carry the forms of things

with great accuracy in his mind. He perceives quickly, appears to have a good idea of music and, I should think, he would judge well of musical execution. Discordant sounds disturb him. He is an accurate judge of human nature, and would seldom be deceived in his estimate of men. He appears to have a noble admiration for what is sublime and beautiful. The character is strong and the mind matured. His veneration for truth is strikingly displayed—*he will have the truth, and nothing but the truth.* The mental and moral powers have the ascendancy, and this man will be most beloved by those who know him best.”

*By S. B. B.*—What position or sphere of action would you conceive the writer of the letter to occupy?

*Mrs. M.*—He seems to be engaged in something that requires him to speak in public. If he should speak on political questions he would be likely to blend moral and religious instruction in his communications.

*S. B. B.*—To which of the learned professions, Divinity, Law, or Medicine, does he belong?

*Mrs. M.*—He does not seem to be a minister, though he has religious ideas and feelings. It appears now as though he had made the Law his profession. I do not know Judge Edmonds, but this gentleman resembles the character I have heard ascribed to him.

FRANCES HARRIET GREEN.

“The author of this letter must be a lady. She possesses unbounded benevolence, and is characterized by the deepest sympathies known to the human heart. Her sensitive spirit ever seeks the friendship and sympathy of some kindred nature; nor can this person be indifferent to the interests of any living thing. She is so extremely confiding that she may not always exercise as much caution as would be desirable. Some increase of self-esteem would be of service to her, and would by no means be out of place with her powers. This lady has a great desire to make others happy and to be approved in whatever she may do. She feels an injury very keenly, but is forgiving. This large veneration will not assume any sectarian form; it is too deep and natural. She is extremely conscientious, and feels the spirit of worship in every thing. The mind is so much occupied that her

natural love of order does not appear to be exercised in the arrangement of external objects. She is prompt in her engagements and has a sacred regard for her word. The attachment to the sexes seems equal; the love of home and relatives is very strong, and she is remarkably fond of children. She is adhesive and constant. This friendship is lasting as life.

A literary person of much ability—the mind acts with great intensity—is capable of deep mental abstraction and powerful concentration of thought. A creative mind and a retentive memory. There appears to be an extreme love of all natural objects; more especially of *flowers*. Her writings will express great earnestness and devotion to the beauty and divinity in nature. Her combativeness is strong, and she can employ considerable wit and sarcasm, if necessary, but the exercise of this faculty is generally regulated by her great benevolence and love of truth. The prevailing spirit of her writings and her life is genial and loving. The intellectual and moral powers in this person are greatly superior to her propensities. She writes beautifully and forcibly in both prose and verse. The sphere affects me agreeably and she seems like a lovely spirit."

JOHN S. TAYLOR.

"The subject is a gentleman, I should think of good personal appearance and agreeable manners. His temperament is ardent and his mind active and well balanced. His thoughts are rather rapid, and he can express them with considerable freedom. He possesses such natural powers as would render him a good public speaker. He might have been a powerful combatant in the field of thought and argument. Should his pursuits lead him in this direction, he would derive much of his power from the activity of his temperament, and the deep and honest conviction that prompts him. His perceptions are very clear, and, when interested, he can be free and somewhat copious in conversation. There is a more than ordinary degree of harmony as well as freedom in the operations of his mind. In his family and among his friends, this man will exhibit much kindness, and will be friendly and courteous to all. He has strong affections; loves children for their innocence and woman for whatever is beautiful in her nature and character.

This person has strong executive powers, and will be likely to accomplish what he undertakes ; yet he acts with deliberation and judgment. He is firm, but would readily yield if he found himself in error, though he would require much evidence to unsettle his mind, as he relies much on his own convictions. He has intuitive perceptions of the right, and these influence him more than outward things. He is extremely conscientious, and can not stoop to any thing narrow or low. If he loves money, it is rather as a means of human happiness. His calculations, in the common concerns of life, are clear, and his plans well arranged. He desires all things in order and in time ; is possessed of good taste, and exhibits a nice sense of propriety. He has a fair memory and is an excellent judge of human nature—seldom mistakes the character and objects of men.

The writer of this letter is very humane, and can not witness cruelty with complacency. He feels extreme disgust at what is low in principle and action. Benevolence characterizes every word and deed. He has great veneration—aspiring in his thoughts—and is never insensible to the beauty and sublimity of Nature. The moral and religious faculties preponderate, giving tone to his whole life. Occasionally he may seem a little melancholy, but it is rather, I think, induced from slight abstraction of mind. Hope may falter a little, at times, but is easily aroused. There is a nobility attached to this character, and I feel that he is worthy to be regarded as a standard. The sphere is attractive and affects me delightfully.”

Mrs. Mettler paused a moment, and then added, “This person is much exercised with something concerning *literature*.”

Mr. Taylor is an enterprising *publisher* in Nassau street, New York. We have but a very slight personal acquaintance with the gentleman, and the appearance of this article will be the first intimation to Mrs. Mettler that his character has ever been submitted to her inspection. Of the fidelity of the preceding delineation, Mr. Taylor and his friends can best judge. Notwithstanding all he has said to dissuade us, we venture to incur the responsibility of its publication.

## RATIONALE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Many well-meaning persons regard the remarkable manifestations recently developed among us by essences or principles purporting to be spirits, as chimeras of the imagination, as unnatural occurrences, as deceptive humbugs, not worthy of a passing thought; some class them among the supernatural, while others ascribe them to a yet unknown phase or branch of mesmerism, and therefore emanating from the circles or media, in whose presence they are displayed. Be either or part or all of these as they may, let us deliberately sit down and reason together, examine and compare, and endeavor to form in our own minds a candid opinion on this extremely important subject. For, if it be true, it is highly deserving our most vigilant research and scrutinizing attention; it is fraught with momentous interest. If it be false, it certainly demands our most serious consideration. Ridicule and invective, condemnation and excommunication, hurled at it by its prejudiced opponents, will tend rather to perpetuate than to eradicate the error. Persecution always misses its aim; and like an ugly dream, often operates by opposites. The only effectual method to banish such, is to point out the falsity, or its hiding place, to its sincere advocates; and they will demolish it, and no longer pursue the treacherous object. If you believe it true, do not so dishonor truth, nor degrade yourself, nor violate your claimed integrity, as to discard a fact, and misrepresent your belief, by acting the hypocrite. If you are ignorant entirely whether it be true or false, not having sought evidence, or courted examination, be honest, and confess your ignorance. Authority is worthless, if unsustained by reason.

That there are such manifestations, we have the testimony of thousands, who were quite as skeptical, previously to their con-

viction of the reality, as any of the above cited classes. Thousands have been compelled, some with great reluctance, to believe, not from mere hearsay, as is too usual among our creed-making friends, but through personal examination. They have observed with the same eyes, heard with the same ears, felt with the same hands, used by them to see, hear, and feel all other objects and occurrences whether daily or uncommon, ordinary or extraordinary; and to them, at least, it is obvious that something more than imagination or deception is at the foundation. Starting then from this point, let us carefully inquire what may be the cause of these phenomena.

By a peculiar mode of reasoning, mathematicians trace out the orbits and governing laws of the planets, and thereby designate the exact place of any particular planet at any assigned moment. It matters not whether they select the brilliant Venus, or the invisible Neptune, whether it be a star or a nebula, whether it be day or night, nor whether the object be visible or imperceptible; the same principle is involved. Let the practical astronomer, for instance, shut himself within a blinded and curtained room. Give to him a slate and pencil. After a series of calculations, he will promptly read from that slate directions to what spot in the heavens to point the telescope; or he will so accurately arrange his circles and verniers, that the instrument may point in accordance with those calculations. He can see nothing in the sky; for he is in a barricaded apartment. But, to be convinced, remove the window, or perforate the roof; then look through the tube and the designated planet, or star, or nebula, will be beautifully visible within the telescopic field. He can, of course, do the same by day, when we know the stars are invisible. Now, what has he effected without the immediate use of his eyes? For, first, the planet or star, by reason of its remoteness, was far beyond the reach of unassisted sight; secondly, had it been a visible object by night, the splendor of mid-day would obscure it from view; and thirdly, were it by day visible, like the sun or the moon, its rays would be precluded by the blinds and curtains. That astronomer has discovered and traced out, with astonishing exactitude, the very identical line or path marked for the planet to follow and thread; and had this line or path been fortuitously

described, or the planet ungoverned by some admirable system with mathematical precision, no system of calculation could have detected it. Thus we observe that the self-same principle is involved in the solution as that employed by its author in establishing its destined path. And this proves the intellects of mathematicians to be homogeneous with the intellect of the great Legislator, who enacted those laws, produced those planets, and ordained those orbits. It likewise proves that these intellects act, operate and circulate in the same plane of intellectual existence with the wise Architect, else they would not consciously see and experience the effects of those laws, nor understand them. As these laws were evidently originated and established by consummate wisdom and skill, so their operation is discoverable only by observation and patient reflection. Chance, hap-hazard, conjecture could not unravel them. And, as all men have intellects, the above remarks apply as well to all the human race as to astronomers and mathematicians, who are but men.

Now, the planets are moved by virtue of this ordaining, governing, intelligent power, at great speed and with wonderful precision through their orbits and on their axes; and these planets are composed of gross matter. They also seem to be permeated, saturated with this moving force or energy.

Again, man, being in his essence, mind, or intellect, homogeneous with God, has a body, organs, and limbs, permeated with this mind or power, whereby he moves his body and its parts, as God, or his agent, moves the planets. And this body, being of more refined materials than the planets, is more easily moved.

Then it is man's mind or spirit that moves his material parts or body. And, as in a social circle formed for the purpose, we observe the table moved by some unseen, intelligent power, we can deduce from the preceding and from analogy, the possibility of spirit causing the motion; and we may almost aver the impossibility of aught else than spirit causing it. As the table is composed of organized matter, or wood, a product of the earth, and consequently more refined than crude earth, it is more easily operated upon than crude matter would be. And, since we clearly perceive and admit that God, being, as it were, an infinite disembodied Spirit by the universal acknowledgment of all true theists,

does operate on gross matter, it follows that spirit can so operate. We also perceive that man's spirit can and does operate on refined matter, such as his own body, and limbs, and muscles, and nerves. Connecting with these positions, the other two, viz: his homogeneity of nature, and his circulation in the same plane, with God, we deduce the inference that man's disembodied spirit is the motive power in question.

This peculiar power or principle evinces intelligence in most of its operations,—in its motive energy, in its manœuvres, in its precision, in its communications, in its general conduct, in its signal characteristics. It exhibits the insignia of man.

That the table is infiltrated with something which seems to animate, to vitalize its every fiber and to fill its every pore, so that to the touch it will feel fraught with actual life rather than like a quantity of dead pine, beech, or mahogany, seasoned and stained or varnished for months and years, is abundantly evident to him who examines it carefully. That certain responsive sounds will promise to wrest it from your hands, raise it at some distance from, or cause it to fall over upon, the floor, and then to poise itself on one of its four legs, is also evident; so likewise is it clear that the promise will be fulfilled, however firm may be your grasp, however assiduous may be your vigilance. The unseen entity will watch you till a favorable juncture occur, or till it is ready to practice its ingenious ruse, when, suddenly, while all are engaged in lively conversation, and exerting no efforts of will towards this feat; a rapid blow is dealt to your knee or body with a corner, or some other unexpected *coup de main* is performed, and during the instant your attention is attracted thereby to the assaulted spot, the table is pulled from the lap whereon it was resting, and precipitated on the floor before you, writhing upon its side like a stiff-legged quadruped, endeavoring to rise, until it has become poised as agreed; or your wondering eyes will behold it suspended and floating in the air over your apprehensive head. In this instance, the company were thinking of various matters, and exerting no will. Yours was resisting the table's removal and fall, or was passive. The very ruse was obviously not your own, else it would not have surprised and outgeneraled you. It could not have been accomplished by a combination of faith.

when most present were skeptics, and having long waited in vain for the performance, had abandoned all hope and expectation to behold it, and had surrendered their minds and conversation to foreign topics. Surely, if faith will lift a mountain such skepticism as is brought to bear upon these manifestations, may sink a navy. In mesmerism, spirit operates upon spirit, not upon matter. If then our minds operate upon the spirits that exert muscular action and display intelligence, calculation, and forethought, it changes not our position; for, these latter (disembodied spirits) respond and act, even under that contingency.

That they respond, and oftentimes correctly by means of certain sounds, spell by the alphabet, direct individuals' hands to write and print names, dates, sentences, to draw profiles of the agents purporting to be the spirit-communicators, or of other deceased persons, is evident to those who have frequented the circles. These communications are often astounding in their character and precision, and altogether different from anticipation. They can hardly be the united rap of the assembled mesmeric influence; for the parties are various in their thoughts, feelings, and relations; some skeptical, some credulous, some serious, some comical, some refined, some coarse, some learned, some ignorant, most of them strangers to each other and to these phenomena; and their ideas are wandering every where in angular fragments. There can scarcely be sufficient unison in their midst to form or to elicit a connected series of intelligent raps. No person seems to concatenate or assimilate their conflicting thoughts and wishes; and yet the communication or announcement is something previously unknown to any one present, and is afterwards found to be punctiliously correct. They are sometimes in direct opposition to the individual or united wills of the persons assembled, and sometimes are couched in the classical languages, in the uncouth characters of the Greek or Hebrew alphabet, and that too through an illiterate medium. Can this be mesmerism, as it is generally understood?

If we see not the spirit, which moves the table or produces the sound, so neither do we see that which moves our hand, nor the propelling power of the planets. We can not see the principle of electricity, which permeates all matter; and yet we believe—we

know these to exist. The same invisibility to the unassisted eye attaches to the stars by day, though we can optically demonstrate their presence by pointing the telescope upwards to them. The glare of sunlight flooding the eyes, overpowers the light of the stars, and obscures them from the vision. Their figures or images are undoubtedly pictured upon the retina, though so faintly in comparison with the solar rays as to be absolutely imperceptible. Night or large eclipses are essential to their visibility. So with the spirits. Their forms are invisible to the material or external eye. The glare and grossness of materiality obliterate their airy, transparent outlines from our view. The eye can behold, the ear can hear, the touch can feel, the effects produced by them upon matter, as these senses are cognizant of electric phenomena, though not of electricity itself. We can not see them in the dazzling light of physical life; it requires a suspension of our ordinary consciousness, the darkness of abstraction, to view them distinctly. Sharpen the eye with mesmeric sleep, and their presence is palpable. An entranced medium will describe their features and appearances to your satisfaction so that the identification will be complete. To him they are strangers; you also are a stranger. A relative, whom you supposed alive and well, is truly announced as in the spirit-world. You are to judge the fidelity of the description. Ask the entranced concerning the act of a certain person in a remote town, whom you nor he has seen for months. You are informed, and careful inquiry corroborates the account and verifies the delineation. Test the sleeper by many such experiments; then, unblushingly deny that it can be so; deny that he can see through walls and the convexity of our earth; deny that he saw anything. For, you may as well question his veracity and deny these, in the very teeth of their positive demonstration, as deny that he sees spiritual beings, just as accurately portrayed.

Now, if we apply to this momentous subject the inductive method of reasoning, by collecting observed facts for a basis, there will be but little chance of escape from the conclusion that man's disembodied spirit is alive, powerful, intelligent; that it can approach near us even to contact; that it acts homogeneously and in a similar plane with God, moving tables, producing sounds,

imparting intelligence, as God moves the planets with their gross contents, produces electric concussions, and inspires man with information. And this posthumous existence is in strict accordance with the sincere Christian's professed belief ; and whatever argument or sophistry may be adduced to banish the doctrine from society, will equally bear upon the fate of Christianity. Let it be remembered that confidence in the soul's immortality can not be too strongly enstamped upon our race, nor too lucidly demonstrated, however various may be the ways and means employed to rivet conviction.

At any rate, we do not believe these manifestations are imaginary chimeras, or delusive humbugs ; but that they are perfectly natural, and in conformity to reason and analogy. If any doubt, refuse not to attend and investigate for yourselves, as did ~~the~~ stubborn enemies of Galileo, when he asserted the existence of Jupiter's satellites, and referred them with earnest entreaty to his telescope for proof and conviction. Their obstinate refusal to look, betrayed their fear of being convinced. Is it so with you ?

*Charlestown, Mass.*

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## DEATH.

### A VISION.

BY HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

Oh ! Death where is thy sting !  
Oh ! Grave where is thy victory !

I see a beautiful grove of stately trees in full foliage and in its shade numerous animals reposing and frolicing. On the outer side of the grove is a little lake, on whose placid waters swans and geese, and various aquatic birds with gay plumage are floating. The trees around are full of birds, hopping and flying from twig to twig, enjoying that calm and balmy air and filling it with their song.

On the bank of the lake, I see quite a number of animals grazing, lying down to repose, or playing. The whole scene is one of delightful repose and harmony. There, a lamb and a young lion are playing together like kittens stumbling over each other

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on the green sward. There, a full grown lion is standing watching them in calm repose, while two little chubby boys of four or five years old are playing with him. One of the boys is trying to get on his back to have a ride. He has got his little hands wound in the lion's mane and is struggling to hoist himself up. The other boy comes to his aid, takes hold of his feet and attempts to help him up. The monarch of the wood pays no attention to them but seems intent only on the gambols of his cub and the young lamb, in which he is evidently taking a quiet pleasure.

In the distance I see the towers and domes of lofty palaces and human habitations; not far in the distance to be sure, but in a pleasant valley and in a beautiful soft purple light, such as artists love to give to their pictures of Italian scenery.

I do not comprehend what the picture means. There is evidently great harmony and innocence here, but no human beings except those two boys.

Ah! now I see a couple come strolling slowly out of the shade of the woods towards the lake, and towards that side of it where the children are. They are evidently of high polish, as if some of England's aristocracy. They are a man and woman dressed in our garb, except that the female wears a long trail to her silk gown and over her shoulders lays in easy folds a black lace shawl. She is graceful and stately in her gait; he young, tall and erect. She is resting on his arm, and they saunter slowly along, themselves a picture of happiness and confiding affection. Their backs are partly towards me, so that I can not see their faces, and it is evident that it is not in them I am to seek a solution of this mystery.

But see! they quicken their pace and hurry round the end of the lake so as to come on to this side. What now? Ah! I see. At the end of the lake they meet two men dressed in the ancient Egyptian costume wearing singular caps on which towers are represented. They converse a moment together and then all four hurry on toward this side the lake. There they find a party of ten or twelve others dressed in the same Egyptian costume but some of them older and more staid and grave in their deportment. They are huddled together, and those whom I first saw mingle in the crowd and are lost to my view, still, what does all

this signify? They now form a circle and are intently occupied with something lying on the grass within the circle. What it is, I can not see; they stand in my way. They seem to have discovered this and a few of them fall back and give me a view of what is before them.

It is a human corpse, lying in its shroud in a coffin. They have never seen such a thing before. One of the party found it in his rambles and brought it to his companions to see if they could help to find out what it is. It is interesting to see them in their examination. They lift the shroud and discover under it a perfect human form like their own, but it has no life in it. They lift the eyelids; they see eyes there, but there is no speculation in them. And they proceed to investigate the phenomenon calmly, without emotion, and above all, without horror, as if solely with the view of understanding what it is, this Death that is before them.

And now the light breaks in upon me and I perceive what the picture means. The silk garment, the lace shawl, the attitudes and carriage of the male and female and the palaces in the distance, all intend to represent a high state of refinement and intellectual progress. The scene around the lake, a condition of innocence and harmony; and the Egyptian *savans* calm, deliberate, investigating wisdom.

And the moral is, that in a state of refinement, intellectual advancement, innocence and harmony, Death is to the eye of Wisdom, but a phenomenon to be investigated and not a bug-bear to frighten.

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With the imposing evidences of man's capacity for improvement—illustrated by the most brilliant achievements in every department of physical science—are mingled the proofs of his profane idolatry of worldly things. After all our boasted piety, how many would exchange their all of paradise for a small patch of earth! A farm, a city lot, or a few shares of bank stock, are, in the estimation of their possessor, of more consequence than the growth of the soul. It avails nothing to talk to men of this description of their spiritual interests, unless they are to be secured by bond and mortgage.

S. B. B.

## Editorial.

### SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

We are unwilling to approach any subject with that cowardly caution that pauses to calculate the precise amount of truth which will be most acceptable to the largest number. While we shall be careful, in the following statement, to admit only such facts as are duly authenticated, the reader is cordially invited to help himself to just such a *portion* of the truth as will suffice to satisfy his personal necessities. If, in any, the function of spiritual digestion be weak, such shall be allowed to partake sparingly or not at all, as will best promote the soul's health. But in the *preparation* of the dish, of course, no one will expect us to be limited by any merely local demand. The individual appetite is quite too capricious to be accepted as our guide. We must have a more undeviating standard, and this is furnished in all the works and ways of Wisdom. The products of the earth are not circumscribed on account of a few dyspeptic people; but the grain grows and Nature yields her fruits, in the same abundance, though we may be wanting in the capacity to receive and enjoy them. Neither is Heaven's light measured and tempered to suit weak eyes, but is adapted to the organs in its healthy condition. If, in some persons, the sense of vision is diseased and feeble, that is their misfortune for which we are suitably sorry. But this is no good reason why the race should be satisfied with nothing but moonlight. The *sun* must be permitted to shine; and if any are afflicted with the light it is their privilege to retire into the shade; or, they may obscure the solar ray by such artificial means as will graduate the measure of light by the standard of individual capacity.

The spiritual manifestations, which at first were restricted to the rappings, have of late been exceedingly diversified. In the present statement it is not my object to attempt a learned or critical disquisition on the principles that underlie the various phenomena. I write rather to establish their actual occurrence than to refer them to their appropriate causes. The following classification will afford some general idea of their variety and startling nature.

Ponderable objects are often moved — suddenly and with much force — when no physical instrumentalities are employed, and the human senses can detect no cause of motion. We are daily called to witness facts which seem to warrant the presumption that gravitation and inertia are but inferior and involuntary natural forces, which may be suspended in a greater or less degree — perhaps entirely — by the higher energy of mind.

Mr. Charles Partridge, in his fourth letter to the *Tribune*, states that on three several occasions, in the month of August, 1851, remarkable displays of the invisible power were witnessed at his house and at the residence of a friend in New York. First, on the 12th of August, when several gentlemen were assembled for the purpose of pursuing the investigation, the spiritual power was thus displayed: [We quote the substance of the statement.] ‘We were seated,’ says the narrator, ‘around a common card table, when, toward the close of our sitting, each member of the company successively raised one side of the table from six to eighteen inches, and requested the spirits to raise the opposite side to correspond, which was done to each of us. We asked them to raise the table without our aid, and they did so to the height of a foot or more from the floor. On the 13th of August still more remarkable displays of power were witnessed. The table which, on this occasion, was a large extension dining-table, estimated to weigh three hundred pounds, was raised with great apparent ease. A gentleman from abroad who was disposed to question the spiritual origin of these manifestations, was requested to sit on the table; he complied, but the table was moved as before. Dr. Gray and Mr. Roff then took seats on the table, which was still raised in the same manner. Again, on the 29th of August, when similar manifestations were occurring at the house of Mr. Part-

ridge, R. W. Hartley of London was present, and taking hold of the table exercised all his strength to restrain its motion ; but it was still moved with the same ease and energy as before. He tried to lift it up, and it was held down ; he tried to hold it down, and it was lifted up.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, in one of her letters to Mr. Greeley, says, "In well lighted rooms I have often seen heavy tables moved violently—have seen objects moved in any given direction, in compliance with a *mental* request of my own."

The following statement furnished us for publication may be appropriately inserted in this connection.

"This may certify that, on the 28th day of February, 1852, while the undersigned were assembled at the residence of Mr. Rufus Elmer, Springfield, Mass., for the purpose of making critical experiments in the so-called spiritual manifestations, the following, among other remarkable demonstrations of power, occurred in a room thoroughly illuminated. The table, around which we were seated, was moved by an invisible and unknown agency, with such irresistible force that no one in the circle could hold it. Two men—standing on opposite sides and grasping it at the same time, and in such a manner as to have the greatest possible advantage—could not, by the utmost exercise of their powers, restrain its motion. In spite of their exertions the table was moved from one to three feet. Mr. Elmer inquired if the Spirits could disengage or relax the hold of Mr. Henry Foulds ; when suddenly—and in a manner wholly unaccountable to us—Mr. Foulds was seated on the floor at a distance of several feet from the table, having been moved so gently, and yet so instantaneously, as scarcely to be conscious of the fact. It was proposed to further test this invisible power, and accordingly five men, whose united weight was *eight hundred and fifty-five pounds* stood on a table (without castors) and the said table, while the men were so situated, was repeatedly moved a distance of from four to eight inches. The undersigned further say that they were not conscious of exerting any power of will at the time, or during any part of the exhibition ; on the contrary they are quite sure that the exercise of the will is always a serious impediment to such manifestations.

At the close of these experiments it was perceived, on lifting one end of the table, that its weight would increase or diminish, in accordance with our request. Apprehending that the supposed difference might be justly attributable to fancy, or to some unconscious variation in the manner of applying the motive power, it was proposed to settle the question by weighing the end of the table. At the first experiment it required a force equal to nineteen pounds to raise the end of the table. This was fairly tested to the entire satisfaction of all present. The Spirits were then requested to apply the invisible power. The balance was now applied in precisely the same manner as before, when the weight was found to have been suddenly increased from six to twelve pounds, varying as the mysterious force was increased or diminished, so that it now required a force of from twenty-five to thirty-one pounds to separate the legs of the table from the floor. Daniel D. Hume was the medium on this occasion, and it is worthy of remark that during the performance of the last experiment, he was out of the room and in the second story of the house, while the experiment was conducted in the back parlor below.

The undersigned are ready and willing, if required, to make oath to the entire correctness of the foregoing statement."

The original paper was signed by John D. Lord, Rufus Elmer, and nine others, citizens of Springfield, Mass.

Lights are produced in dark rooms. Sometimes there appears a gradual illumination, sufficient to disclose very minute objects, and at others, a tremulous phosphorescent light gleams over the walls, and odic emanations proceed from human bodies, or shoot meteor-like through the apartment. These phenomena are of frequent occurrence, and are not accounted for by any material hypothesis, unless, indeed, they are comprehended under the popular generalization which ascribes the whole to human fraud and delusion. I have seen these lights in all their variety. On one occasion when a number of friends were assembled at my own house, there occurred a gradual illumination of the apartment. It appeared like the twilight half an hour after the dawn. The light continued to increase for about fifteen minutes, and then gradually diminished.

On the 30th of March I chanced to be one of a company con

vened at the house of Mr. Elmer in Springfield, Mass.—Mr. Hume, the medium, being present—when the room was darkened to see if the mysterious illumination would occur. Immediately the gross darkness began to be dissipated, and in a few moments, the forms of all the persons in the room were distinctly visible. Without disclosing her purpose to any one, Mrs. Elmer mentally requested that the spirits would restore the darkness, and, almost instantly, the change was perceived by the whole company, and soon every form was lost in the deepening gloom.

In the month of December last, while passing an evening with some friends in the same place, Mr. Gordon being the medium, odic lights of great brilliancy were seen moving in various directions—occurring at intervals—while a peculiar phosphorescence moved in undulating and broken waves over head. Again, being at the house of Mr. Partridge, in New York, where several others were assembled, I was quite unexpectedly overwhelmed with drowsiness. I leaned forward and rested my head on the table, and was soon in a profound sleep. From this state of insensibility I was suddenly aroused by a powerful shock. Two most brilliant lights—like balls of fire, about two inches in diameter—were, at that instant, projected from the second pair of nerves of special sensation, when a simultaneous and very powerful movement of the table occurred, in the direction from which the lights proceeded.

Mrs. Whitman, in one of her letters to the Tribune, says: “I have seen electric lights of great brilliancy, which filled the upper part of the room and remained visible for several minutes, and which were observed at the same moment by three or four persons.”

In addition to the ordinary sounds—the rappings—others, closely resembling those produced by the prosecution of various industrial occupations, frequently occur. The sound of the hammer, saw and plane, the creaking of a ship at sea, and the discharge of fire-arms, are familiar manifestations of the invisible presence, and are generally alleged to proceed from the spirits of men who are found, on inquiry, to have been engaged in those employments while on the earth. In March, 1851, I was present with eighteen persons, assembled at the dwelling of Mr. Bidwell, in Newton, Ct. It was on occasion of the vernal equinox and

a storm was raging with great violence. One of the company commenced singing "The Sailor Boy's Dream," when sounds like those heard at sea in a gale, immediately occurred, with other signs of a tempest and of distress. Sounds like thunder, and others closely resembling the discharge of heavy ordnance at a distance, were heard while the singing was continued; and when the song was afterward repeated, the sounds occurred as before.

On occasion of my first interview with the spirits, when a deceased brother was required to demonstrate his alleged presence, he commenced firing minute-guns. Lest possibly my imagination should be somewhat taxed to supply the fancied resemblance, I preserved silence till several persons remarked that the sounds resembled a discharge of fire-arms. Some one inquired what the manifestations implied, when the invisible presence informed the company that he was *shot* at San Jacinto, Texas, which was the fact concerning my brother.

Musical sounds are produced by the use of instruments while they are acted upon by no visible agents. Some time since the Buffalo Republic announced the following:—"Several citizens visited the ladies (Fox family) at the Phelps House last evening, when the spiritual manifestations were peculiarly mysterious and astounding. In addition to the knockings, they actually caused the bells of the house to ring. The landlord brought in his gong and laid it on the floor in the room where the ladies sat, but some eight feet out of their reach. The gong was made to give forth its sounds to the utter astonishment of all present."

Mrs. Whitman, in her letter to Horace Greeley, published in the Tribune of January 17, 1852, says, "Holding the right hand of a medium in my left, while her left hand was held by a gentleman of my acquaintance, I have placed the guitar on my lap, and, at my suggestion, the strings have vibrated, as if swept by a powerful and skillful hand, for a period of ten or fifteen minutes."

Physiological changes are said to be produced by spiritual action. A few weeks since a distinguished literary lady informed me that recently, while suffering from extreme pain in the head, occasioned by a congestive state of the circulation, the spirits directed her to place herself in a certain position, and they would magnetize her; she accordingly obeyed, and soon a profound sleep

supervened from which she awoke, at a late hour the next morning, with the circulation equalized and the pain entirely relieved.

In a communication recently received from D. J. Mandell, of Athol, Mass, the writer relates the following: "Not long since a young man in this neighborhood, when in the presence of a medium, took the liberty to inquire after the health of his wife who was absent on a visit. Being informed that she was then suffering from a severe toothache, he requested the spirit to go and psychologize her, for the purpose of relieving the pain, and received for answer that the spirits would make the effort. The young man noted the hour. Two or three days subsequently, the young man was at the place where his wife had been visiting. He made casual inquiries concerning her health during their separation, and was informed that she had been generally well, except on a certain day, when she had the *toothache*; but on retiring to rest, at about ten in the evening, the pain suddenly ceased and she had not suffered from it since. That day was the very day on which the rapping invisibles had announced that she was suffering with toothache, and *ten o'clock was the precise hour* when the spirit promised that he would make an effort to relieve her."

Sometimes a foreign agency seizes the nerves of voluntary motion and the medium becomes a passive instrument in the hands of an unknown power. Under this influence he is impelled to write or otherwise express sentiments and opinions which he is not conscious of entertaining at the time. When the medium writes, the nervous and muscular action is often extremely rapid, and so powerful as to counteract the most vigorous efforts of the will. It not unfrequently happens that the ideas thus expressed are wholly repugnant to the views of the medium. Among the writing media most known to the public are Charles Hammond, R. P. Ambler, Mrs. Frances H. Green, Samuel Taylor M. D., and others. This class of media often write with astonishing rapidity and, as they affirm, without the slightest consciousness of what is being communicated any faster than the mind is informed through the sense of vision. Moreover, the hand-writing is essentially different from that of the medium, and is observed to change frequently, whenever the spirit in rapport withdraws its presence and another assumes the control. Thus the peculiar chirography

of many deceased persons is represented, and the fidelity of the execution is often quite remarkable.

Since we have referred to Dr. Taylor, it seems proper to observe that, although an instrument of the invisible power, he is not a believer in the spiritual origin of the phenomena. His experience, as related in a late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, is interesting and valuable for the facts it contains, but his hypothesis, which ascribes it to "*detached vital electricity*," seems to us improbable if not wholly absurd. No attempt is made to show the specific relation of the facts to the agent in question. *How* electricity, or any inorganic substance, whether dense or rarefied, can produce effects which so far transcend the whole plane of material nature—facts which carry their own demonstration that they are the offspring of intelligence—or how any merely involuntary action of the human faculties can produce such results, unconsciously to the medium and often in opposition to his will, and against every voluntary and higher effort of the mind, remains to be explained. To say that this electric agent is governed by some indirect and unconscious action of the medium's own mind, while by no direct, voluntary or positive effort can he accomplish the same results, contradicts all human experience. It virtually assumes that the mind is most powerful when it is wholly inactive. When Dr. Taylor fails in a most vigorous effort to run a mile in ten minutes, but gets over the ground with all ease by remaining passive, we shall be ready to entertain his hypothesis. Moreover, how electricity, so subtle and so universally diffused, has been kept quiet so long, or by what means it became *detached* at last, and what fantastic tricks it is likely to perform, now that it is fairly loose in the world, are, in the meantime, matters of curious speculation which Dr. Taylor approaches with the most exemplary caution.

In the entranced state it is common for the medium to personate successively several deceased persons, representing in a sort of chirological manner, or in pantomime, the nature of their employments while on earth, the circumstances attending the dissolution of the body, the manners, habits and other distinctive peculiarities of the person whose presence is thus made known. Among the very numerous examples of this kind I have space

for only one or two in this connection. In the month of August, 1851, C. W. Lawrence, the medium, was spending a few days at the residence of S. W. Britton, Troy, N. Y. One afternoon when several friends were discussing the manifestations some one proposed an interview with the spirits. During the sitting that followed, the medium was entranced and soon began to indicate, by the most unmistakable signs, that he was at sea in a storm. He seemed extremely active watching closely every motion of the ship. Presently his limbs began to move as if in the act of ascending to the mast-head. At length, reaching the top he appeared to make a false step, lost his equilibrium and fell overboard. Here the medium fell out of his chair and calling aloud for help commenced using his arms as if in the act of swimming. For a moment he choked and struggled like a drowning man, and then was silent, motionless, and to all human appearance dead. Several minutes transpired when a sudden tremor was visible in the prostrate form, and then — with one spasmodic effort, in which every fiber of the medium's body seemed convulsed with mortal pangs — he bounded to his seat and seizing a pencil wrote, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows — "Father, I am here, Edward." Mr. Britton thereupon informed the company that he had a son Edward, and that some years since, during a severe gale, he fell from the mast-head into the sea and was drowned.

The scene was now changed. Taking his seat at the table, the medium appeared to be eating with a great appetite. Some one remarked that eating was such a universal practice, with men in the flesh, that it would be extremely difficult in this case to identify the spirit. In a moment, however, the motion of the arms was arrested and the medium placed his right hand over his heart. The extensors were slightly convulsed. A strange, guttural sound was heard for an instant, and again the vital action seemed suspended. After a momentary pause — during which the whole scene was inexplicable to most of the company — Mrs. S. W. Britton, observed in substance that she could not resist the conviction that her father was present, for that he had died suddenly of disease of the heart while eating his dinner. In this as in many similar cases the medium was unacquainted with the history of the parties whose psychical presence was thus disclosed,

having been introduced to the family of Mr. Britton but a day or two before.

When the medium possesses inward sight, events and circumstances in the history of persons long since separated from the body are often unexpectedly disclosed. Philip James Jones, a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, relates that on his first coming into the presence of Mrs. Mettler, an interesting clairvoyant and spiritual medium, he desired a test of the actual presence of the spirits, presuming that if successful in eliciting any satisfactory demonstrations they would emanate from Mrs. Jones, who had but recently left the form. But the medium immediately commenced speaking of some person whom she called Charles, and turning to Mr. J. she said, "Charles is your uncle; he was shot at the battle of Waterloo." Then, placing her hand on the upper portion of the left breast, she distinctly intimated that he received the fatal injury in that place. The medium moreover affirmed that Charles in his last moments thought of Mary, a near relative who was then in Ireland, and that at the precise hour of his dissolution he appeared to her in the city of Dublin. Mr. Jones assured me that on his mother's side he had an uncle Charles Henderson, an officer in the English army, and that *he was killed at the battle of Waterloo by a musket shot which took effect in his left breast.* Mr. Jones further observed that, although the circumstances occurred before his birth, he had often, in his childhood, heard the melancholy story of his uncle, and especially of his mysterious appearance in Dublin at the hour of his death. He positively affirmed that he had not thought of his uncle at that time and that the circumstances were seldom or never brought to his mind, unless some reference was made to the history of his family or to the battle of Waterloo.

We have but a very limited faith that the subordinate spirits in the other life have power to predict, with any degree of precision, events that are likely to be influenced by fortuitous circumstances; yet occasionally a fact is presented that may be worthy of a passing notice. While the discussion with Mr. Burr was pending at Bridgeport, I was unexpectedly summoned to receive a communication. I am quite sure that no one suspected its nature. On this occasion the spirits proceeded to intimate very definitely the

course Mr. Burr would pursue in the debate, mentioning, among other things, that he would introduce a letter from a member of the celebrated Hutchinson Family—the invisible intelligence disclosing at the same time what was most material to me concerning its contents—and that if the reading of the letter should be demanded, Mr. Burr would wave that matter on the ground that he had not time, and instead of reading the communication to the audience would submit his own version of its contents. It was further stated that a person living in Bridgeport, whose name was given, would be called by Mr. Burr to bear testimony against certain manifestations alleged to have occurred in that city; all of which did transpire as previously announced. Even the excuse of Mr. Burr, for not reading the Hutchinson letter, was couched in very nearly the same words as previously rendered by the rapping oracle. Some seven or nine persons, including three justices of the peace, certified to these facts at the time, whose written statement voluntarily given can be produced if necessary.

Disclosures are otherwise made by symbolic representations. A kind of hieroglyphic or picture-language is employed with which the medium soon becomes familiar, and which is deemed as significant as it is beautiful. Several distinguished persons are known to belong to this class of media. For some beautiful illustrations under this head, the reader is referred to the visions, of Judge Edmonds, now in course of publication in the *Shekinah*.

The power to vocalize is in some instances displayed in a most astonishing manner. One of the most remarkable exhibitions of this kind I have ever witnessed occurred at my house about four months since. Several friends were assembled and among them Mrs. Porter, much of whose spiritual experience might tend to confirm rather than weaken the popular skepticism. On this occasion, however, every person present was utterly amazed at the wonderful nature of the performance. Mrs. Porter had been in the company but a short time when she became entranced, and commenced giving some remarkable displays of ventriloquial power. She imitated the singing of frogs, so that there seemed to be at least two or three, of widely different capacity, singing at the same moment. Her rendering of the notes of various birds and her imitations of some six different musical instruments, transcended

any exhibition of vocal sounds I have ever listened to. All this time, it should be observed, the medium claimed to be in rapport with the guardian spirits of Jenny Lind, several of whom were said to be among the most renowned masters of the art. At our request, the "Bird Song," the "Echo Song," "Sweet Home," as also several pieces of difficult operatic music, were given with such artistic taste and discrimination, with such blended power and sweetness as thrilled every bosom with astonishment and delight. This medium is but an ordinary singer in her normal condition. On several other occasions she has given some imperfect illustrations of this musical inspiration, but we have witnessed nothing that could be regarded as a decided approximation to the performance already described.

Some months since, while visiting in one of the most respectable families in Connecticut, I met a young lady sixteen years of age—the name I am not permitted to mention—who had suddenly become subject to the control of invisible masters. She had previously practiced music, and had learned to execute several pieces on the piano-forte, but all at once—and in a single hour—they were forgotten so that no trace of them remained in her memory. At the same time she received communications, purporting to come from the spirits of several eminent composers, to the effect that *they* had determined to attend to her musical education; and as they did not desire her to practice the pieces she was familiar with, they had taken the liberty to obliterate all remembrance of the music she had learned. Immediately she began to improvise in a most remarkable manner, performing at each succeeding trial new and difficult exercises. When I last heard from this musical medium, she was still subject to this infusion from the spirits of song.

Here we must suspend our classification for the present. The *facts* already submitted to the reader—to be disposed of as the individual judgment shall decide—are veritable realities, if the concurrent testimony of thousands of intelligent witnesses is sufficient to warrant the conclusion. No rational believer needs to be told that, these singular manifestations are associated with much that does not accord with the just demands of a cultivated taste and enlightened understanding. These imperfect manifestations may be altogether earthly, or they may be the dim, distorted and

spectral shadows of divine thoughts, broken and confused by contact with the base elements and inharmonious conditions of earth. It avails nothing to say that some of the phenomena may be artificially produced. The magicians of Egypt could do almost all things that Moses did; the miracles of Christ were performed by his disciples in the primitive church, and so adroitly imitated by Simon Magus, an arch apostate, as to deceive the Romans who honored him with a statue—erected on an island in the Tiber—which bore the blasphemous inscription, *Simoni deo sancto*. But the deification of Simon did not disprove the Divine existence, nor his pretended miracles affect the intrinsic nature and genuine evidences of Christianity. It is vain, therefore, to attempt to offset the real phenomena by instances of fraud and delusion. Amidst the seeming chaos, the calm and rational mind may possibly, even now, discern the vital principles of a Divine Order. Material science may sneer; learned skepticism, baptized in the name of Jesus may “behave itself unseemly;” but the facts do not seem to mind that. If science and theology can not dispose of these facts, they will be obliged to keep them on hand, since they can not be obliterated from the records of human experience. B.

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### MYSTICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

We commence in this number of the *Shekinah* the publication of the curious manuscripts, alleged to have been executed by the spirits that preside over the deliberations of the New York Circle. The accompanying specimen prepared—in cerography by Charles W. Morse—expressly for this work, will give our readers an idea of the beautiful style exhibited in their execution. The history of the manuscripts is sufficiently disclosed in the several statements of the Medium, the New York Circle, and Prof. George Bush, which, without further comment, are respectfully submitted to the public.

#### STATEMENT OF THE MEDIUM.

*Editor of the Shekinah:*

Dear Sir,—In pursuance of your request to communicate the facts of my experience, which relate to the origin of the writings.

হে ভাঙা, তোমরা বে পবিত্র আত্মার মান বি বয়  
অজ্ঞাত থাক, আমার এমন বাস্তব নয়।

وَأَمَّا فِي الرُّوحَانِيَّاتِ يَا أَخُوِّي فَأَيُّ أَحِبِّ أَنْ تَعْلَمُوا  
{ لَا تَدِينُوا أَيْلًا تَكُونُوا \* لَأَنَّ كَمَا تَدِينُونَ تَدَانُونَ وَبِالْكَيْلِ  
الَّذِي تَكُونُونَ بِهِ يَكُلُ لَكُمْ \* لِهَذَا تَنْظُرُ الْقُذِي فِي  
عَيْنِ أَخِيكَ وَلَيْسَ تَقْطُنَ بِالْخَشْيَةِ الَّتِي فِي عَيْنِكَ \* }

অন্য সত্যে সন্তোষিত হইয়া  
অন্য সত্যে তত্ত্বের মতে লইয়া  
পুনর্বিবেচনা

হুজুরের সত্যে  
কসি অনুরাগ সত্যে

এক দিবস যখন হইলেন মহান্না মাঝি এক নিবেদন  
করি।

הָלַלְתִּיךָ מִן הַקִּרְיָה וְהַכּוֹנֵחַ חַלְלָה קוֹלָה :

בְּדָמַשׁ קוֹנֵחַם עַל-כֵּךְ בֵּית עֲבִיבָה נִבְרָה :

לֹא-שָׁעִים לִפְיָהֶם מְכֻנָּה פְּחֻזִּים הָרָה :

מִלֵּבם אֲשֶׁם מִסְתַּח זְקוּלִי מִלְּבִי הָרָה :

כִּי מְכֻנָּה וְהָרָה מְכֻנָּה מֵת וְעַד

I submit the following brief statement: On the night of the 21st of November, 1851, while sleeping alone in the third story of the house I was awakened, about one o'clock, by sounds of footsteps in my room. Looking up I saw five men, some of them dressed in ancient costume, walking about and conversing together. Some of them spoke with me, and among other things told me not to be frightened, that they would not harm me, &c. I attempted to rise, however, to go down stairs, but found that my limbs were paralyzed. These strange visitants remained with me about three hours, and finally disappeared while going toward a window, and when within about two feet of it. They did not open the window. During the succeeding night, and at about the same hour, I was again awakened in a similar manner and saw several persons in my room. Some of those who were there on the previous night were present with others whom I had never seen before. One of them had what appeared to be a box about eighteen inches square and some nine inches high; it seemed to contain electrical apparatus. They placed the box on the table, and then, electrical emanations, like currents of light of different colors, were seen issuing from the box. One of the company placed a piece of paper, pen and ink, on the lid of this box. The luminous currents now centered around the pen which was immediately taken up and dipped in the ink, and without the application of any other force or instrument, so far as I could perceive, the pen was made to move across the paper, and a communication was made which I have since learned was in the Hebrew language. This information I received from Prof. Bush, to whom the writings were submitted for translation, and whose letter addressed to you will accompany this statement. Soon after three o'clock, my new companions left me as they had done the previous night, taking the box with them. During the time they were in my apartment I was in possession of my natural senses, and not only saw *them*, but the furniture in the room, by means of the illumination which their presence caused; and, I also heard the clock strike and carriages passing in the street.

I have since witnessed many similar occurrences in which writings, said to be in the Hebrew, Arabic, Bengalee, and other languages, have, in like manner, been executed in my room. I

only speak of the facts as disclosed to my senses; of the several languages referred to I know nothing.

Yours, Truly, E. P. F.

New York, March 26, 1852.

#### TESTIMONY OF THE NEW YORK CIRCLE.

On the first of August, 1851, a number of persons interested in the modern Spiritual Manifestations, formed themselves into a circle for the purpose of making careful observations concerning the phenomena referred to. This circle was composed of the following named persons: Judge Gray, Edward P. Fowler, Miss A. L. Fowler, Dr. Gray and lady, Dr. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partridge, D. Warner, Dr. Hallock and lady, W. J. Baner and lady, and Robert T. Shannon, who have been accustomed to meet once and sometimes twice a week. At some of these sittings, Judge Edmonds, Samuel Fowler, Almond Roff, S. B. Brittan, D. Minthoon, Prof. George Bush, and others, have participated by invitation.

In addition to the ordinary displays of power and intelligence we have received communications in French, Spanish, and various other languages—some of which were wholly unknown to the members of the circle—such as the Sanscrit, Malay, Bengalee, Arabic, and Hebrew. Some of these have been translated by persons familiar with those languages, and others have been rendered by the spirits.

The statement of Mr. Fowler relative to the occurrences in his room have, on numerous occasions and in various ways, been fully confirmed by the spirits that are wont to visit our circle. At our next meeting, following the occurrences of the 21st and 22d of November,—as described in the statement of Mr. Fowler—the spirits gave the signal for the alphabet and made the following communication: "My dear friends—I am happy to announce to you that the project which has engaged our attention for some years has at last been in part accomplished. I am,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

*Ques. By the circle.* Do you refer to what took place with Mr. Fowler on the nights of Friday and Saturday last?

*Ans.* "Yes."

At a subsequent meeting Mr. Partridge further inquired as follows :

Will the author of the manuscript in five different languages,\* executed in Mr. Fowler's room, make any communication that will serve to identify it with our circle?

Answer by the alphabet: "I was present when it was written and in part directed the forces. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Communicated in behalf of the circle.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, Rec. Sec.

New York, April 1st, 1852.

LETTER FROM PROF. BUSH.

MR. BRITTAN,

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your request, I willingly make a statement respecting the several communications in Hebrew, Arabic, Bengalee, &c. which have been submitted to my inspection. In doing so you of course understand that I speak merely as the witness of certain facts, and not as the partizan advocate of any theory by which these and similar facts may be attempted to be accounted for.

The first of these manuscripts was in Hebrew, containing a few verses from the last chapter of the prophet Daniel. This was correctly written, with the exception of several apparently arbitrary omissions, and one rather violent transposition of a word from an upper to a lower line. The next was from the book of Joel (Ch. II. 23—27), and was also correctly written with one or two trifling errors, of such a nature, however, as would be very unlikely to be made either by one who understood the language, or by one who should undertake to transcribe the passage mechanically from the Hebrew.

The other specimens were in the Hebrew, Arabic and Bengalee languages, to which I may add a paragraph in French written underneath the Bengalee and apparently a translation of it. As this was from Joel II. 28, 29, it could easily be verified by recurrence to a Bengalee version of the Scriptures in the Library of

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\*The manuscript referred to is the one published in this number of the Shekinah. — [ED.]

the American Bible Society. The sentences in the Arabic character were also ascertained to be mostly translations of a few verses from the Arabic version of the Scriptures. One of them, however, I am informed was alleged by the spirits to be a quotation or translation of some lines from Pope. But how this is to be understood I know not.

The style of the manuscript is very peculiar. Whoever were the penmen, the act of writing seems to have been preceded by some preliminary flourishes of a very singular and zizzag appearance, commencing at or near the top of the page, and connecting with the first word of the script. In the case of one of the Arabic extracts, there were traces over the paper, which indicated that the pen for some reason was not raised during the writings; besides which the lines run diagonally across the sheet, and were followed by an imperfect sentence in English, terminating in the Arabic word signifying *end*. Altogether the specimens are of an extraordinary character, such as I can not well convey by any verbal description.

As to the origin of the documents I am not yet prepared to express an opinion. They come proximately from the hands of Mr. E. P. Fowler, a young gentleman with whom I had previously no acquaintance, but who, since I have become acquainted with him, does not at all impress me as one who would knowingly practice deception upon others, however he might, by possibility, be imposed upon himself. He certainly has no knowledge of the above languages, nor do I think it likely that he is leagued in collusion with any one who has. A man who is versed in these ancient and oriental tongues would be, I think, but little prone to lend himself as a party to a pitiful scheme of imposture. It must, indeed, be admitted to be possible that Mr. Fowler may himself have copied the extracts from printed books, but I can only say for myself that, from the internal evidence, and from a multitude of collateral circumstances I am perfectly satisfied that he never did it. But my conviction on this score will, of course, have very little weight with others, which, however, is a point of small consequence with me. In like manner, I am equally confident that he, though the medium on the occasion, had, consciously, nothing to do with a Hebrew communication which was

spelled out to me in the presence of a circle of very respectable gentlemen, not one of whom, beside myself, had any knowledge of that language. In the present case, the only alternative solution that occurs to me is, that it was either an unconscious feat of somnambulism, or that it was the veritable work of spirits, effected by some spiritual-natural dynamics in the manner he describes. Which is most probable, or what is more probable than either, your readers must decide for themselves.

Very respectfully, yours &c.,

*New York, March 27, 1852.*

G. BUSH.

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### THE MEMORY OF JOHN ROBINSON.\*

BY ALVAN LAMSON, D. D.

There is no divine in the Unitarian Congregational ranks, who stands higher as a writer of pure English, or as a judicious sermoniser, than the Rev. Dr. Lamson, late Editor of the *Christian Examiner*. And in this discourse, or discourses, for they occupied a whole Sunday—we have a most reliable account, from the best scholar in ecclesiastical history in the country, of Robinson the first puritan divine, and of his puritan congregation at Leyden, Holland. We are glad the learned Doctor has set at rest the discussion, in regard to the day of the landing at Plymouth, fixing it on the 21st of December, and *not*, with some bad arithmeticians in regard to old style and new style,—on the 22d.

The good Doctor could not have used any language, as we apprehend, more peculiarly appropriate to the condition and wants of his Unitarian brethren, especially those of the Boston Association of which he is a member, than the passage which he quotes from glorious old Puritan Robinson's address at Leyden, to our Pilgrim fathers, when they set sail for these inclement shores. We *italicise* for the benefit of those modern Unitarians, who ostracised Channing,

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\* A Discourse delivered at Dedham, Mass., on Sunday, Dec. 21, 1851.

Pierpont, &c., on account of their reform spirit, and excommunicated Theodore Parker.

"If God reveal any thing to you, by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it, as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, I am very confident, that the Lord hath more truth yet to break out of his Holy Word. For my part, I can not sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed (Unitarian?) churches, *who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation.* The Lutherans can not be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our good God has imparted and revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, *yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God*; but, were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light, as that which they first received." "For it is not possible, that the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once." There would seem to be not a little satire in this quotation, by the good Doctor, of old parson Robinson's "Farewell Address;" and, though the language is two hundred and thirty-one years old, we should n't wonder if the Universalists and Unitarians, even of these days, could find it profitable to dwell on its advice. R.

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Do unto another as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself. Thou only needest this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest.—*Confucius B. C.*, 550.

Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.  
—*Jesus*.

It is much more holy to be injured than to kill a man.—*Pythagoras B. C.*, 600.

# The Spirit Land.

## A DUETT.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. FIRTH, POND & CO.—MUSIC COMPOSED BY V. C. TAYLOR.

The musical score is written for a duet in G major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment, with a 'Cres.' marking above the first vocal staff. The third system also continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment, with 'ff' and 'Dim.' markings above the first vocal staff. The lyrics are: 'There is a land my eye hath seen, In visions of enraptured thought, So bright that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glo'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.

There is a land my eye hath seen, In visions of enraptured thought, So bright that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glo

*Cres.*

*ff* *Dim.*

# THE SPIRIT LAND.

ry fraught; A land up - on whose bliss - ful shore There

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Spirit Land'. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'ry fraught; A land up - on whose bliss - ful shore There' are written below the vocal staves.

rests no shadow, falls no stain,—There those who meet shall

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'rests no shadow, falls no stain,—There those who meet shall' are written below the vocal staves.

part no more, And those, long parted, meet a - gain, And

The third system of musical notation, which concludes the piece on this page. The lyrics 'part no more, And those, long parted, meet a - gain, And' are written below the vocal staves.

# THE SPIRIT LAND.

those long parted, meet . . . a - gain.

*mf*  
Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light; It

bath no need of suns to rise, To dis-si-pate the gloom of night, To  
**Portamento.**

# THE SPIRIT LAND.

*Allegretto, mf*

dis - si - pate the gloom of night. There those who meet shall

*Rit. and Dim.*

*Allegretto, mf*

part no more, And those long parted, meet . . . a -

*Ad lib.*

gain, And those long parted, meet a - - gain.

*Ad lib.*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo and dynamics are marked 'Allegretto, mf'. The lyrics 'dis - si - pate the gloom of night. There those who meet shall' are written below the vocal line. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'part no more, And those long parted, meet . . . a -'. The piano accompaniment features more complex textures, including triplets and sixteenth-note patterns. The third system concludes with the lyrics 'gain, And those long parted, meet a - - gain.' and includes 'Ad lib.' markings above the vocal line, indicating a free-rhythm section. The piano part also has 'Ad lib.' markings and features flowing sixteenth-note passages.

1



J. W. Edmonds





## HON. JOHN WORTH EDMONDS.

THE father of this distinguished jurist was born in the city of New-York, at what is now the corner of William and Liberty streets, on the 27th of August, 1760. When the war of the Revolution broke out, he was a student at college, in Rhode Island. He, however, immediately left his studies, and enlisted in the army as a private soldier. In various capacities he served during the whole war, having risen from the ranks to an ensigncy, and, finally, to an assistant commissary. He was at the battles of Monmouth, Yorktown, etc. On the establishment of peace, at the age of twenty-three, he started to seek his fortune, having nothing but a horse, saddle, bridle, two blankets, and a little continental money. In 1784, during his wanderings, he arrived at the site of what is now the city of Hudson, then called Claverack Landing. There, as one of the first settlers, he opened a small store, in which business he was found by the emigrants from Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, who purchased the land, and laid the foundation of the city. He was at one time a member of the assembly and high sheriff of the county; and he continued in trade until the war of 1812, when he again entered the service of his country. He was soon appointed paymaster-general of the militia, in which office he continued for several years after the termination of the war.

He died at Hudson, in 1826, and within a few years a beautiful monument has arisen in its graveyard, erected to his memory by his son. His wife, the mother of the Judge, was Lydia Worth, daughter of Thomas Worth, one of the first settlers of Hudson. She was a descendant of William Worth, who emigrated from Devonshire, England, in 1640, and settled in Nantucket. From this common stock have descended Major-General Worth, of the United States army; G. A. Worth, Esq., president of the New-York City Bank; and the Olcott and Edmonds families.

After the death of General Edmonds, his widow resided chiefly with her son, the Judge, until she died, on the 20th of November, 1841. She was a member of the Society of Friends, and instilled into her children many of the tenets of that respected sect, which have evidently influenced their conduct through life.

Judge Edmonds was born in the city of Hudson, on the 13th of March, 1799. His early education was at private schools, and at the academy at Hudson, where he prepared for college. In October, 1814, he entered the sophomore class of Williams College, Massachusetts, in company with John Birdsall, afterward circuit judge of the eighth circuit, and attorney-general of Texas. In 1815, he solicited his dismissal from the college, and entered Union College, at Schenectady, where he graduated in July, 1816. On leaving college, he began the study of the law, at Cooperstown, with George Morrell, Esq., afterward chief-justice of Michigan. After remaining at that place about six months, he returned to Hudson, where he studied two years, in the office of Monell & Van Buren.

In the fall of 1819, he entered the office of Martin Van Buren, in Albany. He continued with the ex-president, residing in his family, until May, 1820, when he returned to Hudson, and entered upon the practice of the law. He continued at Hudson until his removal to New York, in November, 1837.

Inheriting the military disposition of his father, we find the Judge, at the age of nineteen, a lieutenant in the militia. He held various commissions in the service for about fifteen years, when he obtained the command of his regiment. This office he resigned in 1828, on being appointed, by De Witt Clinton, recorder of Hudson. To this day, throughout the old county of Columbia, the Judge is addressed as colonel, military honors appearing invariably to take precedence of all others.

At an early age, he took an active part in politics, ranking himself as a Democrat; and the first vote he ever gave was for Daniel D. Tompkins, when he ran for governor against De Witt Clinton.

In 1830, the Judge was elected by the Democrats of Columbia to the Assembly, in which body he soon became a leading and influential member.

In the fall of 1831, he was elected to the State Senate, receiving, in his district, an unprecedented majority of over 7,500 votes.

In the Legislature, he was remarked for the industry and energy which have been displayed since—insomuch that, in a “portrait” drawn of him by a political opponent, during the first year of his service in that body, it was said of him: “His legal acquirements are good, and, from the industry which he exhibits in the business of legislation, it may be safely judged, that when more advanced in years, he will be eminent in his profession. He speaks with fluency and correctness, and there is a clearness in his language and a candor in his statements, which cause him to be listened to with attention.” “He was formerly the editor of a newspaper in Hudson, and a violent and determined politician. But, from his present course, it would be supposed he had tempered his strong feelings, and as the heyday of his youth passes away, his judgment will, no doubt, prevail entirely over his feelings. If this should be the case, and he do not lose his praiseworthy industry, he must hereafter stand high among our distinguished men.”

The newspaper in which this sketch appeared has long since ceased to exist—its editor has been dead some time; twenty years have elapsed since it was written, and the prophecy has been fulfilled.

So great was this industry during that session, it has been computed that the reports written by him would fill a printed volume of 600 octavo pages. The principal portion of this labor was bestowed in the appropriate duties of his position, as chairman of the committee on canals. Yet he found time to devote to other topics. He was one of the select committee, who reported in favor of abolishing imprisonment for debt. He voted against the bill on that subject, which finally passed the legislature; which he condemned as too complicated and artificial, and as calculated to preserve imprisonment, in cases of debt, too much; and he advocated a system, substantially the same as that which now prevails in this State, under the Code of Procedure. In the meantime, and after twenty years' experience, the law which he opposed, though not repealed in terms, has fallen

into disuse, and given place to a more simple and more just system.

There was, however, no part of his career in the Assembly which attracted so much the attention of the public, as his course in regard to the Bank of the United States. General Jackson had not then commenced his war on that institution, which resulted, finally, in its overthrow, and agitated the nation in all its parts. Colonel Benton had, indeed, in the United States Senate, made an assault upon the bank, but there were very many, in the then dominant party, who considered that assault as very great heresy. It was under these circumstances, with a very decided Democratic majority in the Assembly, of at least five to one, and when a motion to postpone the whole subject indefinitely had been defeated by barely a tie vote, that Judge Edmonds threw himself into the front rank of the battle, and, with characteristic energy, carried it to a successful issue.

The ensuing year he was elected to the Senate of the State; and in that body, though a new member, was placed at the head of the canal committee, and on the judiciary committee. In the former position he remained only one year, being then transferred to the head of the bank committee, where he remained until the end of his term, and served on the judiciary committee the whole of his senatorial term, which was then four years. In the Senate the same industry and determination of character were displayed.

It was shortly prior to the monetary revolution of 1837, and the whole population seemed to be mad in its race for banks and canals. Projects for building canals, involving a public debt of many millions of dollars, and applications for one or two hundred new banks at a time, and a consequent ruinous inflation of the paper currency of the State, were some of the measures on which he took a decided stand; and it was often remarked, that he was never defeated in any position he took on those subjects. The number of new banks that were created was very limited, not more than five or six at each of the three first years of his term, and none whatever in the last year. And in that year he introduced, matured, and successfully carried, a measure for infusing a greater amount of coin into common cir-

ulation. This was effected by the law prohibiting the issuing of bank notes under the denomination of five dollars. The measure was violently resisted by the banks throughout the State, and when the suspension of specie payments occurred in 1837, they had influence enough with the Legislature, aided by the distresses of the people, arising from other causes, to procure its repeal. Yet even here the Judge's sagacity was displayed. His plan was to have the measure go into operation very slowly, and not fully, short of a period of six years. But, against his wishes, the Legislature altered the time to eighteen months, and thus the law was made to operate with its greatest severity, in the very midst of all the distress and embarrassment caused by the suspension of specie payments. There were not wanting men who were ready to take advantage of this state of things; and thus, a measure, which has prevailed in England, with great benefits, for fifty years, has been denied to our people.

Another measure, connected with the monetary affairs of the State, occurred about the same time. The war between General Jackson and his party on the one side, and the United States Bank and the opponents of the administration on the other, was raging at this time with great vehemence. It was believed by many of the leading politicians, and among them Judge Edmonds, that the bank was assaulting the business and prosperity of the State, in order to drive it from its position of hostility to it—a position which had gone a great way in sustaining General Jackson in his policy on this subject. To arrest it, he introduced into the Legislature a project for interposing the credit of the State, to sustain its interests in the contest.

Some of the most eminent capitalists of the city of New-York visited the Legislature, and proposed the creation of a mammoth local bank, as an antagonist to the United States Bank. This was opposed and defeated by Judge Edmonds and his associates, and instead of it he proposed to borrow \$6,000,000 on the credit of the State—and loan \$2,000,000 to the State banks, and the residue to the farming interests, through local loan officers.

A report, recommending that measure, and a bill to carry it into effect, drawn by him, were introduced into the Assembly, and such a law was passed.

It was always said by Mr. Edmonds, among the friends of the measure, that it would never be necessary to execute the law—and that its mere passage would have the effect to put an end to the war on the monetary affairs of the State. This anticipation was fully and very speedily realized, and the law never went into effect. It was the subject, however, of very violent attack from political opponents, and was defended by him, in the course of the ensuing summer, in a speech, characterized by great simplicity, directness, and research, and which was very widely circulated and read.

There was another topic of general interest, which arose during the Judge's legislative career, and on which, characteristically, he took a decided stand. That was nullification and secession, growing out of South Carolina's opposition to the tariff laws. This State was very resolute in standing by General Jackson on that occasion, and a report, said to have been from the pen of Mr. Van Buren, then vice-president elect, was introduced into the Senate, sustaining the policy of the administration, and denouncing the doctrines of nullification and secession as destructive of the Union. This report, when it came up for consideration, was very vehemently assailed by five or six of the strongest men in the Senate, and was defended by Mr. Edmonds alone. The contest lasted nearly a week, resulted in the triumphant adoption of the report, and placed New-York on high ground, on the side of the Union and its integrity.

In the last year of his term Mr. Edmonds was unanimously elected president of the Senate; and then, at the close of his term, his health being very much impaired, he retired from the Senate, declining a reelection, which was tendered him, in a district where his party were greatly predominant.

The most of the ensuing two years he spent in traveling, to recruit his health. He accepted a commission, from General Jackson, to visit the Indian tribes on the borders of Lakes Huron and Superior, and was at one time in the interesting position of being encamped with over six thousand of the natives of the forest. His letters to his family, written during this sojourn, are very graphic and interesting, and give a very vivid picture of that Indian life, which is so rapidly passing away from among us.

In the fall of 1837, he resigned his station, and removed from Hudson to New-York, where he resumed the practice of law. He almost immediately found himself in an extensive and profitable business, among the merchant princes of the commercial emporium.

In April, 1843, without any solicitation on his part, the Judge was appointed, by Governor Bouck, an inspector of the State Prison at Sing Sing. It was with much hesitation that he accepted this unthankful task. The labor was indeed herculean. Scarcely any discipline was maintained in the prison, and the *female prisoners had the entire control of the officers*, hundreds of the males were entirely idle, and the earnings fell short of the expenses by over \$40,000. But within eighteen months a great change was effected; the female portion of the prison was brought into complete subjection; strict discipline was introduced and maintained among the males, and the annual deficiency in the revenue was reduced to less than a tenth of the former sum.

This task, however, was easy in comparison with a reform of a different character which he sought to introduce. He found that, for more than fifteen years, the system of government which had prevailed in our State prisons was one purely of force; and where no sentiment was sought to be awakened in the breast of the prisoner but that of fear, and no duty exacted from him but that of implicit obedience. No instrument of punishment was used but the whip, which had the effect of arousing only the worst passions of both convicts and officers—a practice of abominable cruelty, long engrafted upon our penitentiary system—revolting to humanity, and destructive to all hope of reforming the prisoner. So thoroughly had it become engrafted, that the most experienced officers insisted that there was no other mode by which order could be kept. Besides, they found it was then so very easy to govern in that way.

Passion, prejudice, and selfishness, all combined to place obstacles in the way of this proposed reform, and its progress was very slow. Yet it steadily advanced, and when, in 1845, the Judge resigned the office of inspector, his system was in the full tide of experiment. It has been continued by his successors to the present time. It has also been introduced into the State prisons

of Auburn and Clinton, and is now the governing principle in all our State penitentiaries. With a view of carrying out his plan, in December, 1844, he instituted a "Prison Discipline Society," the object of which is the reform of prison government, and the aiding of prisoners on their discharge to lead honest lives. This society is in very successful operation, and enjoys a large share of public confidence. How great an amount of good can be accomplished by a single philanthropic individual! and for this one movement of the Judge, how many poor wretches will rise up and call him blessed! For this the tear of gratitude shall fall upon his grave, while angels proclaim, that "he who turneth one sinner from the error of his way, shall shine as the stars forever." "Man dies, but not one of his acts ever dies. Each, perpetuated and prolonged by interminable results, affects some beings in every age to come."

In the winter of 1845, Mr. Edmonds was appointed Circuit Judge of the First Judicial District. He was selected by Governor Wright, in preference to several able competitors for the office, one of whom has since been elected to a high judicial station. In 1847, under the organization of the Judiciary, according to the provisions of the Constitution of 1846, he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court; and in the appointed routine of official duties of his office, he has been successively associate Judge and presiding Judge of the most important judicial district of the State—perhaps of the Union—and has finally taken his seat, for the current year, in the Court of Appeals. This succession of offices has brought before him the widest and most varied range of judicial duties. As Circuit Judge, he was plunged at once into a multitudinous sea of jury trials, from which his predecessor had retired with shattered health, presenting every variety of *nisi prius* trial, offering for his examination the most complicated and minute facts of mercantile contracts, the subtlest combinations of fraud and evasive ingenuity, and the dreariest and most appalling mysteries of crime. As a Judge, under the new legal system, if he was partially relieved from jury trials, he was called to even heavier labors. A new code of procedure presented for daily decision important questions of practice, in which no assistance could be

obtained from precedents, and no solution sought in the experience of lawyers or judges. The Supreme Court, previous to 1846, had been literally overwhelmed with cases involving purely common-law questions; but the abolition of the Court of Chancery by the new Constitution, and the addition to the existing Supreme Court of Equity powers, imposed upon Judge Edmonds and his associates a vast mass of Equity suits, which the Chancellor and his suite of Equity Judges—able, learned, and indefatigable men, as they unquestionably were—had been entirely unable to prevent from largely accumulating. Of the cases which occupy the time, and are now almost hopelessly obstructing the progress of our highest State Courts, the city of New-York furnishes much more than a moiety. It is a remarkable instance of the carelessness or blindness of the members of the Convention of 1846, that, while they were so plainly increasing immensely the business of the Supreme Court for the District, including the metropolis, and combining within its jurisdiction all the powers and duties of the Circuit Court, of the Supreme Court, and of the Court of Chancery, they actually diminished the number of the judges. The Convention found the Circuit Judge, the two Vice-Chancellors, the Chancellor, and the three Supreme Court Judges inadequate to dispatch the law business of the city of New-York. It was called upon to provide tribunals to remedy this defect, and to meet the future exigencies of the hourly increasing population and swelling commerce of a city, which is the business centre of the Western hemisphere, and whose destiny will not stop there, and the result of its statesmanship was *to diminish the number of judges to four!* That the gentlemen who have filled these offices have not been entirely overwhelmed by the submerging tide of legal litigation is creditable to their energy and talents. That Mr. Edmonds has discharged his share of those duties with learning, talent and fidelity, is creditable to the governor who appointed him to a judicial post, and confirms the justice of the popular election.

In proceeding to more detail of the judicial life of Judge Edmonds, we would inform our readers of the laity, that a judge of the Supreme Court presents himself to the public in three aspects—first, he holds a *motion court* alone; next, he sits with

his associates *in bench*, as the lawyers call it, to hear and decide calendar causes; and, again, he holds courts for the trial of cases before a jury. There are other duties, such as those at *chambers*; and they are irksome, protracted, and laborious. There are solitary and silent labors—in the late hours of the night over the library desk. There are other numberless and vexatious calls on his time, his comfort, and his nerves. But the world sees the judge only in the three forms which we have indicated.

Should a stranger desire to become acquainted with the subject of these remarks, and to pass an hour—not without either profit or amusement—let him go to the Supreme Court about ten o'clock of a Saturday morning. He will find himself in a crowd, looking something like a mob. There is, however, no need of alarm. In that elbowing mass, he is in the midst of honorable men, and, keen and acute-looking as they are, his pockets are safe, except, indeed, against taxed costs and special allowances. This is the Motion Court. Here Mr. Justice Edmonds, we think, loves to appear; and certainly his quick perception, piercing investigation, and ready decision, appear to great advantage. The questions that come before him are diversified as the affairs of men. A wife wants alimony from her husband; a partner wants a receiver for his firm; a mother wants her child; a prisoner wants his liberty; a suitor wants his money from the court, and a lawyer wants his costs from the suitor; these, and a thousand other questions, are presented in masses of affidavits and counter-statements in writing, which to the uninitiated would seem to require years of toil in their investigation, but which are evolved and rapidly discussed by the trained intellects engaged, with an ease and clearness that excite surprise and admiration. In comparatively few of the cases are regular and elaborate arguments made. The discussion frequently assumes the form of a dialogue; the judge becomes one of the *dramatis personæ*, and frequently the principal one, and, as a necessary consequence, he must take as well as give, and bear the *carte* and *tierce*—the reply and repartee of excited and colloquial argument. The stranger, whom we have placed in this court-room during "*special term*," will retire from it, we are persuaded, admiring the singular rapidity with which

business is dispatched, and the calendar run through; the perspicuity which reaches, as if by intuition, the pith of the cases presented, and the ready ingenuity which dissolves a sophistry, or, by a question, anticipates a result. In this court, the gravity and restrained decorum which mark the arguments of counsel before the three judges, is not, and probably can not, be very rigidly observed. The discussions, as we have remarked, are colloquial and easy, and the ludicrous will often irrepressibly appear. We are not disposed to censure severely what has often amused us, and enlivened the dry details of a day in the special term; yet a calm observer will perhaps disapprove of displays of wit from the bench. It is dangerous, as it inevitably leads to retort, and trenches on the respect for the court, which, in this country more than any other, is required to enforce its authority. The greater the wit and readiness of the judge, the greater is the danger. The following portrait—caricature we should, perhaps, rather say—of a recent English chancellor, has no resemblance, we sincerely say, to the magistrate of whom we are writing; but we present it as a lesson to judges, to show how dangerous is familiar colloquialism from the bench, and how unfavorably a man of undeniable genius may be made to appear by a malignant satirist, when unrestrained facility in discourse furnishes the elements of truth that give point to the sarcasm: “Every thing he does is forcible, every thing he says is clever, but somehow all is ludicrous. In argument is he great? ‘Oh, he is so amusing.’ On the bench is he awful? ‘Bless your heart, he is droller than Liston.’ Declaiming—jesting—judging against time—an encyclopædia interleaved with Joe Miller—the object of abundant wonder, but scanty respect—and a combination of qualities, high and low, which make him the most entertaining chancellor that ever rattled the seals, or straddled on the woolsack.” In the more serious labors of the regular term, Mr. Justice Edmonds has produced manifold and enduring evidence of his able and assiduous discharge of his judicial duties. In turning over *Barbour’s Reports*, the reader will be surprised at the number and extent of his decisions. An easy and flowing style, and great facility in writing, have enabled him to furnish a number of opinions,

surprising when the demands on his time are considered, and honorable proofs of his legal researches and judicial talents.

But it is as a *nisi prius* judge, and especially as a judge in the Courts of Criminal Law, that the public best know Mr. Justice Edmonds; and he deserves their respect and gratitude for the firmness with which, particularly in trials for offenses against life, he has administered criminal law. At the time of his advent to the bench, a feeling was pervading the community with respect to the legal punishment of murder, which threatened to abrogate in effect the statutes of the land, and to produce a result, by a practical violation of the law, which the Legislature has repeatedly refused to allow. We are not going to enter into a discussion on the justice or expediency of capital punishment. Mr. Justice Edmonds, it is said, himself is adverse to them, though, if we are rightly informed, not on religious grounds, but as a question of state policy. He felt, as most men do feel, that judges and jurors are bound to administer the law of the land as it exists, and that, called, as they are, simply to express their belief whether a certain fact has been proved or not, they are not responsible for the consequences which the Legislature has attached to the answer.

We have looked over the returns of our criminal courts, and find that, since February, 1845, there have been in the city of New-York forty-nine trials for homicide and the first degree of arson. Of those tried, fourteen have been convicted of murder, and two of arson in the first degree. A number have been convicted of manslaughter. There have been many trials before Judge Edmonds for other high crimes, less, however, than murder. It is a subject of melancholy reflection that crimes of this desperate character should abound among us; but we are happy to know that, in our modern judicatures, the conviction of an innocent person for a capital offense can scarcely occur. The laws of evidence excluding every thing but direct testimony, the maxims of jurisprudence formed by the humanity of judges to protect prisoners, and, let us add, the philanthropy of the age, have rendered the *execution* of an innocent man almost an impossibility.

It is the just praise of Judge Edmonds to say, that he has

known how to awaken the consciences of jurors, and to bring the laws of the land, in the most critical cases, into free execution.

In the discharge of his duties as circuit judge, he was always fearless and independent, reminding us of the famous Matthew Hale. A most extraordinary instance of this was exhibited at the anti-rent trials at Columbia County, in September, 1845. The counsel employed in those trials, had been engaged in the same cases at the circuit in March preceding, and had then manifested no little combativeness. They displayed the same warmth before Judge Edmonds, and carried it so far as to come to blows in open court. The offenders were gentlemen of high standing, and personal friends of the Judge, and both at once apologized for their contempt of court. But the Judge, with great promptness, committed them both to prison, and adjourned his court, with the remark, that it was not his fault that the course of public justice was thus interrupted. Perhaps none regretted this momentary outbreak more than the parties themselves, whose manners in private life are courteous in the extreme.

This event attracted a great deal of attention throughout the Union, and was noticed by European papers as "evidence of advancing civilization in America." The most gratifying feature of the case was, that it did not disturb the personal good feeling which had previously existed between the parties engaged in it.

His election as a Justice of the Supreme Court, by a very large majority, was gratifying, not only to him, but to the public, inasmuch as during his judgeship he had made several decisions that warred upon popular prejudice; and immediately before his election he had, with others of the Democratic party, protested against the admission of Texas into the Union, as eminently calculated to lead to a war with Mexico, and to perpetuate the extension of slavery. Subsequent events have justified the sagacity which marked that act, while the act itself has subjected the gentlemen engaged in it to much obloquy and censure from their political associates. This proceeding was, however, rebuked in his triumphant election by the public, who honored him for his independence of character.

The complaint which was made of the celebrated author of the

History of the Common Law, that he did not decide with sufficient quickness, can not be uttered against the subject of this sketch. With him there is no delay, no hesitation; indeed, it is remarked by all, that he transacts a greater amount of business in a given time, than any jurist who has ever been on the bench in the city of New-York. But, though his decisions are delivered with the greatest promptness, they are masterly specimens, exhibiting all the elegance and perspicuity of the most elaborated legal judgments.

With the younger members of the bar Judge Edmonds is an especial favorite. He always receives them with words of kindness and encouragement, and hears them with patience. By the rising generation of lawyers—those who must, in a score of years hence, be the masters of the field now occupied by their seniors, he will be long and affectionately remembered, and by some of their number, who will wield abler pens than ours, proper tributes will be paid to his superior virtues and abilities. What was said of Sir Matthew Hale is no less true of the Judge: His conversation is affable and entertaining; his eloquence easy and persuasive; his temper warm, open, and generous; he is affectionate to his family and sincere to his friends.

The Judge has one brother, Francis W., cashier of the Mechanics' Bank in New-York, and distinguished as an artist. He has also three sisters, two of whom reside in the State of New-York, and the third, the wife of Colonel Webb, of the United States Army, is living in Illinois. The family of the Judge consists of three daughters, two of whom are married.

For most of the foregoing sketch, as well as for the portrait, we are indebted to the United States Monthly Law Magazine. A distinguished legal friend to whom we applied has furnished us with the remarks on Judge Edmonds' judicial career. Though personally attached to the Judge, the writer of these remarks is the last person who would flatter, and has felt himself, on the contrary, restrained from writing as warmly as simple justice required. The concluding portion of this sketch is our own.

The experience of Judge Edmonds as a seer is of recent origin,

dating no further back than the early part of 1851. Up to that time, he had no idea that there was, or could be, any such thing as intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Indeed, he had doubts whether there was any existence after the life on earth, and if there was, he had no very definite or well-settled notions of the nature and mode of that existence. From the teachings that he had heard in the pulpit, and read in theological works, his notions of the nature of the future existence were vague, shadowy, and uncertain. Of the true state of things, as it has since been revealed to him, he had no conception whatever, and he was as ready as any one to scoff at the spiritual intercourse which is now so manifest to many, and may yet be proved to the satisfaction of all.

His first experience of the kind was some time in the month of December, 1850. In the early part of November his wife had died. He was warmly attached to her, and they had lived together for more than thirty years. Her death affected him very much. He was living at the time at a small place in the country, a short distance from the city of New-York. His married daughters returned to town, to the care of their families, and his youngest to her boarding-school, and for a month or two he occupied his house alone, having no one about him but his servants, so that when he returned daily from his duties in town, he was alone, until he again, the next day, resumed his duties in court. He slept very little during the time, it frequently occurring that he would not retire to bed at all during the night.

During this time his mind was very much occupied with the inquiries concerning the nature of death, and the condition after death. He read and reflected a great deal on the subject. He was in the habit of throwing himself on his bed, or of reclining on a sofa, and continuing his reading. On one such occasion, after the family had all retired, and about midnight, as he lay reading, he distinctly heard the voice of his wife, speaking a sentence to him. As he has himself described the incident to us, he started as if he had been shot. He sat up, and looked around him. His lamp was still lighted, and the fire burning cheerfully in the grate, and he could see nothing

unusual. He lay down again, persuading himself that it was a delusion of his imagination, produced by his grief and sleeplessness. But reason upon it as he would, the impression on his mind that it had been a reality continued and grew in strength daily. He, however, sturdily resisted that impression, and for many days studied and analyzed the operations of his own mind, to ascertain, if he could, why it was that this impression of reality continued so vigorously against the oft-repeated conclusions of his reason that it was a mere delusion.

In the latter part of December, he took up his residence in the city for the winter, and he endeavored, by change of scene and occupation, to dispel this impression.

In the month of January ensuing, a lady who had been a warm friend of his wife, invited him to come to her house, to witness the Spiritual Manifestations. That lady said she had been impressed for several days to do so, and during that time had felt the continued presence of Mrs. Edmonds in a remarkable manner—whatever she might be doing, the idea of her departed friend being ever uppermost in her thoughts.

The Judge, to while away a tedious hour, and having scarcely any curiosity, and certainly no interest in the subject, accepted the invitation.

At the appointed time he attended, and no one was present but that lady, her daughter, and a rapping medium. The interview was a brief one, but several things occurred which at once riveted his attention. He ascertained, from his examinations, that the sounds which he heard were not, and could not be, produced by the persons present. He saw there was intelligence in them. His questions were answered with good sense, and entire sentences spelled out, expressing sentiments characteristic of the spirit who professed to speak, and his thoughts were read and spoken to, and mental questions answered, when the persons present could not even know that he asked a question, much less know what it was. He made a memorandum of what occurred, and he was told to correct an error he had made in his writing—an error which those present did not know any thing about, but which seemed to be known to the intelligence that was distinguishing the sounds.

These things attracted his attention and excited his curiosity, and he resolved to investigate the subject, and detect the imposture, if it was one.

From that time, for three or four months, he gave to the matter all the leisure time he had, seeing different mediums at different places, and in the company of different persons, and guarding, as far as his ingenuity could suggest, against the possibility of deception. During the ensuing summer, living in the country, where there was no medium, he was able to witness the phenomena only once a week.

He was very slow to yield his belief, and it was not until June following, after having investigated the matter for six months, and having had nearly one hundred interviews—no two of which were alike—did he finally abandon his unbelief, and admit that it must be spiritual.

He kept very full and careful records of all he witnessed, and perused them, once and again, to compare the proceedings of one day with others, that he might detect inconsistencies or contradictions. He sought for different mediums, thus precluding the possibility of concert of action. He associated with different circles, for the same purpose, and finally yielded his belief when no sane mind could withhold it any longer.

We have frequently heard him remark that, although he had witnessed many very remarkable and unaccountable physical manifestations, the moral evidences, as he termed them, which had been accorded to him, had had much the greatest influence upon his judgment. Those moral evidences consisted in his most secret thoughts being made known and exposed—thoughts which had been treasured in his bosom for years, and never uttered to human being; others more recently formed, and yet never uttered by him; and mental questions and inquiries answered, the very existence of which was unknown to any one but himself. These things were quite frequent with him, much more so than physical manifestations, which were accorded to others much more freely than they were to him.

They demonstrated to him, beyond the possibility of doubt, several important truths: one, that our most secret thoughts were known to a superior intelligence that was ever around us;

another, that man does live and forever, after his existence on this earth ceases; and another still, that his conduct here elaborates his destiny hereafter.

It must not be understood that his investigations were confined to rapping mediums. Every form of mediums that came within his reach—rapping, impressible, clairvoyant, writing, speaking, seeing—all were examined by him, and their revelations compared with each other, by means of the careful records which he kept, and which, it is to be hoped, will yet be given to the world.

During these investigations, "he found in his mind," as he expressed it, the impression of a scene in the spiritual world. The scene, the actors, the incidents, were all as vividly pictured in his mind as if all had been perceived by the outward senses; but, not imagining that he was himself ever to become a medium, he did not observe when or how he obtained the impression. But on one occasion, during the summer of 1851, when a small circle, of which he was a member, had assembled to converse through a rapping medium, it was announced to him that he was to become a medium for receiving communications direct from the Spirit-world, and that, under circumstances which would enable him to know and record them and give them to the world. That evening he was partly developed, and a few evenings afterward more fully, and he now began to receive those visions or allegorical pictures, some of which have been given in the SHEKINAH, and the residue of which we shall yet give to our readers. We have been allowed to peruse many of them, and we have been struck with their beauty—their sublimity at times—and the uniformly elevated tone of the morals which they teach. They are eminently practical in their character, and not a sentiment is to be found in any of them that would be unacceptable to the most pure and humble Christian. The lessons which they teach are those of love and kindness, and are addressed to the calm, deliberate reason of man, asking from him no blind faith, but a careful inquiry and a deliberate judgment.

Those visions are generally given to the Judge when he is alone, though sometimes they have appeared when others were present, and he has described them as they came and passed

away. They come as well by day as at night, and only require that external objects be shut out by closing the eyes.

The Judge, however, entertains the idea that he is, as yet, only partly developed as a medium, that he is now in a state of progress, and that his vision is yet to be opened, so as to enable him to see yet more the realities of the Spirit-world.

The change which all this has, in the mean time, worked in his character is quite perceptible to his intimate acquaintances. From being irascible and excitable at times, he has become calm and moderate; from being, occasionally, stern and unyielding, he has become kind and gentle; from being a doubter as to the future, he has become well grounded in the belief of man's immortality, and his redemption through the mercy of God; and he has found in spiritual intercourse, not merely matter to gratify an idle curiosity, or responses to vain and frivolous inquiries, but wisdom most profound, knowledge most interesting, and morality most pure and elevating, as all may find who will seek with a single desire for truth and with minds open to its reception.

Those who fail of eminence in this life may, at least, console themselves with the reflection that they escape the seductive influences that throng the avenues to the temple of fame. The man who occupies some humble walk of life is less exposed to danger, since his position is made to depend on personal industry rather than popular applause. If destitute of influence, he may have little to gain by an adhesion to prevailing errors, and still less to lose from a conscientious devotion to principles which wait the sanction of the future. The obligations of men increase in proportion to their personal influence, and the measure of their power to mold human conditions and to shape the destiny of the world. The man who rises to the highest position in the State is not always the most fortunate; for, without a just sense of the relation between human capacities and responsibilities, every success must be deemed a misfortune. The loftiest position among men may witness the soul's most fearful ordeal. The mountain is still the scene of the temptation; and seldom, indeed, does the man of the world descend from his proud eminence to entertain the truth that is born in the manger. Few

among earth's nobility received Christ in the day of his humiliation. Not many of his devout followers were called from the world's high places. The possession of temporal power; the pursuit of wealth and fame; the pride and splendor of earthly circumstance, and the superficial attainments and possessions of material and sensuous existence, have a power of fascination that is irresistible to the millions who yield to their potent spell. They alone exhibit a divine nobility who, with these hindrances, yet break from the gilded chain and assert their freedom.

A single consideration will conclude our sketch. The man who esteems it a privilege to respect his conscience at the hazard of whatever of personal influence he may have acquired in half a century; who calmly follows—and with no vain regrets—his deepest convictions of duty, and, moreover, with a certain consciousness of all he has at stake, justly claims the respect and admiration of men. For this, more than for all else, is Judge Edmonds deserving of honor; nor is there aught in the settled purpose of his mind to indicate that his course is determined by caprice or a momentary excitement. Those who know him familiarly observe a growing self-possession apparent in his manner, and in the normal exercise of his mental powers. His recent legal opinions exhibit the method of his mind; they are clear, concise, and vigorous in statement, and denote a healthy action of the faculties most essential to the honorable discharge of his official duties. It is an agreeable reflection, that the Judge has never lost sight of his earthly responsibilities, in making the discovery that he has intimate, endearing, and immortal relations to another life. No one can truly say that the obligations of the hour have been neglected or forgotten by him; or that his spiritual experience has rendered him less efficient in the administration of justice. While we write, he is calmly adjudicating in the Court of Appeals, at Albany; and neither his imperfect physical health, his love of retirement, nor the brightest images which angel-hands have sculptured to his vision in the pantheon of the opening Heavens, have been able to win him from earthly halls of judgment when his presence was demanded. Thus may he continue to pursue the even tenor of his way, humbly but firmly, trusting in every trial to the Supreme Judge of the world.

## THE CELESTIAL LIFE ON EARTH.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

THE Divine Love or Goodness is the only essential substance; and all things having proceeded from it are necessarily at bottom good, though *appearing* otherwise to the eye of finite intelligence. It can not be tenably denied that all that now is, or ever will be, was included or contained in the First Cause, and can be clearly traced to it by a chain of invulnerable links. This is true not only of all substance, but of all activity, life, intelligence, power, etc. The Divine Will is the only *real* will, and the Divine Intelligence the only real intelligence. All else is only *apparently* real, each thing in its degree. All theology, however, up to this date, has assumed, contrary to the clearest rational deductions, that man's will is independent of God's, and can and does withstand, contradict, and defeat His will, the consequences of which stretch throughout eternity, frustrating the Divine End in the creation; whereas, in all the wide and deep economy of the Divine Universe, the *real* truth is, that not a single fiber jars, or hair obstructs! But, I am satisfied that, if the dismal consequences of this virtual denial of God's omnipotence could be distinctly seen through the mists of prejudice that conceal them, its advocates would abandon it in terror, and forthwith acknowledge the all-sufficiency of the Divine Wisdom to effectuate the ends of Divine Love. It surely denies God, and is in its last analysis, pure and unrelieved Atheism. But as *real* good underlies, or is, as it were, the chemical base of all apparent evil, so this God-disparaging and God-denying doctrine served a *good* purpose in its day and generation. It was the legitimate product of a certain *state* in the history of the race's development, and the fatal consequences it involved only became obvious to the deeper analysis and vaster comprehension of later times. The deeper we descend into the constitution

and nature of things, and the wider we extend our views of the Divine Love, the more brilliant and soul-stirring the harmonies and beauties of the creation become. May I not, indeed, say that there is a potent solvent latent in the interior economy of things, that will yet resolve the horrors and deformities of the hells themselves, as means of the Divine End, into God's ravishing harmonies and beauties?

But if the Divine End or purpose in the whole creation was, and is *really* good, so must it undoubtedly be in every part and particle of the creation. "All is very good." Every atom, action, thought, and affection is indelibly stamped with the Divine End, and can not swerve a hair's breadth from its destiny, but, pointed with the Divine purpose, goes unerringly forward, ministering its proper use throughout all eternity! But we must come to the subject. It has been said that the Divine Love or Goodness, which is what Swedenborg means by the "Lord Jehovah," is the only *real* substance—the only real vitality, self-existent and self-subsistent—the fundamental Being. All else is derivative, and only apparently self-existent and self-subsistent. Any other doctrine is infidel, atheistic and absurd. Creation, spiritual and natural, is an *outbirth* of the Divine Love, and is distinctly discreted in its various degrees from it. Thus the first proximate proceeding, or discrete degree of the creation from the Lord, are the celestial, highest, or inmost heavens, wherein the love of the Lord is the supreme delight, or "ruling love," and corresponds to the emotional or affectional nature of man. The next discrete degree are the spiritual heavens, wherein the love of the neighbor is the ruling love, and corresponds to the intelligent nature of man. The last discrete degree is the natural sphere, wherein the love of self is the governing principle. "The Lord properly dwells in the midst of the celestial heavens"—is not outside of or above the creation, but "in the midst," and dwells correspondently or representatively in each outer degree of it—more distantly and imperfectly in the outermost, and more nearly and perfectly in the inner. This being the case, it is obvious that the creation, and all things of it, have not *of themselves substantial* being, but are phenomenal, dependent, conditional and imperfect—

shadows of the great Reality. Now, as it is thus with the All of things, exactly so is it with man, the type or microcosm. His *substantial* being is the Lord, who dwells properly in the midst of the celestial degree or heavens of his mind, and representatively in all the lower or outer degrees of it. It is this *representative* God that is the man. This appearance, this image and likeness, is *all that there is of us*. We have an apparent *self-existence*, an apparent *self-will*, *self-intelligence* and action, which discretes us from God, and individualizes us, yet at bottom or base, all is a unity—the one alone substance. But as it is man's destiny to become more and more an image of the Divine Love, and more and more a likeness of the Divine Wisdom, he passes successively through all those degrees, from the lower or outermost to the higher or innermost, opening and living in order the natural, spiritual, and celestial degrees or planes of his mind. But what finite intelligence can reckon the means, or comprehend the times and places, states and changes of this all-lasting development! Nevertheless, we must render this philosophy practicable, and bring it home to the hearts and heads of men here now. We first live a natural life, by which term I not only mean the material life, but also the natural passions and appetites, thoughts and affections. "All men," as Swedenborg says, "are first born into proprium, that they may thence become spiritual and celestial." The love of self is the prime or ruling love during this era. It centers all delight, enjoyment, etc., in the gratification of the selfish loves. Being essentially aggregative and conservative, it is a most powerful individualizing instrumentality. Self is the prompter of every thought, the mainspring of every action. The selfish life is a life of sharp discord and pointed antagonism. It is like the rough block of marble before it is sculptured into symmetry. Considered in itself as an end, there is no glory or beauty in it; but as a means to a higher life, it is instinct with harmony and holiness. It is the chrysalis form, that is plenary with the hues and glories of the Divine Life—the barbed and bitter hull that contains the sweet kernel which afterward expands itself, and discloses its beauties and glories in the genial sunshine of a purer and higher atmosphere!

Moreover, as the history of the individual is in general the history of the mass, all social, civil, religious, and theological institutions of this period of man's history, are marked by this ruling love, and testify it as unequivocally as the gallows testify crime; for the institutions of an age are but the outbirths of the *then* state of man's development, and, after all, are truly *subjective*. Man, like God, stamps his image and likeness on all around him. Is not the world yet ruled by selfishness? Are not all our social, civil, and political institutions deep laid in it? Does it not dictate in the municipality, and preside in the legislative hall? It isolates families and classes, and sets each man a spy upon every other man. It monopolizes the land, the air, the water, and human life. It systematically robs, plunders, and murders; makes slaves of our twin-brothers, and raises, like the Ishmaelites, every man's hand against his neighbor, making each man a defendant in a capital suit where all the others are plaintiffs against him! There are few departments of ultimate natural life that are not under the complete dominion of some one or other of the selfish loves or natural passions—cupidity, avarice, pride, ambition, or sensuality.

This state of life dominates and tyrannizes the love of the neighbor and the love of God, which have to be *compelled*, the former by criminal codes, jails, and penitentiaries, and the latter by the omnipotent vengeance, fire and brimstone, and eternal hell of a selfish God. None of us are strangers to the crudities and deformities of this early era in the long history of man. Self-love is the only original sin.

Next comes the moral life, in which the love of the neighbor (the moral element) is the dominating or supreme love. It is founded upon *conscience*, which is *formed*, as Swedenborg says, by doctrine, conscience always being according to our *belief* of what is right and what is wrong. But that belief varies in each age and nation, in each class and sect, and almost in each individual. The Spartan had a conscience to steal, while we have a conscience *not* to steal. The Catholic worships the Virgin Mary with as pure and bright a conscience as the Protestant, to whom it is profanity, worships Christ. The priest or clergyman generally forms the conscience of his followers, and each theologian

or moralist has a conscience according to his system. Though our perceptions and belief of what is right and wrong are indefinitely varied, yet conscience in each, being the *love* of what we *believe* to be right, has the *same* source in all, just as the Rhine flows north, and the Rhone south, yet both have their source in the *same* mountains.

This life, when contrasted with the selfish life, is full of beauty and excellence, but when contrasted with the celestial life, is full of imperfections and deformities. To explain this paradox, let us analyze it briefly. It implies and requires evil and error as one ground of its being. It requires a knowledge of evil in order that there may be choice between it and good, and thus merit or blame; and who can have a knowledge of what does not exist? Moreover, that evil must *continue* to exist along with the good, that the prerogative of choice may continue, and the moral constitution be preserved, for when and where evil dies out and ceases, our moral being is at an end. It is conditioned upon the existence of evil as well as good. There is no merit where there *could* have been no blame; and I say, too, that every moral being must have *done* the evil—must have partaken of the forbidden fruit—in order to *know* the good and the true, just as the blind man, in order to have an idea of color, must see it with his *own* eye. The moral virtues sicken and die when and where their correlative vices live not. Would there be any sympathy or pity where there were no sorrows or griefs to be soothed? Would there be any forbearance, forgiveness, or mercy, where there was no fault? Would there be any pity and commiseration, benefaction and condolence, where there was no misfortune or calamity? And where would be the majesty of mercy and pardon, if there was no crime? Yes; and to appreciate all those virtues, we must have *tasted* of every human ill; and to know and feel penitence and remorse, we must have been tainted with iniquity and crime. To do and be better, we must have been and done worse. To be redeemed, we must have fallen. In the moral life there was and is no *faultless* man except God, and even He, as a merely moral Man, abstracted from His divine character, is a doer of iniquity and vice.

Now, look for a moment at the practical operation of this life

in man. It has, of necessity, two sides—a good and an evil side. It is founded upon and arises out of the antagonism of good and evil, which antagonism, in order that this life may be all-inclusive, is diffused and ramified throughout all the institutions of the moral era. Every individual in all its empire must have his good and his bad side—must be “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,” that he may be a man of sympathy, pity, benevolence, and love. It makes invidious distinctions between man and man—the one better and the other worse—the one honored and approbated, and the other condemned. The moral grandeur of the greatest and best is but established upon the comparative moral ruin of all those around them. For every one that is invested with honor and glory, others must be covered with shame. And this distinction descends from the pinnaled heights of moral worth, in church and state, to the obscurities of the kitchen and workshop. It is wholly and fundamentally incompatible with entire and absolute fellowship. It has a tariff of crimes and penalties, of honors and rewards, and an executive that imperiously enforces it. It despotically rules the man and his actions, by motives, by threats, and frights and fears, and by promises, hopes and rewards. It teaches man responsibility; and with a flattering smile, promises him reward, or with a threat, points him to penalty. It is a battle-ground where the Divine Life, vital in the inmost, comes down and struggles with the selfish life—a period of encounter between the powers of Darkness and Light; the morning twilight of a mighty day; a day of enfranchisement and final glory for the human family; an alternating time; a transition state.

As all institutions are but outbirths or external embodiments of man's *state* of life, the necessary imperfections and deformities of the moral era beget a correspondingly imperfect and deformed theology and religion. The undeniable necessity of evil in the moral life and constitution, is the secret cause of all the religious enormities and theological monstrosities in repute among Christians at this day. They *fear* and worship God only as a Moral Being, ascribing to Him all the moral virtues which are inseparable from their antagonist vices; hence, without seeming to be aware of it, they, of necessity, ascribe to him the attributes

of another famous character found in their theology. He is wrathful, vindictive and exemplary, condemning and approving, "electing and reprobating." It places Him under the absolute dominion of Motive, and thus implies a power superior and external to His omnipotence, and which binds Him by consequences. Hell is the result of His moral disapprobation, and heaven of His beneficence and love, and are true correspondents of the necessary antagonism of good and evil in His moral character—the indispensable *conditions* of His moral being, just as the knowledge and experience of evil are necessary ingredients in the moral constitution of man. Thus it divides the universe, and makes it a stupendous antagonism, held in twain by eternally opposing forces! Such are the momentous results, briefly stated, of regarding the moral dispensation as final and supreme! But it, in fact, is only phenomenal, provisionary, and temporary, and like the selfish life, is inevitably doomed to an utter death. It is not an *End* of the Divine Love, but only a grand and efficient means.

The celestial life is above and beyond (interior to) this life. It is the proximate receptacle of the Divine Love itself—the direct and immediate efflux of the Holiest of Holies that "dwells in the midst"—that life that comes down from God, in the center of the human soul, and occupies the spiritual and natural planes, when the celestial degree of the mind is opened. While man lives his selfish and moral life in long succession, it is in abeyance—waiting to be revealed, when the time of its advent shall arrive. It is the garden *eastward* in Eden, with the tree of life, with the Lord himself "in the midst," and from which man was driven, when he lost the celestial life, and became a moral man by the knowledge of good and evil, since which time its gates,

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

have been closed to his selfish and moral posterity. But when the gates of this paradise, or the celestial degree of the mind, are again thrown open, the Divine Life flows down into the lower or outer degrees of the mind, cleanses the leprous spots of the moral man, and expels the blotches, and blurs, and carbuncles

of the external selfish man, and completely renovates and purifies him from all stain. It must be remembered that I am not now treating of the various degrees of life as they are in their essence in the heavens, and in the heaven of heavens, but as they are now, or will surely hereafter be, correspondently on earth; for all the degrees of the mind can be opened and lived while here on earth, and ultimated in actual life: as Swedenborg teaches, the ruling love here conjoins the man with its corresponding heaven, and when he dies he comes into that heaven. In the celestial life, all the imperfections, short-comings, sanctions, constraints, and penalties, of all former dispensations, are merged in the unutterable and measureless love of God. The subject of it knows no guilt, imperfection, or evil—knows no consequence or accountability, is dominated by no outward circumstance or power superior to himself, but the highest and last *appearance* is that he is wholly redeemed and free—a *law unto himself*. Here he is intrinsically pure, and all his sins remitted, expunged, lost, gone in the deep and mighty ocean of the Divine Love! Here he has no longer a conscience of sin against God, which, in the moral dispensation, makes him so unhappy, miserable, wretched, blind, and naked, but life, and action identified, is its own unspeakable delight! Here his action passes not beyond his own subjectivity, his very being is action or use, and his action or use, his glory and happiness. Being is doing, and doing delight. This is what Swedenborg means, when he says, “The celestials are in the delight of their life.”

In the selfish life, the action of the subject always relates to consequences—is brought forth by them. It is done or performed, in *order* that some selfish interest or object may be attained. There is no delight in the action itself; it is even irksome and undelightful: but the happiness is in the *results* of it, as ministering to some cupidity, concupiscence, or lust. So, likewise, in the moral life, action regards consequences, and is determined by them. It has no delight *sui generis*, but is constrained by a sense of duty, by reward and penalty; the happiness of the actor, in both cases, arising *after* the action is performed. And this is true not only of the selfish and moral life on earth, but also of the spiritual-natural and spiritual life

in their corresponding heavens. But in the celestial life it is wholly otherwise. The action itself is its own exceeding great delight. Action, good and true, is here the essential felicity and glory of the subject. In the fullness of its own beatitude, it ignores all outward, selfish, and moral ends. Flowing proximately from the Lord himself, in the inmost, it is, in the very highest apparent sense, unconstrained, spontaneous, and free, dominated by no hopes and promises, threats and fears. For instance, the end of the shoemaker in the selfish life is to produce the shoe with as little action or cost to himself as possible, and get as much for it from his neighbor as possible. His delight consists in thus appropriating the substance of his neighbor to himself; his action being only a *means* to this end. In the moral life, his motive is to produce as good a shoe for his neighbor as he would for himself, and at a like cost and price, that his neighbor may thereby be benefited, and himself have peace of mind and self-satisfaction; his action, too, being only a means to this end. But the delight of earth's celestial shoemaker is in the very *activity* of his use—is in the very *exercise* of his God-given genius and ingenuity in the production of the very best article he can. His action is not constrained by any reference to consequence, end, reward, or penalty. He knows them not. But the action itself is its own great and inestimable reward. Thus his life is action, and his action delight. I might instance thus in all the departments of human use or industry here on earth; the hatter, the tailor, the jeweler, architect, husbandman, etc., whose happiness in the celestial life will be not in the selfish and moral results of these various functions, but in the very performance of them—in God's direct inspiration of a special use into his soul—in the copious inflow of the Divine Life or activity, taking distinct form in each. The labored productions of the artist, who measures his genius by silver and gold, honor and profit, far removed from God, never can be so instinct and alive with the Divine beauty, as those of the celestial genius, whose birthright and delight it is to shadow glowingly forth, by an immediate influx, the beauties and glories of heaven and of God, unbought and unsold!

The Divine Life, or activity, flowing proximately into the

celestial subject, with a special faculty of use in each, sharply individualizes each one from every other one, and endows him with a license to perform it, derived from the King of kings, and as substantial as his own being. The felicity of the subject being in the *discharge* of his special use, it is wholly and completely subjective, ignoring all outward conditions and authority. Unaffected by results or consequences, it is not the subject of monopoly, competition, envy, or jealousy, but unlimited, self-sufficient, spontaneous, and free.

The selfish life makes me war with my species, and detest the man who has more sugar-plums than I have got. The moral life makes me bow down to and reverence the man who has more virtues than I have, and makes me shrink from the contaminating touch of the man who has less. But the celestial life vouchsafes me a heritage of felicity in my aesthetic use—in the rapturous performance of my God-decreed function.

The selfish life sickens me with avarice, ambition, jealousy, and envy, and makes me in heart a thief and robber, and, in fact, a wine-bibber and a glutton—serving a bacchanalian God. The moral life wearies me with perpetual vigilance, makes me join in the “hue and cry” to reprobate and condemn my defiled and guilty brother, and laud the *upright* judge who condemns him, and the *exemplary* executioner who strangles him—gives me a conscience of sin against God, who says my soul, *per se*, is as black as Erebus, and overwhelms me with despair. But the celestial life endows me with essential beatitude and glory, absolves me from all reproach and blemish, and makes my life its own delight.

In the selfish life the gratification of my selfish passions and propensities but adds to their strength, sharpens their voracious craving, and augments their tyranny. In the moral life, the demands of argus-eyed duty are never satisfied; they accumulate upon me in a compound *ratio*. No sooner do I answer them than she has a thousand more drafts upon me to be met and discharged at the peril of my soul—bedeviling me with temptations, humbling me with contrition, and galling and fretting me into recklessness and despondency, with disappointment and mortification. But the celestial life insures me a sacred peace and

happiness in my æsthetic action—making the very substance of my being felicity itself—the true poetry of life!

Now, all truth is practicable, and intended by God to be so. There is no tenable ground for the distinction between theory and practice. It is a fallacy. If the theory *is* true, then it is preëminently practicable, for all truth regards human life and happiness; and the social system, creed, philosophy and *theology* that is not practicable in human life and action *is false*. You will say, perhaps, that history does not bear me out in this allegation; that the feudal system of olden times, for instance, was a mammoth falsity, and yet it was strikingly practicable, etc., etc. But understand me. *Truth is subjective*, and its perception and practice depend upon the *state* of development of the subject. The feudal system, in its day, was the highest truth the age or nation was then receptive of. But in the progressive march of the race it was outstripped, and became obsolete, and no longer practicable, as all the higher truths of the moral era will become, when the celestial age shall dawn. Progression, development, or regeneration, is nothing but the more and more abundant efflux of the Divine love into the race of man, raising him successively out of the selfish into the moral, and out of the moral into the celestial life; and truths *are* truths in each era, according to the state of the percipient subject.

The Divine love is Infinite Action, and its action Infinite Happiness; and man becomes more and more an image of it as he progresses or regenerates. Use is the very essence of the Divine Being, and God and the universe is a magnificent utilitarianism! And shall man's use not also become his delight? Shall it not be "his meat and his drink to do the will of the Father?" Shall he not become a law unto himself? Shall not his final beatitude and glory consist in the performance of his special use for its own sake? Shall it not be the only attraction and delight, dominated by no outward selfish ends or sense of duty, as the Divine love is dominated by no motive or selfishness? *It* is essentially æsthetic. His being is doing; His doing, supreme delight. Man in his innermost life, or the celestial heavens, or degree of his mind, is æsthetic; and his (apparently) unconstrained and spontaneous action, the immediate inflow of the Divine action. Who

eats his dinner because he *fears* if he don't he will starve? Who begets his species from a sense of duty? Are not the performance of those uses purely esthetic—their own reward? So also will it be of all the multitudinous offices, functions, trades, occupations, etc., in the wide economy of human use on earth, when the celestial era shall dawn. It will make every workshop radiant with genius, and every field redolent with flower and fruit, and all the earth alive with the bursting glories and ravishing harmonies of the Divine action in man?

The *theology* of this life redeems the Divine Being from all the defilements, imperfections, and disparaging attributes of all former dispensations. It teaches a God of pure love, who sees from the inmost all things as they *really* are, and not according to appearance; and before whom all men are as white as the light and as spotless as infancy. A God who is infinite action, and, therefore, infinite delight. The *Esthetic Absolute*, whose Deific genius is ever gloriously displayed in His great use or action of the universe! Not a Being enthroned in the dismal solitude of immensity, delighted only with the praise of unimaginable millions, who, at immense distances, bow before Him in slothful adoration and coward fear, but a God plenary in every good action and thought of man. Not millions of leagues and ages removed from me, but nearer to me than my own brother; dwelling in the center of my soul, and whose love or life, when the celestial degree of my mind is opened, flows down and vitalizes my outward action here on earth, thus uniting the divinity within with the humanity without, (*vide* Revelations, 3d chap. and 20th and 21st verses); and perpetually glorifying Himself in us all; who makes it our highest bliss to show forever forth His love, beauty and holiness, in the spontaneous performance of our special use—a God who is praised in action, and rapturously adored on earth, as in the heavens, by the esthetic industry of man.

## THE SPHERE OF COMMUNION.

A PROSE POEM.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

THE Human Soul, in the varied processes of life, traverses three great Spheres of existence, and stands in three different attitudes of spiritual consciousness. First, it passes outwardly to the observation of the visible Universe. It gazes on the vision of Nature, as it is unfolded in the realms of universal space: this is the attitude of PERCEPTION. Second, it withdraws itself from the outward world, and directs its vision to the world within. It penetrates the mystery of mind, and heart and will; it renews the Past in the pictures of memory, and projects the Future from its inward hope; it arranges the treasures of knowledge; analyzes the results of experience; traces out the plan of action, and determines the objects and methods of life: this is the attitude of REFLECTION. Third, it withdraws from the sphere of meditation, as it has from that of perception; it directs its spiritual aspiration to the Infinite Soul, the source of its and Nature's life; it enters into incommunicable relations with the Divine existence; it receives its elements, and feels them mingle with its own: and this is the attitude of COMMUNION.

In perception we look outwardly; in meditation we look inwardly; in communion we look upwardly. In perception we penetrate the realm of form; in meditation the realm of law; in communion the realm of essential and original life. In perception the senses are active; in meditation the understanding is active; in communion the Soul itself is active in realms above the grasp of understanding, or the sight of sense. Communion is that ultimate fact of consciousness which the devout of all times have sought to attain through prayer. It is the Spirit's upward look; its entranced and silent adoration; its ascent into

the realms where space merges in infinitude, and the successions of time melt in the circle of the one eternity. It is our return to the bosom of the Father—our absorption in the silent bliss and repose of the Absolute and Essential Life.

The senses are windows looking outward on the world of form, of color, of material life, of visible harmony, of Divine Art symbolized in creation. The Spirit stands behind the eye, as behind transparent glass, and perceives the shifting forms of Nature, their magic transmutations, their mystic loveliness; or, rather, the senses are a living and translucent atmosphere that surrounds the Soul, and on its undulations flows in from every form of being, its music, its fragrance, and its light. The ample dome of the firmament; the ancient sculpture of the mountains; the living landscape, with its hues of green and gold; the streamlets, that scatter light, and melt in music as they run; the ocean, whose billows are like the keys of a mighty organ, woke to music by that weird harmonist, the blast; birds, that like the poet's thought, fly on their resounding wings from zone to zone; the living shapes of the animal kingdom, and man himself, with his erect form and imperial brow;—all these are revealed to the Spirit only when it leans from the window of the senses, and stands in the attitude to perceive.

The Intellect is dome-like, bending with shining arch above the soul. Rays from the Infinite Reason converge within it, and thus comes Revelation. Beams from the spiritual world shine on it, and these are thoughts of immortality. Upon its cloudy curtains, as upon the visible firmament, when penciled by the rising or setting sun, is pictured the dawning glory of the Future, and the fading effulgence of the Past. The light that fills it, reveals the Universe. Each emotion of terror or of love that the heart created; each deed of good or ill that the will embodied; each imagination that rose rainbow-like, and spanned the soul; each idea that came and stood all radiantly before us like some fixed star to direct the track of life—all these have form, and voice, and being, within the firmamental dome of Intellect, and in reflection we enter the precincts of this personal and individual world; we gaze upon its magnificent amplitude; we introduce order amid its strange creations;

we ponder over its mystery, we cast hopes and actions into the future of its fate.

But the Spirit—the looker through the windows of sense, the unfolders of the pictures of memory, and the visions of hope—is not confined to these pictures of Divine Beauty which are scattered through the universe, is not limited to these meditations of Divine Wisdom which are reflected upon the intellect. Above sense, above thought, is Communion; the soul's interchange of emotion with its Divine Original; its baptism in the divine Love; its illumination with the heavenly Wisdom; its reception of celestial Life; its translation to the real and abiding existence; its calm and tranquil rest upon the Father's bosom.

There is a unison of heart with heart, when friend meets with friend, and the quickened pulse and the brightening countenance reveal how beautiful it is; there is an influx of pure bliss, when the soul in tranquil mood is filled with the universal life of Nature, and feels a sense of mystic oneness with the hills and rivers, with the lily whose breath is fragrance, and the star whose life is light; there is a time of sacred joy for Lovers, the one in heart, when passion dies, and affection grows Angel-pure, and the intense emotions of the soul need no more the halting interpretation of the tongue; there is the communion of the mother with her child, when her holy love, falling like summer dew, descends to hallow and to purify the breast; there is the communion of the Poet with the infinite harmony of the Universe, when his soul becomes an æolian lyre, which every breath of heaven awakes to melody, when for him the soul and history grew vocal, and the stars sing as well as shine; there is the communion of the Artist with ideal and supernatural Beauty, when the vail of Nature grows transparent, when he penetrates the open secret, and sees Creation as a picture of Divine Art, mirrored upon Infinitude; there is the communion of the rapt Idealist with the Angel-world, when shapes of glory move about him, and earth fades like a shadow, and Heaven dawns through radiant vistas, as if its gateway opened in the sun. But all these but poorly and faintly symbolize the soul's communion with its God, for then the limitations of humanity seem merged in the Infinite Completeness; then we are rapt away from the world

of sense and time in beatific vision ; then one day is richer than a thousand years, and a thousand years pass quickly as a day ; then all that man ever sought is found, and aspiration itself is satisfied, and heaven is won ; then holiness, and harmony, and blessedness, and joy, too deep for truth or tears, are all our own. Then within us is God's love, and around us is his perfect beauty, and all that beauty and that love is freely given. Then the great prayer of Jesus has met with its fulfillment, and we are one with God through him.

This state—the highest condition of Humanity—embodies in it prayer and its fulfillment, desire and answer, infinite aspiration, infinite fullness of beautiful life and rest. Then our will is one with God's will, and our life is found in his life. Then our desire is to be complete in love, and our desire is answered till our nature is filled, and its limits overflowed. Our will is strong, for God's will is our power ; our affections are purified and made genial and active, for God's love flows through the soul. Holy emotions waft their odors about us like breath from Paradise, and we hear in spirit the voices of innumerable angels, chanting, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men.

Wakening to outward consciousness, to physical activity, from this beatific rest, our hearts glow as did the face of Moses, when he descended from the mount. Each moral nerve is once more elastic ; each spiritual pulse is throbbing with the circulations of a more real and eternal life. We see a purer beauty in the outward world, to which we are introduced by the sensuous medium. We discern the introduction of order and life into meditative thought. We are calmer to overlook and overcome life's petty annoyances. We are stronger to meet life's serious labors and difficulties, ordering and subduing them with manly and energetic will. We are stronger to do our Father's will and work, since we have rested on his bosom in the beauty of his holiness and the infinitude of his love

## THE STARS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Now the moon is up, with tender,  
Pale, and melancholy light,  
And a million star-eyes render  
Homage to the Queen of Night.  
Let us watch, through cloudy bars,  
For the beauteous moon and stars!

Trailing, in the far-off heaven  
With a soft and fitful tread,  
Hooded from their light, till even  
Bids them sparkle overhead;  
Still they lure me, still they woo me—  
Had I wings they would undo me!

Maiden-eyes, so full and lavish,  
Are not brighter than those eyes  
That, with silver glances, ravish  
All my dreaming to the skies:  
Child, I saw, and could but love them,  
Wondering what there was above them.

Now, with holier light they glisten,  
Since one taught my beating heart—  
Willing for such lore to listen—  
How that friends, who walk apart  
Through the mist of death, and leave us,  
Are the stars—which should not grieve us!

That the night is death, and dying  
 Only bears us up afar,  
 Where, like those I'm fondly eyeing,  
 Each is made a shining star—  
 Linked with all the beauteous olden,  
 In their God-home, ever golden.

Pleiad lost, and Orion hidden  
 From his eyes by piteous tears,  
 Blind and wandering, as unbidden  
 Tracks he onward through the years;  
 Old and grey-beard stars, I render  
 Heart-felt homage to your splendor.

And, ye young and newer, shining  
 As for eldest Jove ye shone,  
 Ere the golden age declining,  
 Left him shorn and stark alone;  
 Upward gazing, ye restore me  
 All the beauteous gone before me!

Happy is that river's bosom,  
 Where your softened image lies;  
 Happy is the meadow blossom,  
 Gleaming with its dewy eyes—  
 In your glance a moment gleaming,  
 Like a heart that joys when dreaming!

Fade not ever—ever sparkle  
 Through the deep and solemn night;  
 Hopes are frail, and pleasures darkle—  
 O for some unfading light!  
 Be ye still that light above me  
 Imaging the true that love me.

## MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM OF MATTER.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

MUCH has been casually said of the infinity of space, the infinity of magnitude, the infinity of size as a minimum; but, we hardly form exact ideas of these qualities, though very flippantly represented by modes of expression; and upon examination we wonder at their indefiniteness, and discover that we have never had a perfect impression even of the limits of the finite, nor have ever been able to reduce them to certainty.

Let us, for instance, glance a moment at the apparent partition walls of our prodigious hollow sphere, called the universe, and imagine the NUMBER of stars whose rays may be made to greet the eye. In a section of the Milky Way, only 15 degrees long and 2 degrees broad, Dr. Herschel saw 50,000, and suspected there were twice as many more, which, for want of sufficient light in his telescope, he saw only now and then. In the whole Milky Way there are eighteen million telescopic stars uninterrupted by any nebulae. Nearly one hundred million are computed to be visible through our best instruments in all parts of the heavens accessible to our view. And since over 3,000 nebulae, most of them resolvable to a great degree, have been discovered, if each contains as many stars as the Milky Way, which is not improbable, fifty thousand million must exist within our sphere of vision. Vast as this number is, we could count yet more, (and mathematics would carry us even beyond the comprehension of imagination), and as we apply more perfect instruments, we have good reasons to believe our telescopic neighbors, in the aggregate, to be but a speck to what is still beyond our visual reach; we are almost certain greater improvements and wider fields are in store for us, subject to our own future developments. Then, to all this, add the idea that, around each of this immense host, a busy retinue of primary and secondary planets and comets, numerous

as those of our system, are constantly revolving, and we find the finite very much enlarged in our estimation, while our first idea of it was very obscure and diminutive.

A word upon astronomical VELOCITY will not disparage this astounding view. Beginning with the planet Mercury in its orbit, at 109,800 miles an hour, equal to 1,830 miles a minute, or  $30\frac{1}{2}$  miles in a second, and its speed of nearly 100,000 miles daily additional on its way with the solar system through space toward the constellation Hercules, our imagination is staggered at the first blow. Conscious personal experience steps aside, acknowledging utter ignorance on that point. Surpassing this, Halley's comet flew more than 880,000, some say a million, miles an hour. And yet beyond, far beyond, dart forth streamers  $2\frac{1}{2}$  degrees long from the comet's tail of 1807, within a single second; which is equal to over four and a half million miles, that is, twenty-three times as quick as light flashes. Race-horses, greyhounds, carrier-pigeons, cannon-balls, lightning, would be but tortoises or snails in their comparative motions. Still all is measurable, and expressible in human language, without perceiving any traces of the infinite.

Baffling as are these facts to mental comprehension, a consideration of DISTANCE will hold its rank among them. At the onset, by the expression *billion*, we mean a million of millions, or a million multiplied by a million. Sirius, the brightest fixed star, is over twenty billion miles distant. The double star sixty-one Cygni is over sixty-two billion miles from us, and its light consumes nine years to reach the earth. Orion's great nebula is sixteen times the distance of Sirius. Dr. Maedler, the Russian astronomer, estimates the distance of Alcyone, one of the Pleiades, to require 537 years for its light to travel to us, at twelve million miles a minute. Herschel's telescope developed stars, whose light would be 3,541 years in getting to the earth, as they are nearly twenty-three thousand billion miles distant. By gauging the heavens, he computed the Milky Way's profundity to be such that 1,000 stars in a line, at the same distance from each other as sixty-one Cygni is from us, requiring over 10,000 years for light to traverse it from end to end, would be but a fair measure of its vast extent, while some of the milky nebulae, not

resolvable into stars, are at thrice that remoteness. Some of the celestial objects, so remote that their light barely stains the blue sky, would consume 100,000 years in visiting this planet's range of vision. Finally, "the elder Herschel was of opinion that light required almost two million years to pass to the earth from the remotest luminous vapor reached by his forty feet reflector; and, consequently, says he, so many years ago, this object must already have had an existence in the sidereal heaven, in order to send out those rays by which we now perceive it." Lord Rosse's star-gathering mammoth penetrates even much deeper than that; and which, after all, is but the radius of a circle, and must be doubled to obtain the diameter, as the telescope sees just as far in the opposite direction; but none have ever yet penetrated far enough to graze the edge of Infinity. A singular revolution of the solar system around its central sun, Alcyone, is performed in no less than eighteen million years, so vast is its orbit.

Nor will the size of celestial objects be found wanting in the comparison. If we commence with the sun, whose diameter exceeds 880,000 miles, we have a body capable of containing the earth and the moon, allowing the latter to revolve around the former as it now does, and leaving a space or margin of 200,000 miles between the moon and the sun's inner surface. Herschel estimated the comet's tail of 1811 to be 100 million of miles long, and nearly fifteen millions broad. The nebula of Orion subtends an angle of nearly ten minutes diameter, and is consequently more than two trillion times the size of our sun; yet, this immense object is scarcely visible to the unassisted eye. The stars visible to the naked eye at night, would, in the aggregate, form a mass of matter equal to 1,320 million globes like our earth. Melt all the telescopic objects into one vast mold, and you have a sphere more than fifty million times larger than the preceding aggregate. Then, what almost immeasurable space has each for its orbit! How overpowering to human comprehension are our glimpses of the finite! They furnish ample materials for contemplation, wonder, admiration.

What, then, must be the infinite in space and magnitude? Incomprehensible! None can seriously ponder on these and other adducible facts, without feeling what microscopic beings we are,

and yet how fathomless are the capacities packed away in such a minute compass. Our capabilities to trace out the numbers, distances, velocities, dimensions, and phenomena of that portion of the universe within reach of the scientific mind, demonstrate this mind to be in the same plane of action with the great Original, who presides over us, and to be, as it were, in these respects, homogeneous with Him. Gratitude can not but be the natural result of a consciousness that we possess such faculties, and of what their possession leads us to infer as to the probability of their continued existence after we shall seem to be extinct to the mortal eye.

Let us now consider the divisibility of matter, or the infinite MINIMUM. We will not begin with the universe, and gradually descend by galaxies, clusters, groups, and nebulae; nor with the earth as a whole, to pulverize it by a long succession of divisions and subdivisions, from a hemisphere to a grain of sand; but simply with a minute particle of dust, which even the buoyancy of the air sustains above the earth's surface, in defiance of the law of gravitation. Begin where, in truth, formerly would have been deemed a good place to end, or with what might have been considered a positive terminus. Regard this as the maximum, as we have above regarded the sun as the minimum, in our survey of increasing size. To this floating mote apply a magnifying glass. Arrest its course, and secure it firmly to the dissecting board. With a fine sharp instrument cut it in two. Take one of its halves, and bisect that. If needful, apply a more powerful lens, a keener knife, and a steadier hand. Proceed until either hand or knife, or both, fail to dis sever its minute segments, and you reach the limits of *mechanical* division. The fragment eludes the unassisted eye altogether.

Pursue the same impalpable relic of an atom by another method; for your microscope demonstrates its presence, its form, its color. Try its solvent—a fluid. Let the gigantic power of this menstruum force its tiny dimensions asunder, absorb its parts into the close interstices, and disseminate them through every portion of the liquid. Withdraw part of a drop from the whole quantity, and let evaporation deposit or leave the infinitesimal point upon the little glass slide for your inspection. Push

this to the remotest boundary of *chemical* solution or analysis and microscopic vision, and you have not attained the highest possible degree of divisibility. The minimum has not yet been reached. Its goal is far, very far beyond.

Passing from the inanimate, let us gently enter upon the domain of the animate minutiae of nature. Put this drop of water under the lens; it teems with darting thousands, from the size of a needle's point to a moving speck, just perceptible to the assisted eye. Attach a higher magnifying power; that speck appears large as the needle's point, and another comes to view, of the same apparent size as the former, in its place. Pile glass upon glass, increase your magnifying power to thirty or forty millions, and your eye beholds them yet continuing to roll into sight from out their previously concealed visibility; the instrument rends the vail which hid them; and "the cry is still they come." Yes, they burst upon the astounded sight from the minutest nooks; they rally from the profoundest depths of obscurity into the area of human vision, not single and alone, but in schools or shoals, by thousands. Through this immense magnifier, strain your eye to its utmost tension; and yonder, in dim, hazy, shadowy outlines, motion and life are perceptible in the still minuter animalcules. That faint, indistinct speck appears thirty or forty million times larger than it really is at that immense distance from the natural eye; and yet, snugly, exquisitely packed away within its interior, are the elements of life. Legs or fins, perhaps a polished and porous shell, it obviously possesses. Organization and respiration also belong to it. To what a degree of refinement has matter been reduced for this wonderful purpose! But we must not pause here, except to admire. It is now capable of division into parts; for of parts it is made. Even imagination is outgeneraled, and our campaign is not quite finished!

Reflect that this mite has an eye, perfect in form, action, and capacity. This eye is a microscope, as far removed from the practicability of imitation by the keenest human ingenuity, as the remotest telescopic objects are from the reach of our hands. And it is doubtless an achromatic microscope, too, which will penetrate into the insect visibility of matter, crude and organ-

ized, as much farther below the minimum size our artificial lenses reveal to us, as these do beyond the scope of our naked vision. It is as much more powerful as it is smaller, more perfect, and better adapted to its location, than we can possibly construct one. It would magnify what we term nothing into a measurable, distinct, living something. Now, think of dividing these living, organized somethings, or the yet minuter objects within their range of vision, into their constituent parts, and you are not without the purlieu of material divisibility. And yet this great globe, dense and palpable as it is, is composed of such millionfold invisible mites or atoms of matter as its elementary parts—individually transparent as crystal; *en masse*, opaque as darkness. Compression and aggregation make them visible, tangible, sizable, bulky, massive, huge.

Who can fathom the skillful mechanism of the Great Artificer? --of Him who makes the boundaries between something and nothing as difficult to our discriminating faculties as are the boundaries between organized and gross matter, or between vegetable and animal life? Who makes the superficies of a grain of sand a day's journey for His living creatures, and presents it to their lustrous eyes a prodigious mountain, full of precipices, hills, vales, and even founts of water! Who has endowed us with abilities almost adequate to pursue our researches to the very walls of nonentity! Surely does it seem that neither minuteness nor vastness can be exaggerated, nor the finite compassed by man; how, then, can the infinite?

Now, without disturbing the Materialist's equanimity in the least, without compromising the Spiritualist's active faith, or trespassing upon the bounds of improbability, the transition becomes easy from the preceding considerations to that of a spiritual body. And we will here introduce, as an appropriate conclusion, the beautiful language of the celebrated Dr. Dick: "In our present state of corporeal organization it is impossible to wing our flight even to the nearest celestial orb in that system of which we form a part, much less to the distant starry regions. How pure spirits, disconnected with material vehicles, may transport themselves from one region of creation to another, it is impossible for us, in the present state, to form a conception. But

it is possible to conceive of a system of organization far more refined than the present, and susceptible of a power of motion far surpassing what we have an opportunity of witnessing in this terrestrial sphere—a locomotive power which might enable an intelligent agent to keep pace with the rapid motions of the celestial orbs. We have only to suppose organical vehicles constructed with matter far more subtle and refined than hydrogen gas, or the ethereal fluid, and approximating to the tenacity of light itself. As we find animalculæ many thousands of times less than the least visible point, their bodies must be constructed of materials extremely subtle and refined; and hence we may infer that the same all-wise Intelligence, who formed such minute and refined structures, can with equal ease construct a material organization for the residence of a rational soul out of the finest materials which creation can supply, and endow it with a capacity of rapid motion superior to that of some of the celestial globes which roll around us. It is not improbable that angelic beings are connected with such a system of material organization, which enables them to move with rapidity from one part of creation to another; and it is possible that man, in a future world, may be invested with such vehicles and such powers of rapid motion."

We know that the force of our will is qualified by the materials of our bodies; obstructed, impeded in its action by the resistance wielded by these gross materials. How often our haste to reach a certain scene or spot seems to press the will into a struggle of release, to get there before the body, and frets to outstrip its comparatively slow motions. Endow this will with a more attenuated structure, more unresisting, and less affected by the trammel of gravitation, and its operation will be easier, more effective; the speed will increase almost *ad infinitum*; its fretting and chafing will subside. It is universally clear that we instantaneously throw our thoughts around the globe, and as far as our knowledge has pioneered the way, even to the stars; and just as clear that, when we will to do, we will instantaneously to do it, and then urge our energies and limbs to coöperate with us in its immediate accomplishment. Remove the cumbersome obstacle of flesh, that representative menagerie of creation, slip

on the ethereal habiliment, and your act, your velocity, equals your will in its flight.

Such is the analogical and inferential ladder, which conducts us from gross, visible matter up to refined and invisible; from torpidity and shackles to flashing speed and unbounded freedom. The self-same principles are involved; the steps are gradual, uniform, regular. These principles are as universally applicable in this department of the universe, as are those of Newton's great law of attraction, if not identical with them. His *vis inertiae* seems to be the anchor which impedes our motions. This is to be sloughed off; and as we farther advance, the stamp of Progress from the Almighty's eloquent signet will be developed more and more distinctly, will brighten with greater effulgence, until its blazing illumination is brilliantly visible to every human intelligence, and its sublime characters are instantly legible and glittering with the halo of their own infallible innate interpretation.

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NIGHT.—We all know something of that lassitude which is induced by continued physical or mental action. After protracted toil and incessant activity we become weary, and a season of rest is required to restore the exhausted energies of nature. Then the discordant sounds of day give place to a hallowed stillness, and the busy world quietly slumbers through the silent watches, till the light appears, and man comes forth with new vigor, and the earth is clothed with a more vivid beauty.

INDIFFERENCE.—Many a bright flower, in the garden of beauty, has been doomed to wither and die when the frosts of disappointment and the clouds of adversity have chilled the atmosphere, and shut out the sunshine of love. The more beautiful the flower, the more tenderly it has been nurtured beneath the enlivening rays of friendship, the more fatal will be the transition to the cold sphere of indifference and neglect.

S. B. B.

## ROBIN GREY.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

I REMEMBER the cot by the wimpling burn,  
It has long since passed away—  
Where grew the sweet-brier and feathery fern,  
Round the home of poor Robin Grey.  
With mickle labor he strove to keep  
Grim want from his humble door ;  
And he dreamed a dream one night, in sleep,  
Which left him not, evermore !

He dreamed that the angel Gabriel came  
And stood by his cottage door,  
And a wondrous light from his raiment fell,  
And shone on the sanded floor :  
His shining wings were o'erfleck'd with gold,  
And dazzling as light could be,  
But the radiant face he could scarce behold,  
For its glorious majesty.

As gazing he stood, his thought grew calm,  
'Neath the angel's suffusing glow,  
And he felt the light, like a holy balm,  
Through his fever'd pulses flow.  
And lifting him up, like a wingéd thought,  
To its region of light and love,  
He knew that his wearied sou. had caught  
A glimpse of the life above.

And hence, lest the vision might fade away,  
He toiled when his task was done—  
Dreaming by night of his toil by day,  
His angel to shape in stone.  
His hopes were plumed like the shining wings  
That had fanned his heart and brain,  
As brighter each day the unsealed springs  
Gleamed down from the heavenly plain.

Life's fleeting moments sped on apace,  
And Robin grew thin and grey,  
But the spirit-radiance stamp'd on his face,  
Shone brighter each passing day.  
Yet little they thought, who saw him bend,  
With the weight of his toil o'erworn,  
That soon he should pass to his angel friend,  
On the pinions of death upborne.

But few were the visits he now could pay  
To his angel by stealth at night;  
But the angel within his breast each day,  
More luminous grew, and bright!  
One morn he was found in his little cell,  
Asleep on the cold, hard floor;  
His soul had ascended in Heaven to dwell,  
With the angel for evermore!

And the stone that witnessed life's parting strife,  
Enclasped in his fainting fall,  
Where a human heart had carved out its life,  
Was broken to mend the wall!  
Though he failed to accomplish the one idea,  
Enstamped on his heart and brain,  
In the clearer light of eternity,  
Who will say that he toiled in vain?

## THE EXODUS OF LABOR.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

THROUGH long, long ages has labor sighed and toiled under a worse than Egyptian bondage. Its utmost stretch of memory can scarce recall its pastoral days, when it frolicked and gambled with the herd upon the plain or mountain side. Enslaved by the gold of civilization, which itself has mined and coined, it is no less oppressed in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, than it was in the days of ancient barbarism, or more recent feudalism. Nor has it scarce other hope than the oppressed Hebrew felt, when his demand for freedom was answered by an increase of task, while at the same time he was compelled to furnish his own material.

But it is not our intention to dwell on the fearful picture, where a background of darkness is only relieved by the gaunt forms of human beings, yoked to ceaseless and unrequited toil; our object is to inquire whether these bondmen and bondwomen have another and more hopeful prospect in the future; whether, indeed, an Exodus be possible, and what must be its character and direction.

And first of all, it would seem necessary to settle this important question: Do the existing relations which labor sustains to its own production, wealth, admit of any possible emancipation of the laborer from his present acknowledged wrongs? The point at issue has nothing to do with the question whether certain persons, favorably endowed or situated, may not *work* themselves out of the oppressed condition; because under every system of tyranny, individuals have risen from the lowest to superior estates. In doing so, however, they have not changed the condition of the classes to which they formerly belonged, and may indeed have been instrumental in heaping new burdens upon

the already overtasked slave. The simple fact that under existing conditions, the power of increase in wealth is "as the *squares* of the periods," while labor is only awarded in proportion to the "*addition* of periods"—and that at such rates as fail to furnish suitable sustenance and means of advancement—demonstrates that under such a system labor has no hope, that while it lives and rules, labor must starve and die.

However shocking this declaration may be to the conservative rich or poor, to the worshiper of gold, on the throne or in the ditch, it must be made; for, until this truth is proclaimed and received by prince and peasant, the millionaire and the common laborer, there is no hope of reconciliation for mankind, no redemption of humanity from bondage, no reign of justice, and no adequate reward for the industry of the toiling. To vary and amend that system, will avail nothing; the inhuman falsehood which underlies our financial and commercial systems, which places money before man, and enables the former to assert dominion over his personal liberty, his right to home, to the earth, to the products of his own industry, however modified and disguised, will work out its own ungodly and terrible results. To express in a concise manner what is meant, it is enough to say, that for the slave to be free, it is necessary that slavery should die; for the people to enjoy liberty, that absolutism be extinguished; and for labor to enjoy its own productions, that the claims and exactions of capital be utterly abrogated and annulled.

But as the writer's views on these subjects are already before the public, let us address ourselves to the method of transition which must ensue, unless the race have already progressed to the culminating point, and their future history is to be but a backward march through the ages from which they have slowly and painfully emerged. Two measures, earth-wide from each other, have principally been insisted on. First, revolution; embracing the death of tyrants, and the destruction of wealth. The second, mediation, conciliation and compromise between the oppressed and the tyrant, between labor and wealth, between God and Mammon. Whether either of these can effect any salutary result, it is not difficult to decide. The records of blood

give no reliable testimony to the efficacy of revolt. A tyrant, no longer endurable, or too weak to maintain his reign of injustice, is made to give place to one more moderate or cunning, but no less dangerous. Destruction of caste and rank can do little to secure any people against tyranny; for the same elements of ignorance, selfishness, and worse than childish reverence for name, the outward show and display of power, will soon create a new order of nobility, and establish an empire from the relics of the monarchy. We use these terms in their widest sense, allowing the absolutist principle, signified by tyranny, to comprehend all domination of the *thing* over the *man*, whether it be a rule of legitimacy or usurpation, of a monarchy, hierarchy, aristocracy, or democracy. That which exalts form, rank, or wealth above the human soul, and claims that man was made for these, and not these for man, is equally dangerous to all freedom, especially freedom of labor, whether in despotic or republican systems. As it was a questionable expedient which demolished the pagan idols, idolatry being thereby ingrafted on Christianity, so to destroy the world's despots, who are only upheld by a strange semi-superstition of the people, would only be to give that feeling a different object of exercise. It is questionable, indeed, whether it be not more legitimate to acknowledge and reverence the rule of a man than the dominion of gold. The servile or ambitious mind, actuated by blind selfishness, will have some emblem of power to worship; if it be not a monarch by right divine, it will be the dollar of divine might. And never, until a higher position is assumed, and the thoughts and affections of men become more expanded—so that fraternal love shall have control where self-love predominates, and the human spirit be revered in every human form—will any radical change be even so much as possible.

While men will seek isolated and conflicting interests, by competition and hazardous speculation, the results consequent on such procedure will inevitably be experienced. Plethoric wealth, idleness, extravagance, extortion, oppression and dissipation, will develop themselves at one extreme, and squalid poverty, vagrancy, dependence, servility and disorder, at the other. Nor is help for this result any where to be found, but in

striking at the foundation of the evil. No political measure, yet proposed by any party, can so much as delay the terrible catastrophe, which is already casting its dark shadow over us. The fragmentary efforts at association, based upon the same false ground that money may share the awards of human toil, have thus far proved only able to benefit a few, at the expense of many, as the competition of the world must necessarily affect all organizations, in proportion as they acknowledge the principle of man's subserviency to wealth.

Nor does it seem possible to effect any permanent good by organizations for building or for manufacturing. The result is to build up, more and more, the populous places, and thus concentrate the evils of monopoly and speculation which exhibit themselves in the cities and larger towns of our country. For though it may increase the proportion of those who have homes and wealth, it can not change the dependence nor lessen the toil of those who have not. To succeed truly, a movement toward social and industrial regeneration must begin with the cultivation of the earth; not, however, to the exclusion of any useful trade or art. It should produce as far as possible every thing needed for consumption. Thus it would be enabled to avoid subjection to the exactions of the business system without, and yet be enabled, by its position, to exert a favorable influence abroad, as it could dictate terms to such as needed its surplus productions.

In the place of violent revolution, or a half and half compromise with tyranny, by joint-stock association or otherwise, I would then recommend emigration to the victims of oppression, both in the old and in the new world, of whatever nation, race, or color. A great portion of this continent and of Africa is open to colonization. If the despotism of courts or of coffers will not raise its yoke from the neck of labor, why then let labor slip from under the yoke; for this alternative it always has. Tyranny and wealth think labor can not get on without them. Let us see, then, how they will get on without labor. Is the desolation of those ancient seats of despotism and of riches a lesson which can only be learned by constant repetition?

There is no truth in history more clear than that the most

important changes to nations or races have been intimately connected with emigration. The Exodus of the Hebrews but typifies what has been the experience of all the historic or prominent races. Had not the prophet-voice of Moses aroused that people to action, and infused into them a desire to go up and "possess the land which the Lord their God had given them," they never would have attained any higher condition than that of a servile and dependent race. Our forefathers would have failed to become the free and independent people they were had they remained in oppressed and corrupted Europe. The impetus to all modern civilization and refinement was given to each European nation itself by emigration, so that scarce a relic remains of ancient European nationalities or institutions as they existed in the times of the Cæsars.

In all systems based on partial and unequal principles, corruption and oppression develop more and more with the duration and stability of institutions. Whether there is good enough in our Anglo-American institutions to combat effectually the evil we have ingrafted on our system from the European stock, or otherwise, it is evident that a comprehensive movement looking toward the possession of the land, yet unappropriated, would do much to strengthen the bands of justice and of right in the Atlantic States, and greatly weaken the power of wealth which now exacts the moiety of all labor's productions.

Developments at the seat of government seem to indicate that a systematic effort to people the public lands would not be opposed, if it was not encouraged in that quarter. And it might be well, if, while the *savans* there are *discussing* this proposition, the people would decide it for them by actual occupation, and rely upon the best and only true claim—that they need the land, and use it.

There are various reasons why any comprehensive and successful experiment must look to the occupation and cultivation of the soil; the principal of which is, that by so doing, all competition and conflict of labor with itself will be avoided. The soil is the source of all sustenance and of all needful wealth. Its monopoly severs labor from its most natural province, and compels it to seek servile employment, and to underbid itself in

the mart where merchandise of limbs and bodies, and of heads and hearts, is made. Moreover, agriculture is the basis of all other trades and forms of business whatever, and where that is first well established, or being established, all other useful occupations can be securely followed. The great obstacle to be encountered in all this movement is the antagonism of jealousy, envy, and lack of harmony and good will among the industrious classes themselves. And no employment can be so well carried on by people individually as the cultivation of the earth. There is the least in it to excite feelings of prejudice or antagonism, and the most to develop the elements of mutual assistance and coöperation.

I do not look for any sudden change and combination in the social elements. Happy, indeed, if, after forty years wandering in the wilderness, we arrive at a true condition. Unless the experience of the last four hundred years, not to say eighteen, have no lesson, the design of Providence is to develop now the self-reliance, self-control, and real identity of the individual. Submission, then, to communal authority, arbitrarily imposed, is no more a part of the Divine plan than the authority of Cæsar or of Mammon. Man must be MAN; not a slave, not a wheel or lever, in some nicely constructed machine. He is the offspring of Deity, and his birthright must be maintained and respected. Nothing to my mind is so calculated to infuse self-respect and to give an elevated tone to labor, as the consciousness of being dependent only on the coöperation of Nature, and of toiling with her for the supply of those wants which only indicate her bounteous provision.

If there is a portion of the laboring class which more especially need an Exodus, for them I see no other hope than that connected with emigration and independent municipal arrangements. Emancipation, in the place, and under the influence of existing prejudices and institutions, would scarcely be regarded as an individual benefit; and not the slavery, but only the kind would be changed. The chattel would, and, as a general thing, must become the hireling. While if he emigrates, especially to a country where such prejudices do not exist, or, still better, to the land of his forefathers, and is enabled to get possession of

the soil he at once becomes an independent and self-relying free-man, in the truest and best sense. The subject of colonization has long been opposed by those who have claimed exclusive friendship for the colored man. A hopeful sign of the times is, that both they and he are coming to think more favorably of it, and to act for its promotion. The exercise of a due degree of wisdom will make that movement one of momentous import to the race and to the world.

It has been denounced as a scheme of singular turpitude, intended to increase rather than lessen the evils of slavery; but even if such had been the aim of its first founders, and of many now engaged in it, it should not prevent those from giving it encouragement who see clearly its potency to develop and elevate the race to which it more especially refers. It should certainly not prevent colored persons from taking advantage of its facilities, who are qualified and ready to take upon themselves the responsibilities as well as the privileges of independence.

It is also a promising indication, that attempts are already making to organize the emigration which is so rapidly filling the Western States. Associations have recently been formed, for the purpose of settling in towns and villages, where the ruggedness and isolation of frontier life is superseded at once by the enjoyments and advantages of society, schools, churches, stores, and markets; and by having the different trades represented, so as to furnish the agriculturist with the manufactures he requires, and an opportunity to dispose of his surplus products near home. These efforts must not only prove of great benefit to those directly interested, but are sure to be followed by comprehensive movements for the realization of a more true and beautiful life, while they will make more easy the transition from competitive to coöperative labor.

This transition must, in the very nature of things, be gradual. Prejudice, personal pride and selfishness, and habits of life which stand in the way of progress, must slowly wear away, and give place to love of humanity, and a spiritual reverence for the rights and possessions of all. The reform must be both spiritual and practical. Mere spiritual development, as the history of all sects bears witness, will end in asceticism or

fanatical partisanship, while mere temporal improvement will only beget penuriousness, and worldly pride and ostentation. In each of these directions the experience already attained ought to be sufficient. A movement, then, both deeply religious and thoroughly practical, is required, that oppressed and imbruted labor may arise to its natural position, and assume its divine prerogatives. Nothing short of this can save. Patent systems of divinity or politics are all futile now, and worse than useless. The devotion of the patriarchs; the patience and heroism of the martyrs; the untiring industry of the miser, with the diffusive spirit of unbounded charity; the stern determination of the Puritans to put down all wrong; with the deep reverence which love and religion inspire toward every being in human form; and the union of love, wisdom, and practical executive force;—these are the requisites to form an organization, and to give shape and direction to this anarchy of transition, which, with terror, is overwhelming alike earth's tyrants and earth's slaves, by its clamor for solution, and the establishment of true order.

In the spread of more exalted sentiments, the development of fraternal and universal love, combined with untiring effort to make practical the great idea of Republican Christianity, I see the future of labor to be hopeful beyond the utmost stretch of its present conceptions, divine, indeed, as it once was in the Type of enfranchised humanity, whose motives were disclosed in these words: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Labor, unconscious of its divinity, its godlike and creative force, shall soon awake—is even now awaking—to a sense of its own power, its duties, and its rights, and emancipation is sure. Its imperative demand for the land which God hath given, and which the powers of tyranny and wrong scarce dare longer deny, indicates that its progress will be at last in the right direction, and that its prospects and destiny will be no longer uncertain. It needs no prophet's vision, no poet's imagination, to portray the promised land to which it tends, "flowing with milk and honey." For what has not labor done, even when shackled with chains, pinched with cold and want, with every hope crushed, and every noble aspiration withered? What will it not do, when accorded its divine rights, and moved by an enlightened and world-

embracing love? Nor has earth a power to stay for a moment its enfranchisement. Only its own blindness, and servility, and antagonism can retard the Exodus; and even these will be conquered, yet not, it may be feared, until they shall have so far favored tyranny, that only through a *Red Sea* a passage will be found possible, and weary days of wandering be made to precede the advent of Universal Peace, and Right, and Brotherhood, the dawning light proclaims to be very, very near.

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## HIDDEN WORTH.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

### I.

A SIMPLE plant in lonely place,  
 Pushed upward from the mold,  
 Yet 'neath the nightshades rank and dark,  
 It slept in shadows cold;  
 And never, from its pale green leaves  
 A floweret might unfold.

### II.

And prisoned darkly there, the germs  
 Of wondrous beauty lay,  
 Yet never to their eyelids came,  
 The warm bright touch of day.  
 Though oft those pale leaves turning sought,  
 Some faint awakening ray.

### III.

It heard the troops of busy bees  
 Mid flower-beds murmuring,  
 The streamlet bubbling o'er its bed,  
 The wild bird's carol ring;  
 And dreamed how beautiful the light  
 Must fall o'er wave and wing.

## IV.

But once when down the glowing west,  
The setting sun was rolled,  
A kindly hand removed the boughs  
That made its prison cold.  
And o'er the frail thing dazzling fell,  
The sunset's rays of gold.

## V.

And when the moon shone out in heaven,  
Its leaves were bathed in light,  
And ne'er the plant its eyelids drooped,  
Through all the hours of night ;  
But weeping dewy tears, it watched  
The moon fade from its sight.

## VI.

Yet all its glittering tears went up  
In incense to the sun,  
For soon the wondrous world around,  
Waked as the day begun.  
And lo ! the flowers, the glancing wings,  
The waves that glistening run !

## VII.

And now amid them all there gleams  
No fairer, brighter thing,  
Than the sweet buds and radiant flowers  
That from this lone plant spring.  
So gently modest worth unfolds,  
Thro' fond love's cherishing.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

The true art of life is to fill up the hours  
With works for the good of mankind;  
Here is a labor, worthy the powers  
Of the loftiest or lowliest mind.  
Tho' slight is the task, yet immense the reward  
Of him who thus labors to imitate God.

"MY DEAR BRITTAN :

"You ask me for some more of that allegorical or symbolical teaching of which you have already had a specimen.

"I comply with pleasure with your request, if thereby I can afford consolation or do good to one single person only ; and I shall be happy to continue giving you extracts from my papers, so long as such a result can be produced.

"What I now give you are not continuous pictures of any one occasion, but selections, on kindred topics, from several teachings.

Yours, etc.,

"J. W. EDMONDS."

### THE FORM OF TRUTH.

FEBRUARY 10, 1852

What I first saw, on this occasion, was the naked hand and arm of a female, amid an atmosphere of intense blackness. It was round, healthy, and very distinctly depicted ; was extended toward me, and held in its hand something shaped like a ferule, and dark in color, though not of the intense blackness that enveloped the arm.

The next I saw was the partially naked breast of a female. I was not allowed to see the face nor the body of the one to whom it belonged. The breast was partly concealed by an oil-silk shirt, which enveloped the body, and was somewhat open in

front. It was not round, and full and healthy, as the arm was in the previous picture, but shrunk up and withered, as of a female in infirm health and of advanced years.

I did not distinctly understand, at the time, what these two pictures meant to teach. The next day, however, it was disclosed to me, and it was said that it was perceived I did not understand the allegories, and that was because my interior perceptions were not sufficiently opened—that these were the beginning of a series of pictures that would be given me, and as I advanced I would become more capable of understanding them.

It was then said that the first picture represented the arm of Truth thrust through the blackness of Error, and seen distinctly amidst it; no shade from the error even coloring or obscuring the clear brightness of the truth. It held in its hand a Mystery, dark-colored, to be sure, but differing in hue from the blackness of error. That Mystery was yet to be explained to me; and when it should be, I must cherish and preserve it until the world was ready to receive it, and then give it to the world.

The arm alone appearing, without the body to which it was attached, was intended to signify that to us only a small portion of Truth—one only of its members—had as yet penetrated the blackness of Error which surrounds mankind in their present condition. At both ends of the arm there was yet room for investigation: at one end to solve the mystery contained in the hand, and at the other to develop to view the whole form and body of Truth, in its beauty and its brightness.

The second picture was intended to represent Truth deformed and obscured by sectarianism. Here, also, a part only of the body of Truth was disclosed, and even that appeared withered, diseased, sickly, and was strikingly in contrast with the full, round, healthy appearance of the arm of Truth in the first picture. It was of that part of the female form most attractive, yet here had lost its attraction, and was almost repulsive. It had lost its beauty. There was reality left, but it could be alluring only to the diseased imagination, to the mind warped by passion or indurated by habit. The oil-silk garment showed the miserable remedies resorted to, to cure that drying-up and

withering of the beauties of Truth, and not only still more distorted its form, but helped to conceal from view the ravages which the disease of sectarianism had made in the bosom of Truth.

This explanation of the picture recalled to my mind a portion of it which I did not record, because I deemed it of no moment, but now I see its force.

I was not, as I mentioned, permitted to see the form or face of this sectarian Truth, but I was permitted to have a transient and fleeting glance at the lower part of the face—the mouth and chin. It was repulsive and offensive; at once sensuous and idiotic.

The next scene was a female presenting herself to me: first as simply a head and face, as of a person about thirty years old; the face was oval and very beautiful, with red cheeks and black eyes and eyebrows. It was first close to my face, and the expression was cold and chaste. In a short time it receded a little distance from me, and then the whole form appeared. The red cheeks had faded, and though the face was not pale, it had no bright color in it. The form was clothed with white and flowing garments, and seemed to be standing in a bank of clouds, arising about to her knees. The expression of the face was, at one instant, and only for a moment, that of ardent hope and enthusiasm, but for the rest of the time it was calm, rather cold and severe, indicative of intellectual beauty, as if she would tend rather to elevate the mind than the feelings, develop the brain rather than the heart.

She was the very ideal of purity and brightness—where the mind predominated over the emotions, though it was evident there was feeling there, but controlled and well regulated by the reason.

I dwelt some time upon the picture, to take in all its details and to imbibe its lesson. There was in it nothing to allure the sensuous mind, but much to reverence and respect; nothing indicating the companion merely of the moment, but much the companion of time; the friend, the guardian spirit, the elevating guide.

I was several times impressed who it was. I saw nothing in

the features resembling those on earth, nor did I see, except for an instant, any of that strong affection which I am taught to believe still lives. Yet the impression who it was, was repeated upon me again and again, as if to teach me that it was the affinity of mind, and not of emotion, that was to be cultivated, and to show me how far one under the dominion of the mind and the reason is superior to me, while under the dominion of emotion chiefly.

The scene at length began to fade away, as if a mist-like cloud rose between me and it, and hid it from my view. As it was fading, there was something that caused me to wish to look yet a little longer at it. What it was I do not remember; I only recollect having a strong wish to look farther upon the scene, and instantly the mist rolled away, and there again stood before me, in full and distinct view, that chaste, cold, pure and bright form, with its countenance of intellect and some sadness. Then again it faded away, and was lost to my view.

The scene that followed was in striking contrast with the former.

It was of two persons, a man and woman, both dressed in dark garments. He was standing erect, grasping her right wrist, and pulling her toward him, with an expression of passion—of anger, as I thought, at her dallying, as well as of desire. She was partly seated on the ground, and was half yielding to, half resisting him. She had a black veil thrown over her head, which concealed her face from him; but it was exposed to my view, and she once turned her face toward me, that I might see the expression. It was a coquettish leer that I saw, that told of her intention to yield, yet of the pleasure she took in tantalizing him and goading his passions to fury. The countenance, attitude, action, all were alluring to the mere sensuous man; and the two pictures represented a striking contrast between physical and intellectual beauty. And I was impressed that one was the beauty that was to be found only in this sphere; the other, that which is to be found in the next.

In reference to these two allegories also, the explanation was given the next day.

The first was intended to represent the pure, bright, calm,

and grave expression that would mark the human face when all the passions were lulled to rest, and the reason made to predominate. The transient flash of emotion which I had witnessed, and which had been so speedily followed by serenity and gravity, was intended to show the complete domination of the mind over the heart—of the reason over the passions.

And the picture's returning to me at my wish, after it had begun to fade away, was intended to say to us, that Truth, with all its purity and brightness, will ever visit us when we earnestly desire its presence.

The last picture, that of the male and female in dark garbs, I was told, was intended to represent mankind in their present physical condition, beset by temptation, and the slave of conflicting passions. That which I had seen in the face of the man, and had deemed to be Anger, was, in fact, Remorse. In his heart Remorse had already sat down by the side of the Lust that was ruling him. Hereafter that heart would be fully opened to my view, that I might see what its condition was when thus tenanted.

The black vail of the female was intended to represent Hypocrisy. I had called it Coquetry, and so it was in the particular case. But while she was struggling against the man, and apparently resisting him with all her might, the black vail hid from him the countenance in which I had read in unmistakable characters, her willingness, nay, even her desire to yield to him, and her joy at thus being able to deceive and torment him.

NOVEMBER 18, 1851.

I was in a part of the City of New York that was unknown to me. I was aware, from the general appearances about me, and from the streets through which I was borne, what city I was in, but this particular spot I had never been in before.

On the corner of two streets that crossed at right angles, I saw an enormous distillery. It was a building whose erection and completion had cost large sums of money. I was close to it, and heard the sound of its machinery. It was full of life, and bustle, and animation, and the work of making what the poor Indian justly calls "fire water," went bravely on. Large quan-

ties must have been manufactured, for I saw many men rolling it by the hogshead full in the adjoining streets, and into the warehouses. The establishment must have been profitable to its proprietor, for every thing in it indicated wealth and abundance.

After remaining there long enough to note these things, I was borne along, as by some invisible power, backward, so that as I receded, the scene was still in view, and I saw that this massive pile, displaying, as it did, the wealth of its owner, was surrounded by numerous low and wretched cabins, in which his workmen resided with their families. I was borne along close by their doors and windows, and squalid poverty and beastly intoxication showed themselves every where to sight and hearing: parents degraded by want and intemperance, and children growing up in ignorance and depravity.

Directly, my attention was drawn to a commotion near the distillery. I saw the workmen hurry out of the building, in their shirt-sleeves, as if suddenly leaving their work: the laborers rolling the hogsheads left their work also, and all, by the immediate command of their wealthy employer, joined in the hot and furious pursuit of something that fled from them along the street. The crowd tore madly along till they caught the object of their pursuit. He was a poor wretch, who, to gratify his insane appetite, had stolen a little rum from that abundant store, and being caught in the act, methought that rich proprietor intended to punish him severely, in order to warn others against depre-dating upon this precious source of his wealth.

I was then borne to another part of the town, where I saw a large factory for the manufacture of cloth. I did not approach the building very near, but in the distance, I saw displayed at the windows, rich and gorgeous fabrics, which I took to be Brussels and tapestry carpets. I noticed the same large and massive building as in the last picture, and the same appearances of wealth in the proprietor. And I saw that it also was surrounded by the same kind of lowly hovels, tenanted by the operatives—the producers of this wealth—and displaying here, as there, the privations and wretchedness of poverty.

And it seemed to me that the manner in which labor was

managed and compensated, was producing the same effect in debasing and rendering unhappy the laborer in both cases, and that unrequited toil was almost as blighting in its consequences as habitual intoxication.

DECEMBER 7, 1851.

I was in a new village, which was just springing up in some of the unsettled parts of our country. A few buildings had been erected, and some were occupied. Others were building, and the materials for them lay scattered about, awaiting the workman's call. I perceived a store erected and in use, some workshops, and several dwellings. The streets on which they were erected, were broad, airy, and spacious. The dwellings were of two stories, and erected in clusters of three or four together, thus forming little neighborhoods or communities, and with quite an open space between one cluster and the next. They had their courtyards in front, and their gardens in the rear, and I particularly noticed that they had carefully avoided the vandalism, so common in our new settlements, of cutting down all the trees. They had left the fine forest-trees growing in front of their houses and along the sides of the streets, so that a pleasant shade was cast upon the houses and yards.

The most important building in the place was the school-house. It was evident that to that had been given the greatest attention, and that had been considered of the first moment. The building was spacious, and of a neat, but not showy order of architecture, and I was impressed that the building was not for the purpose of instructing children only, but also grown people.

I was allowed for some time to contemplate the picture, and it seemed to me that it was a settlement of mechanics, who had retired from the great cities, and intended erecting for themselves a residence which should be comfortable for themselves and their families, where they could improve their own minds, and have free scope to progress themselves, and advance their children in knowledge and virtue, and consequently in happiness.

The whole prospect, not only of the present, but of the future, was very pleasant.

The scene remained until I had carefully viewed it all, and learned the lesson it was intended to teach, and then it faded from my view, but not until I had been impressed that the inhabitants had calculated that they would save enough in health and cost of living, to meet all the additional expense to which they might be subjected, of transportation to and from the market of their products.

I next found myself viewing a scene which I learned was the manhood of the infancy which I had just contemplated.

Before me was a beautiful wide street, nearly a mile in length, and quite level. On each side of it were the close, compact buildings of a populous town. The houses were of various heights and orders of architecture, as if the convenience and taste of the proprietors had been freely consulted and well cultivated. It had footways as our streets have, on the sides next the houses, and a broad carriage-way in the middle. But I was struck with the fact that on each side of the carriage-way, and near the curb-stone of the sidewalks, there was a strip the whole length of the street paved with flat stones, and that no horses were visible, and no horse-vehicle of any kind.

I saw great numbers of people passing up and down, and across the streets, not in such numbers as to create an inconvenient crowd, but enough to give the whole place a lively, animated appearance. The people were not hurrying to and fro, as if driven to death with an overwhelming pressure of business, nor were any of them seen to lay sluggishly by the wayside, as if they were listless and indifferent, and had nothing to do. But all seemed to be moderately and reasonably occupied, and to be comfortable and happy.

I saw no beggars, no rags, no signs of poverty or intemperance, nor did I see any evidence of great wealth. Some of the private buildings were, it is true, larger than others, but not so as to evince any great disparity in the circumstances of the people. All, indeed, seemed to be about on a level, with very slight differences in condition.

While I was gazing on the scene, I saw a locomotive, or some sort of steam-engine, with passengers and goods, coming along the street, on the paved strip in the carriage-way; not running

on a rail, as in our present mode, but on the flat stones. It stopped at various places on the way to receive and deposit goods and passengers, and it was evident that that was the common mode of transportation from one part of the town to the other.

Seeing all this, I inquired, "This, then, is the age whose advent is spoken of, when animals shall cease to exist on the earth?" But as if to correct that error, and also to teach me another lesson, drays appeared in the street, with and without horses, and a one-horse carriage, as if a physician's, came along the street toward me, and turned the corner near me, so that I could see the driver, and the form and fashion of his apparel, and of his vehicle. They were very much like ours of this day, as were the surrounding buildings, showing that much time had not elapsed—certainly not enough to cause much departure from the manners and customs which prevailed at the first founding of that pleasant place.

There was a cheerful, clear light resting on the scene, and the temperature was moderate; some of the inhabitants wore overcoats, and some did not.

While I was gazing, some of the people approached me. Two men, one about thirty, and the other about forty years of age, stopped very near me, and engaged in conversation. They seemed to be very happy, the eldest in particular, who shook his sides in subdued laughter, and rubbed his hands in great glee. Several of the inhabitants spoke to me. They were grave and decorous in their deportment—no frivolity was seen anywhere, but cheerfulness and quiet earnestness. I saw marked differences in their outward physical conformation, about the same that we witness every day around us—showing very plainly that they were not all from one not remote ancestor. But in their condition in life, their degree of refinement and intelligence, they were very much on a level.

And I was told, "such is the result, even in the second generation, of labor properly directed."

## MUSINGS.

BY MRS. LUCY A. MILLINGTON.

GOLD and crimson weave my bower,  
In a woodland lonely,  
Where is neither bud nor flower—  
Autumn's glories only ;  
Softened sunshine rippling o'er  
Brook and mossy bed,  
While the south wind gently stirs  
'Mid the boughs o'erhead.

Here my soul is full of hope,  
Strong for every duty,  
Yearning from life's glooms to win  
Scenes of tranquil beauty ;  
Here, before hope's dawning day,  
Glad with peace and pleasure,  
Boding shadows fade away  
Into brightening azure.

Here is neither stir nor sound  
Of the world's commotion,  
But a lulling unto peace  
And a still devotion.  
Spirits of the dead are here,  
And their thrilling token  
Tell me of their presence dear,  
And their love unbroken.

Death's no more a dreamless sleep  
 With a frightful waking,  
 But a sunny sea, whose waves  
 O'er life's shores are breaking;  
 Each receding billow bears,  
 From our mortal vision,  
 Those whom God hath called to dwell  
 In the fields Elysian.

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### THE SPIRIT-BORN.

WE are assured that the following poem was dictated by ROBERT SOUTHEY, from his home in the Spheres, Thomas L. Harris being the medium. How far the process of infusion, in this case, was different from the ordinary inspirations of genius, we may not infallibly know. We deem it possible that all living thoughts are born in the soul from its direct contact with the Angel-world. The insanity which darkened the last years of Southey's mortal life, and his introduction to Paradise, are indicated with great delicacy and poetic effect.—ED. SHEKINAH.

Night overtook me ere my race was run,  
 And Mind, which is the chariot of the Soul  
 Whose wheels revolve in radiance like the sun,  
 And utter glorious music, as they roll  
 To the eternal goal,  
 With sudden shock stood still. I heard the boom  
 Of thunders; many cataracts seemed to pour  
 From the invisible mountains; through the gloom  
 Flowed the great waters; then I knew no more  
 But this, that Thought was o'er.

As one who, drowning, feels his anguish cease,  
 And clasps his doom, a pale but gentle bride,  
 And gives his soul to slumber and sweet peace,  
 Yet thrills when living shapes the waves divide,  
 And moveth with the tide.

So sinking deep beneath the unknown sea  
Of intellectual sleep, I rested there :  
I knew I was not dead, though soon to be,  
But still alive to love, to loving care,  
To sunshine and to prayer.

And Life, and Death and Immortality,  
Each of my being held a separate part ;  
Life there as sap within an o'erblown tree ;  
Death there as frost, with intermitting smart ;  
But in the secret heart  
The sense of immortality, the breath  
Of being indestructible, the trust,  
In Christ, of final triumph over death,  
And spiritual blossoming from dust,  
And Heaven with all the just.

The Soul, like some sweet flower-bud yet unblown,  
Lay tranced in beauty in its silent cell ;  
The Spirit slept, but dreamed of worlds unknown,  
As dreams the crysalis within its shell,  
Ere Summer breathes its spell.  
But slumber grew more deep till Morning broke,  
The Sabbath morning of the holy skies,  
An Angel touched my eyelids and I woke,  
A voice of tenderest love said, "Spirit, rise"—  
I lifted up mine eyes.

And lo ! I was in Paradise. The beams  
Of morning shone o'er landscapes green and gold,  
O'er trees with star-like clusters, o'er the streams  
Of crystal, and o'er many a tented fold.  
A Patriarch—as of old  
Melchisedec might have approached a guest—  
Drew near me, as in reverent awe I bent,  
And bade me welcome to the Land of Rest,  
And led me upward, wondering but content,  
Into his milk-white tent.

## ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

#### POWER OF ABSTRACTION.

THE capacity of the soul to withdraw itself from the senses, and the mental and physical effects known to accompany the exercise of that power, will constitute the subject of the present chapter. All persons accustomed to reflection are conscious of being able to separate the mind, in some degree at least, from the sphere of outward sensation and action. The measure of this power varies as the peculiarities of original constitution are more or less favorable to its exercise, and is inert or operative according to the temperament, disposition, habits and general pursuits of the individual. Of the nature of this power, and the magnitude of its consequences, very few entertain an adequate conception.

To be greatly distinguished in any department of thought, it becomes necessary that the theme should engross all the faculties of the mind; and this involves the necessity of their separation from other objects, and, in a degree, from the whole sphere of sensuous impressions. We may judge of the extent of the mind's abstraction from the body by the increasing insensibility to outward objects and circumstances. In proportion as the soul is engaged by internal realities, we lose the consciousness of external objects, and become insensible to impressions on the physical organs. The statesman is lost in the midst of his profound design; when oppressd with the nation's care, he heeds not the beauty that crowds the gilded avenues of fashionable life. The philosopher loses his own individuality in the deeper

consciousness of all that is around and above him. Awed by the sublime presence of Nature, standing unveiled before her august ministers, and questioning her living oracles, he heeds no more the petty strifes of common men. The poet is charmed in his reveries. Far away from earth and its grossness, he feels the pulses of a life more spiritual and divine. An angelic magnetism separates him from the world, and he is borne away to other spheres, and worlds invisible are disclosed to the entranced soul.

It is only when man is thus separated from the earth-life, that the soul gives birth to its noblest creations, and realizes the divine in its ideal. The highest truths are only born in the heavens. It is only when the soul retires to the inmost, and receives its impregnation from the forces of angelic life and thought, that its conceptions are truly spiritual and divine. When the mental energies are divided and dissipated among a variety of outward objects, the mind makes no conquests. Mist and darkness gather around the highest subjects of human thought. Minds thus constituted and exercised cause a divergence of the light that shines through them, while others possess a mighty lensic power, under which all subjects become luminous; the light of the mental world finds a focal concentration, and the soul burns up the very grossness and darkness which obstructed its vision. In all things the intensity of action is dependent on the accumulation of forces. The various agents in Nature are rendered potent by the processes necessary to concentrate their virtues. Archimedes, the great geometrician of antiquity, destroyed a Roman fleet, more than two thousand years ago, setting it on fire by the glasses with which he concentrated the sun's rays. When the electric medium is everywhere equally diffused, its power is neutralized and we are insensible of its presence; but when powerfully concentrated, it often rends the darkest cloud, and reveals to us the glory of the heavens beyond. Thus, when the mental forces converge, we become aware of the mind's power; the clouds that veiled the deepest problems of nature, break and pass away, and amid the illuminated mysteries we follow the kindling soul by its track of fire!

Those who are profoundly abstracted, are magnetized by the

angels. Not merely as an agreeable fancy, but rather as a solemn and beautiful reality, do we entertain and express the thought. Some higher intelligence wins the rapt soul away from earth, and it dwells with, and becomes a part of, the Infinite. In the charmed hours when we are able to retire from the dull sphere of grosser life, we think most deeply and truly. Only when earthly sounds are hushed, when earthly scenes grow dim and then invisible, do we ascend to the highest heaven of thought. Communion with external nature; the investigation of her interior laws; the consciousness of the still higher spiritual realities that surround us, and the soul's true worship, are the subjects and exercises best adapted to induce this state of mind. When wholly absorbed with the material objects and events of time, the mind is fettered in its thought. Chained down to earth by a material magnetism, it is difficult to rise above the cramped plane of artificial life. For this reason the mind's noblest monuments have ever been wrought out from invisible worlds, where, veiled forever, are the sources of its highest inspiration.

Certain pursuits require great concentration of mind; but it is readily granted that others are most successfully prosecuted by those who are capable of exercising a kind of *mental diffusion*. The greatest intensity and power are exhibited when the mental energies concenter. I would not speak disrespectfully of any class of minds, nor designedly undervalue the feeblest effort, if well intended; but among the so-called practical men—the men who know how to make money, and to keep it?—there is an unbecoming disposition to ridicule, as mere dreamers, all who entertain an ideal that transcends the dusty walks of vulgar life. It is conceded that those who pursue some miscellaneous business—the man who sells goods and the writer of short items for the newspaper—would accomplish comparatively little, if given to profound mental abstraction, since the successful discharge of their respective duties is made to depend on the facility with which the mind passes from one object to another. But however indispensable this faculty may be to the man of the world, it is seldom associated with the creative energy of acknowledged genius, or the vast comprehensiveness of the real philosopher. The class denominated practical men, may be

men of great research and careful observation; but they are neither distinguished for an intuitive perception of truth, nor for profound and independent thought. Their philosophy, if they have any, is generally fragmentary and superficial. Seldom or never admitted into close communion with the hidden principles of Nature, they are chiefly qualified to notice her outward expressions, while it is given to other minds to receive her sublime oracles. Thus it would seem to be the peculiar province of one class to observe and record; of the other, to reveal and create.

Among the decomposing agents in Nature may be justly comprehended a certain class of minds, gifted with peculiar powers of analysis, and holding a kind of hereditary mastery over the great realm of little things. These are often *sharp critics*, but seldom, indeed, has one been a great poet, a profound philosopher, or a comprehensive historian. To this class of minds the Universe is not ONE, but a disorderly aggregation of separate forms and distinct entities, sustaining no very intimate relations. Another, and as we conceive, a far higher power is necessary in grouping the disorganized elements, so as to form them into new and living creations. It requires but an ordinary medical student and a scalpel to dissect a body that only God could create.

Many of our practical men appear to be materialists, whatever they may be in fact or in their own estimation. They very properly esteem the cultivation of potatoes and the growth of cotton as matters of universal concern; but the production of ideas and the culture of the soul are deemed to be interesting chiefly to divines, metaphysicians, and the fraternity of dreamers. These inveterate utilitarians estimate all things—not even excepting the grace of God and the ministry of the Angels—by their capacity to yield an immediate practical result—a result that may be included in the next inventory. The genuine fire of Prometheus is worthless, except it will supply the place of *fuel*; and the Muses, are they not all fools, unless Parnassus be made a *corn-field*? Such views, however prevalent, have not the power to enlist those who are greatly distinguished for independent thought and supersensual attainments. The man of

intuitive nature would rather be numbered with dreamers, than lose sight of his immortality.

Not only the noblest thoughts are evolved in seasons of great mental abstraction, but the mind is made to feel a deeper consciousness of its relations to the invisible, and is rendered more susceptible to the influence of spiritual natures. Fasting and asceticism materially aid in this retirement of the soul from the senses. The ancient Prophets and Seers were accustomed to seek the wilderness, or some lonely mountain, when they would invoke the spiritual presence. Moses withdrew from the idolatrous multitude into the Mount, where, surrounded by the sublimities of Nature and the majesty of Jehovah, he received the Law. It was when the Prophet bowed his head and covered his face with his mantle, shutting out from his senses the impressive symbols of the tempest and the fire, that the "still small voice" obtained an utterance in his soul. Christ found in the desert solitude the spiritual strength which earthly companionship could not afford. Protracted fasting, a home in the wilderness, and silent communion with the Spirit-world, served to diminish his susceptibility to mere physical suffering, and to render him strong in spirit and mighty to endure his trial. The ancients seem to have been deeply conscious of the fact, that retirement from the world was necessary to the highest functions of the spirit, and to all the noblest triumphs of mind. Hence the Patriarchs planted groves as places of worship, and preferred to perform their religious rites on the summits of lofty mountains. The Druids, who were held in the greatest veneration by the ancient Britons and Gauls, consecrated the most desolate scenes in nature to the purposes of their religion, and to the education of their youth, who were required to retire into caves and the deepest recesses of the forest, sometimes for a period of twenty years. Manifestly, all these discerned the shadow of the same great law, and sought to quicken and invigorate the soul by withdrawing it from the scenes of its earthly life.

Since the mind may govern the distribution of the forces of vital motion, it is but natural that all the fluids—and more especially that refined aura which pervades the nervous system, and is the agent of its mysterious functions—should recede from

the external surfaces of the body, whenever the mind is deeply abstracted. If, in the order of the universe, mind be superior to matter, we are authorized to presume that the latter is of necessity subject to the former. That mind is an ever active force, and that matter, separately considered, is inert and destitute of the power of motion, is illustrated by the various phenomena which spring from their most intimate relations. In proportion, therefore, as the mind is abstracted, the sensational medium must be withdrawn from the extremities of the nerves, and the natural susceptibility of the organs be temporarily suspended. But we are not necessarily confined to the argument *a priori* in the illustration of our proposition. Facts, cognizable by the senses, are disclosed to the observation of all, and these lead us to the same general conclusion. It is well known that whenever a state of mental abstraction is induced, it serves to deaden the sensibility to pain, and to diminish the consciousness of outward danger. When all the powers of the soul are engrossed with some one great object or idea, no room is left for the intrusion of thoughts or purposes of inferior moment. Then earth and time, with their gilded treasures and empty honors, are disregarded, and in our transfiguration we forget that we are mortal.

It can not be necessary to cite a great number of facts in this connection. Yet illustrations of the principle are scattered through all history. The martyrs of Liberty and Religion, whose shouts of victory and songs of triumph have risen above the discord of war or been heard amidst the crackling fagots at the stake, show how regardless mortals are of danger, how almost insensible to pain is man, when the soul is fired by a holy enthusiasm, and all its powers consecrated to a sacred cause. But not in these pursuits alone do men experience this deadening of the external senses. All persons of *studious habits* are conscious of a similar loss of physical sensibility, whenever the mind is profoundly occupied. Some men possess this power of abstraction in a very remarkable degree; and persons of this class have often been greatly distinguished for their boldness and originality of thought. Mr. A. J. Davis has long been accustomed to exercise this power. When lost in his internal meditations, he is outwardly insensible—at least apparently—

so that when addressed in the most commanding voice, he remains undisturbed. Charles W. Lawrence has such a power over the agent of sensation in his own body, that, by the mere force of his will, he is able to produce a temporary paralysis, and hence, for the time being, to render himself insensible to pain. A gentleman, known to many of our readers, has on several occasions, and while addressing an audience, experienced an abnormal quickening of the faculties of his mind, accompanied with a corresponding loss of sensation, so that all forms of persons and other objects within the range of his vision, were gradually obliterated. While under the influence of this spell, he loses all consciousness of time and place, and speaks with far more than his accustomed ease and power.

That mental abstraction diminishes physical sensibility, and renders the mind indifferent to outward objects, and even regardless of the body, is forcibly illustrated in the case of Archimedes of Syracuse, to whom we have already referred. When his native city was besieged and taken by the Romans, Metellus, their commander, desired to spare the life of this distinguished man; but, in the midst of the conflict, a soldier entered his apartment and placed a glittering sword to his throat. The great geometrician was engaged in the solution of a problem, and so deeply absorbed that he remained calm and unawed by the certain prospect of death. "Hold," said he, "but for one moment, and my demonstration will be finished!" But the soldier seeing a box, in which Archimedes kept his instruments, and thinking it contained gold, was unable to resist the temptation, and killed him on the spot.

In conclusion, I must speak briefly of the *dangers* incidental to the exercise of this power. While a just observance of the principle under discussion must impart a divine quickening to the soul, history has recorded many melancholy examples of its perversion to the most painful and fatal ends. So great is the power of mind over the body, that portions of the animal economy are sometimes paralyzed by its action. Constant exercise of mind, without the use of the senses, not only tends to withdraw the circulating medium of the nervous system from the external surfaces, but, of necessity, renders the health and life

of the body insecure. Intense thought, if long continued, may occasion an undue determination of the vital forces and fluids to the brain, and thus produce congestion or some derangement of the faculties. The conditions of mind and body, which cause a temporary suspension of sensation, may, if greatly protracted, preclude the restoration of the physical function. We have known several authors who have prematurely lost the sense of hearing, as we believe, from this cause.

But there are other dangers not less fatal to personal usefulness, and far more destructive to the interests of society. This disposition to withdraw from the world has prompted many to neglect the ordinary duties of life. Not a few have been tempted to fly from all civilized society, and have spent their lives in caves and mountains, away from the ills which they had not the manhood to meet. It is a morbid alienation of reason, with a sickly disgust of life and all temporal interests, that leads to these extremes. Neither Nature nor the spirit of Divine wisdom can be the incentive to action, when men thus disregard their relations to this world, and treat the gifts of God and the blessings of earth with pious scorn.

The asceticism that prevailed in the early church, and the corporeal inflictions that men in different ages have voluntarily suffered, witness to us how sadly the noblest powers and privileges may be perverted. Think of old Roger Bacon, the Anchorite. He lived two years in a hole under a church wall, and at last, dug his own grave with his finger-nails; and all that he might escape from the world, and show his contempt for physical suffering! And Simeon Stylites, distinguished among the Ascetics as the renowned pillar-saint, what a martyr was he!\* There may be no more like these, but there are, yet in the flesh, many victims of their own melancholy whims, men whose disgust of this laboring world proceeds from a love of indolence and a

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\* Simeon Stylites was a native of Syria. He lived during a period of thirty-seven years on the top of a pillar, gradually increasing its height as he became lean in body and sublimated in soul, until he obtained the elevation, corporeal and spiritual, of some *sixty feet*. Having progressed to this sublime extent, he acquired a great reputation as an oracle, and became the head of a sect, the history of which can be distinctly traced for more than 500 years.

fondness for dreaming; gifted souls whose mission is not to labor—gifted with visions in arm-chairs, visions of ease projected from their own brains—and who, if only their usefulness is to be considered, might as well follow the example of the English monk.

Let every friend of progress guard against fanaticism, and wisely exercise his faculties, that his work may be accomplished, and the world be made better for his having lived.

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## TRIBUNALS OF CONCILIATION.

BY D. M' MAHON, JR.

IN our Republic, the legal profession possesses the power of doing good or evil to an incalculable extent. Its influence ramifies throughout the arteries of society. Our judicial and most of our executive and administrative officers, and many of our legislators, are lawyers. Much of our social happiness depends upon their education and moral character. Yet the influences surrounding the advocate at the present day tend to force him into an antagonism to the true society. His position is probably more hostile to the advancement of his fellow-men, than either of the other so-styled learned professions. These influences all tend to deter him from the office of a peace-maker, from harmonizing interests and the passions of his fellow-men, and from checking the avaricious pursuit of gain.

From which of these influences, in the main, does this arise? Is it from his natural depravity, the studies which fit him for his avocation, or from any thing that is extrinsic to the doctrines he is taught? A moment's consideration will furnish us with what we believe to be the true answer. It is because his emoluments depend upon the spirit of litigation which may exist in his particular sphere, and the extent to which that may be developed. Now if his position be altered so that his emoluments depend upon his professional services as a conciliator,

we apprehend that he will be influenced toward what we conceive to be his true sphere of action.

We may define the true functions of the advocate to be first, judicial; second, arbitrational; and third, the legislative. He would act in a judicial capacity when called upon to determine abstract principles of law, which are to regulate, not the passions of men, but the noble pursuits of the human intellect. His duty is arbitrational when he offers himself as a conciliator, general umpire, or referee, to settle differences among men. And it is legislative when he, with a spirit of prescience, forms laws and institutions for the exaltation and dignity of labor, the removal of influences to vice and crime, and for the leverage of the wheel of progress. But we do not propose, in the present article, to consider him in any other light than that of the arbitrator or conciliator.

It may be demanded, and with some force, too, how can you alter human nature? How can you prevent people of litigious temper, when they are injured, from resorting to the laws of their country for redress? How can you prevent the advocate from siding with the longest purse, and from acting for his client in a way which the stoical philosophy of Paenatius and also of Cicero has approved? We answer, by simply laying before the advocate and before the suitor some facts and reasonings developing what may be their true interests. Were I to say to a lawyer, do good; do not wrong any one; advise your client to the right; do not persecute his adversary; would I not be met with the answer, we do all that, and yet these things exist? Yes; you do what is the letter of the law, and of the stoical philosophy—you are the personation of your client, yet you would scorn to act the part of the criminal or the persecutor. But in the judgment of the great First Cause, are you in the right path? are you the peace-maker? If you are not, it is probably not so much your fault, as it is the fault of the state of society in which you live, and that exists from a vitiated state of public sentiment on the subject of legal reform.

We have around us a panoply of judges, advocates, *et id omne genus*—the formula and majesty of the law and the courts, and yet we spend ninety-ninths of our time on forms; that is, settling

what is the office of a pleading; what is irrelevant and redundant; what is the practice; and after litigating through the round of the tribunals, we at last, perhaps, arrive at the *right*, and then, forsooth, the suitor is not as well off in morals and in fortune, as when he commenced. We would rather have the conservatism of fifty years ago than the legal reform as at present understood. The forms and ceremonies, and the practical operations of that period, tautological and peculiar though they may have been, were understood, while our present legal reform consists of the simplification of the practice, so that every one, of "common understanding, may know what is intended;" and after the courts have spent fifty years in settling the thousand questions which the art or finesse of lawyers now moot, we will find ourselves at the starting point—will have been moving in a circle. Such reform is but novelty, mere change; it is but deepening or clearing out the channel of the human passions.

The happiness of society does not depend upon retribution, or, as your reformer would have it, justice; we have no doubt it depends upon its opposite, forbearance. Society is a compromise, wherein members of the social body do yield up portions of their natural rights, to the intent that they may the more perfectly enjoy the remainder. So ought social differences to be compromised when an indulgence in them leads to strife.

The true legal reformer conciliates; he desires to end strife, for the Divine principle of Love is the spring and ultimate of his reforms. Now if we can show it to be the interest of the advocate and of the suitor to end this strife, and to act in a forbearing and conciliating way, we think we shall establish our position. How then can we do this? Let us inquire of the suitor, suppose we settle your difference with your fellow-man in a speedy and harmonious manner, and without ordinary forms and costs of a court; would you not be willing to employ and compensate an advocate to represent your grievances, and secure an acknowledgment of your rights? Can there be a doubt as to the rational and probable answer to this question? and does not the decision guarantee to the advocate that his profession is necessary, and may be honorably pursued?

On the other hand, let us inquire of the advocate, suppose

you found that your business increased rapidly by having your client's differences determined without form or ceremony, in a week, instead of a year, would you not advise him to adopt that course, and would you not endeavor to conciliate and harmonize your client with his adversary? Would you not drop your finesse, your chicanery, and honestly strike at the pith of the controversy, and have it decided? We mistake human nature if the reply would not be in the affirmative. How, then, is all this to be accomplished? We answer, by establishing courts of conciliation. Mankind at the present have a horror of the fathomless abyss of the law; but circumstances compel them to resort to it. Yet ninety-ninths of the litigation which now occupies our courts, is the result of a want of sufficient discretion at the commencement. Men heated by their litigious passions, desire legal strife, and lawyers, because it is for their interest, pander to this desire. But if you can devise a court or tribunal wherein they must stand for a few moments—we speak figuratively—before they enter the dim portals of the law, it gives them time for reflection—to regain their senses—and they will generally desire to have their differences determined by that tribunal, because it will be for their interest to do so. And if such tribunals establish no other good result, they would effect much in properly directing that motive-power by which man can, if he will, move the world.

Some prescient mind, no doubt influenced by the necessity for such tribunals, in 1846, caused to be inserted in the Constitution of the State of New York, a provision that Courts of Conciliation might, from time to time, be established, the judgments of which would be binding, whenever the suitors agreed on submitting their differences to the decision of such tribunals; and in 1849 the codifiers of the practice, in their third report, presented a synopsis of such a court for legislative action. The legislature, however, was not ripe for it, and it stands as yet not enacted. As this synopsis presents the general features of a court of conciliation, we will now allude to it.

It provided that any person having a claim against another, arising from any of the causes mentioned in the Act, upon serving a citation upon his adversary, or upon going voluntarily

with him before the judge of conciliation, might state his complaint or difference to the judge, who should hear it, and their explanations, and then inform them of their relative rights and duties, and endeavor to reconcile their differences. Whereupon, if a reconciliation be had, a minute should be made, and signed by the parties, the same to be the final termination of the matter in controversy, and judgment may or may not be rendered, as the parties agree.

It may be objected to this, that the system is voluntary, and would not effect any thing, because suitors would not, in the first instance, agree to submit to the decision of the court of conciliation. That principle of volition we deem to be the necessary element of its success. People, without being compelled, now often arbitrate their differences rather than resort to the law. The Chamber of Commerce in the City of New York, settles speedily and amicably among the merchants a thousand causes of difference in a year, which otherwise would be put into the shape of a legal controversy. Man is rational and confiding; he likes to be reasoned with, and would have faith in his neighbor. Every man knows some worthy citizen to whom he would be willing to leave any of his rights for decision. Man, moreover, delights in any thing that is left to his pleasure, his will, and his honor.

We can refer, in support of the voluntary position, to the example of these courts in the State of Denmark, wherein they were established in the year 1795. In 1843, in that country, there were 31,338 cases brought before courts of conciliation, of which 21,512 were determined, and the parties submitted to the judgments. Only 299 were postponed, and 9,527 were referred to the ordinary tribunals of justice, of which but 2,817 were prosecuted.

This is a most beautiful example, and one illustrative of a state of intelligence and independence in the Danes, for which we were hardly prepared. At the present time, they are the freest people in Northern Europe.

Now, in recommending courts of conciliation, it will be perceived that we do not propose to do away entirely with the ordinary tribunals of justice. We only mean to resort to the

latter as rarely as possible. If we suppose that the laws for the collection of simple contract debts were abolished, and that all other civil causes of difference should, in the first instance, be referred to the tribunals of conciliation, we then have for the courts of justice the trial of criminal offenses, and of such cases as are sent to them by the tribunals of conciliation. This, then, leaves the courts of justice to their true vocation, that of determining abstract questions of legal right, constitutional liberty, and to the prevention of crime.

Having thus discussed this subject, let us for a moment take a prescient view of the future of a country wherein the land is distributed to the landless, where laws for the collection of civil contract debts are abolished, the hangman's office unknown, and where all administrative, executive, and legislative officers are elected by the people, and wherein free trade and tribunals of conciliation exist. Such a country would witness an exemplification of the GOLDEN AGE. Ten years under the practical operation of these reforms, would advance our nation to the highest pitch of earthly happiness yet attained by man. Every citizen would sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and clothe himself in the beautiful fabrics which an unshackled commerce would enable him to obtain. He would cultivate his own family soil; he would call for an economical administration of the government, because of the direct taxes he would have to pay; he would meet his adversary by the way, and agree with him quickly; and, in fine, drink in deep draughts from the fountain of peace; and, filled with the spirit of celestial love, he would be fitted to enjoy the manifold bounties which the great and benign First Cause has so liberally bestowed.

Such would be the fruits of these reforms, and out of the chaotic mass of progressive elements would be fashioned the beautiful temple of Truth, wherein all men would delight to worship, and receive the lessons of divine wisdom.

Arouse thyself, sordid advocate, and come forth from the slough of selfishness! Gaze on this picture, and respond to the searching inquiry—Is not all this happiness preferable to the hellish discord that reigns around thee? And tell me, is not thy brother's weal thine own?

## SOUL WAKING.

To S. B. BRITTAN, *Editor of the Shekinah*:

DEAR SIR: After relating, in presence of a company of friends, a portion of my earlier experience of Spiritual Manifestations in the form of a remarkable vision, which occurred to me some eighteen years since, you solicited a record of the same for publication. I now proceed to comply with your request; but before beginning the narrative, allow me to preface it with a few remarks on the utility of personal experiences in general.

Although the experience of no one person can be identical with that of any other person, and, therefore, can never serve as a guide for another, yet there is a grand point or principle involved in the spiritual experience of every individual, which commends even its simplest narrative to the attention of all earnest minds. That point or principle is, *the revelation of a higher life to the individual consciousness*. Each new narrative goes to swell the "cloud of witnesses" who testify of this most momentous fact in the career of human development, and adds another member to the vast communion of that higher life.

Without this personal revelation, it is impossible for any one to come forth from the darkness and dominion of mere sensuous existence into the light and liberty of true life; because sensuous existence, in whole and in part, is but an inverse reflection of the true or spiritual life. It is well known how grossly we are misled by the senses in relation to planetary motion—the merely sensuous conception being the exact reverse of the truth—as in the relative movement of our earth and the sun. So, also, in relation to all truth, the sensuous person occupies an inverted position. All his maxims, morals, and principles of action are but so many inverse reflections of truth. Tell the merely sensuous man of the blessedness to be experienced from a frank forgiveness of some offender who has done him a gross

injury, and he will treat your suggestions with incredulity, if not contempt; because he has never been a conscious recipient of the spirit of forgiveness—which is mercy, clemency, goodness—the all-pervading spirit of the universe—the spirit of God. And because he has not been conscious of the existence of such a spirit, he has not yet “entered into life,” but has been tarrying in its outer courts, the senses. He finds delight in revenge rather than in forgiveness; and, in every other action, his mode of procedure is alike inverted.

But, with a revelation of spiritual existence, we may make our exodus from this worse than Egyptian bondage, and enter into the true life—not in a moment, as is imagined by a sensuous theology—but gradually, through many successive stages, marked by all the vicissitudes which lie between birth and maturity. The spiritual man must also pass through the stages of infancy, childhood, and adolescence, to complete manhood; and in his progress he must encounter the severest conflicts, for the sensual will not accept the rule of the spiritual, without rebellion and a terrible strife. Without such conflicts, the full powers of genuine manhood are not evoked, and can not be called into active exercise. Without them we can not be free. The field of these conflicts lies between the present race of professing Christians and that eternal rest, concerning which they have hitherto had but the most fantastic dreams—a field wherein they will be thoroughly purified from all aspirations after indolent ease, whether in this world or any other, as constituting the basis of heavenly joys.

Knowing, then, as I do, that the Spiritual Manifestations of our day are thus opening up the way from a false to a true life, I most cheerfully cast into the common treasury of evidence upon this subject the following relation of facts:

#### A VISION.

Eighteen years ago, having attained the age of thirty-two, without any definite faith in the immortality of man, I became the subject of a memorable vision, which brought the evidence of spiritual existence home to my most external senses. The vision occurred while I was thoroughly awake, and was of full

five hours duration, commencing about eleven o'clock at night, and continuing till nearly daylight the next morning.

On the night of the vision, I had just retired to bed, in ordinary health, after having performed a full day's work at my usual occupation, when I commenced reviewing my previous course of life—the frequent journeys I had performed in moving from place to place; and suggesting to myself the propriety of becoming settled somewhere, and establishing myself in a permanent home. Pursuing this train of thought, I was surprised to hear the suggestions of my mind correctly replied to in a distinct and audible voice, as if by a person standing near my bed. Without the least emotion of alarm at such a novel occurrence, I continued to make further suggestions and inquiries, to each of which I received satisfactory responses in an audible, friendly, and even affectionate tone of voice. I was convinced that the voice was a spiritual one, but it did not once occur to me to associate its tone and accent with any person, either living or dead, whom I had ever known. The apparently disinterested friendship and superior intelligence displayed in the replies, inspired me with the utmost confidence, and determined me to seek to learn something from my unseen instructor. Accordingly, after a series of questions and answers, I asked if the Christian religion is true? This question seemed to grieve my invisible friend, and cause him to withdraw his presence without deigning a reply. I reflected that I should have known that the Christian religion was true, without asking, because I could see its peaceful fruits in the lives of some of my friends, and could contrast them with the discordant results of atheism in others of my acquaintance; and I concluded within myself that the Christian religion is true. My unseen friend then returned, and my mind recurring to the various religious sects and creeds, I asked, what does the Christian religion teach? The reply was, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." I recollected to have heard these words preached from, and to have read them myself, and they seemed very just and true; but now their significance had a fullness and power that I had never known. I can express their effect upon me only by saying that I was *filled full* of a sense of their omnipotent power. In this

frame of mind I remained some time in reverential awe before the contemplation of what I had heard, when at length I perceived a sensation as of Elysium, spreading over and pervading every fiber of my system, and at the same time heard other voices, as if a company of persons approached. I soon recognized the familiar tone and accent of my deceased mother and several others of my departed relatives and friends, as well as some who were still living in this world. They addressed me, one at a time, and each in a cheering and consoling manner. Among them were a brother and sister, who died in infancy; these had the prattling, pretty, lisping speech of children, and were gently striving with each other as to which should first speak to me; and while the sweet strife continued, little Mary said, "Do let me sing to him the song of Love Divine." After each one of the company had given some kind message, they retired. I seemed to be left alone, when a voice different from any of the others, inquired if I would like to have a view of heaven? I assented, and, looking forward, I beheld as it were a curtain drawn aside, and before me was a sort of amphitheater, of indefinite extent, and a multitude of people with happy, shining faces, some sitting and some standing, but all looking toward me. They seemed to have just concluded some musical performance, and were about to retire when they beheld me; and, after a moment's silent contemplation, many voices in the assembly cried out, "Keep him! keep him!" and the scene instantly closed.

While contemplating what had just passed, I heard a voice saying, "You will now behold the bottomless pit;" and suddenly I was enveloped in thickest darkness, and the bed on which I lay seemed to be sinking. At the first, I had the consciousness of being attended by a friendly guide, but as I descended I felt myself alone, and an emotion of horror seized me, such as can not be described. Hideous forms of wild beasts and reptiles appeared on the sides of the dark abyss, and I cried out in supplication for delivery. Still I descended, until below me I saw dense clouds of smoke, with their black edges illumined by a glare of livid light, and from beneath I heard voices of angry railing and vituperation, the tones and accents of which were

familiar to my ear, as belonging to unhappy persons whom I had formerly known. At this point, my horror becoming so intense, I sprang from the bed, and fell prostrate upon my face on the floor, crying aloud, in an agony of despair, "How shall I escape this torment?" In an instant there appeared before me a luminous cross, with a death-head and cross-bones at the foot of it, causing me to suddenly spring upon my feet, and to exclaim, "*Death and the Resurrection!*" which I understood as a response to my despairing cry.

At this moment, a friend occupying an adjoining room, who had listened for some time to my distress, came in with a light, and the scenes of that memorable night were ended. During the whole of the vision, I was conscious of being in my own room, and of all external objects. My outward senses were in the fullest activity. I was not startled or aroused by the approach of my friend, for his first tap at the door was as well understood as if I had been expecting his arrival.

This was the commencement of my experience in spiritual manifestations, eighteen years ago. Since that time they have been frequent and varied in aspect, so that the recent spiritual phenomena throughout the country failed to excite either alarm or incredulity in my mind, as they have done and are doing to many good people, and especially those in good standing in our churches. As to what I believe to be the significance of the vision, you have it briefly stated in the foregoing prefatory remarks. The two opposite scenes of the vision represent the two conflicting phases of life—the first, the internal or spiritual; the second, the external or sensual. And I would here add, in conclusion, that those who have experienced no conflict between these two aspects of life, have not yet entered upon the career of progress toward a state of everlasting rest; and all I have to say to such in this connection is, may the spirits rap, and write, and otherwise move them, until they awake and begin the work.

Your friend,

JOHN WHITE.

NEW-YORK, June 8, 1852.

## IMMORTALITY.

BY J. BAKER.

THAT man has the germs of immortality in him, that this is written upon his physical constitution, and that his elements and powers of life will arise to a spiritual state with enlarged and far-shooting faculties when the material body falls to dust, are ideas almost universal, and are especially sacred to all Christians, though various denominations differ about this immortal creature's destiny. Still it is true that there are many vigorous, inquiring minds who doubt the truth of such doctrines, and a few who absolutely deny a future state altogether, though they would fain be convinced such ideas are true, for the mind recoils at the thought of annihilation. Men demand proof, however, of a future state, drawn from the constitution of Man, and the powers of his being; and they urge, what is evident enough, that if there be such an immortal life in humanity, its latent and dawning powers could be traced even in the present existence. The immortal being can surely carry from the body no more than was in it at the hour of dissolution. If the spirit's immortality involves a new creation, the old being will have been annihilated, and the identity changed; but if what is now within us be immortal, then a future life is the development and perfection of what is now possessed.

They next inquire, if the spiritual man arises simply as it leaves the body, how can it exist or receive ideas in this new life without the aid of material organs? Here is the strong objection against such an existence, and one which old-school metaphysicians have never met. It is founded on the well-known fact that the decay or premature destruction of the bodily organs, by which the mind receives impressions, is death to its sensations. Let, for instance, the eye become blind, which is death to one of the senses, and the mind—the immortality—can no longer see, but is shut up in a perpetual dungeon. An injury to the organs

of hearing may forever shut out all the music of Nature, cut off the nerves which carry the sensations of feeling, taste, and smelling to the brain, and these faculties seem to be annihilated. By such means, all the avenues to the spirit could be closed, and it could never have a sensation, or acquire a new idea. All these organs and nerves are left behind, cut off at once, by death. How, then, can the soul exist? or if it could, what would that existence be without the power of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, or smelling? The spirit, they affirm, has no such power *now*; hence, could carry no such power with it when it leaves the body, and such an existence would be a curse!

This iron objection is fully met and answered by the well-known phenomena of clairvoyance—facts so well known and generally admitted by candid observers, that particular cases need not be referred to by way of proof. The writer has often seen subjects in this state; the eyes closed and closely bandaged, the ears insensible to the loudest sounds, and the limbs cold and so dead that they may be cut or burned without sensation. External feeling is for the time being *dead*. Now the soul rises in the exercise of its nobler powers. Its latent energies are awakened, and INNER LIFE AND SENSE appear. Distant scenes are correctly described, conversations related, and the human body examined, with all the keen scrutiny of the profoundest anatomist, and powers of mind are exhibited by the sleeper far superior to what he possessed in his normal or wakeful state, with all his external organs at his own command, now so cold and dead. By these experiments, I have known the skeptic often confounded, and finally convinced of a future life.

But why is it that the great leaders of the religious sects turn from this demonstration of man's spiritual powers, and deny its truth, without inquiry, and are found on the side of the French school of philosophers, spurning at this God-given light as a delusion; or, if pressed by facts they can not shun, attributing them to the devil? Paley and Butler were ready to prove the existence of a God, and the truth of Revelation from Nature; and the constitution of man is the former's crowning argument. Their works are part of every clergyman's library. Why, then, do we find such a host condemning this sublime subject without

investigation? They readily explore all the wonders of the starry heavens, and press every astronomer into their service; they dig into the earth with the geologists, and bring its unwritten history forward to prove a creation; they seize on every discovery of the chemist, and study the nature and habits of every animal with the naturalist. But their strong-hold is in human anatomy and physiology. Here they trace the handiworks of God, and find a fit habitation for a spirit. Why, then, are they so averse to entering this temple—why hesitate to question its immortal tenant?

Perhaps some would say, it is because the answers will not confirm, but deny their creeds, the offsprings of ignorance and superstition, born in seasons of spiritual night. But I fancy a more charitable answer can be found, though perhaps this is not altogether false. Various causes may act on different minds.

All newly-discovered truths must pass the ordeal of opposition from the prejudice and self-conceit of those who mold public opinion, and are hence unwilling, from pride, so far to admit their ignorance as to be taught new ideas by others, and the bigotry of the ignorant, to whose mental darkness any new light is at first a subject of terror. We can not forget the sufferings of Galileo, nor the burning of Priestley's house and valuable library. But truth has triumphed, and will again; for it is based on facts, and is Deity's opinion, before which all finite intelligence must bow. We may confidently, then, predict that the time will soon come when the doctrine of immortality will be demonstrated in our seminaries, and its proofs be a part of scientific education. The march of mind requires this. The rapid progress of material science, while spiritualism has stood still, has left the latter far behind; but it is not so to remain. Man can not live content with such a gulf between the intellectual and the spiritual. His nature requires them to unite in harmony; hence the necessity of a religious system adapted to the wants of the age. It is coming, and a clearer light is dawning. New truths are before us, inviting attention. How beautiful is the field before the spiritual philosopher, and how glorious the work! It is the redemption of MAN from the chains of error and the darkness of skepticism.

## DON'T YOU REMEMBER, MY JULIA DEAR?

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

Adapted to the popular air of "Ben Bolt."

THESE lines were suggested by the following eloquent exclamation of an old and dear friend of mine, now burdened with the weight of seventy years: "For one thing do I thank my God for these *Spiritual Manifestations*; it is the clear, shining, life-inspiring testimony which they bear to the immortality of *human love*—how, in the night of its purity and devotion, it can still triumph over the ravages of death, and the decay of mortality!"

### I.

Don't you remember, my Julia dear,  
The wildwood so green where we met—  
Where we lingered in bliss while the twilight crept on,  
And the sunbeams were glimmering yet?  
We recked not of time, though the tale-telling moon  
Played its "bo-peep" through each creviced vine,  
And the young heart, that pillowed so soft on my breast,  
With its wealth of affection was mine!

### II.

But Time's growing shadows, my Julia dear,  
Have shut out the light of those days,  
And e'en the green wildwood has passed from our sight,  
And the birds sing no more in its sprays:  
A dimness has crept o'er thy sunny blue eye,  
And thy ringlets of bright golden sheen—  
Ah! it saddens my heart in this twilight of years,  
When I think of the times that have been.

## III.

But oh, there are regions, my Julia dear,  
Where the loved ones of youth meet again;  
And the voices of old, which have died out on earth,  
Shall be tuned to a heavenlier strain!  
There our spirits shall mingle forever in love,  
As streams that are blended in one—  
Oh, I almost wish, when I think of that time,  
That our wearisome journey was done!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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PSYCHOMETRICAL PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

THE letters from which Mrs. Mettler gives her psychometrical delineations are carefully sealed, before they are forwarded to her, and are subsequently returned to us with the seals unbroken, accompanied with a transcript of her impressions, in her own language. The names of the parties, thus submitted to her inspection, are first disclosed to her when the portraits are published.—Ed.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

He possesses a clear and decisive mind, and is characterized by plainness of heart and manner, accompanied by large order and neatness. He can not be otherwise than just and conscientious in his speech and dealings with men. This would be a great part of his religion. He has large benevolence, and is not biased in the least by sectarian feeling. His hand and sympathies are ever open and ready to relieve suffering humanity. He is a very noble spirit—one that it would be impossible for any one coming into his presence to dislike. He has a great deal of firmness and decision, and seems always to know how to

proceed under any circumstances. Hope is very large. He is seldom dejected, but always the same. As you see him to-day, so you see him to-morrow. He could not do a wrong deed, and should he ever err, he would be extremely unhappy until set right again.

He seems to love the advancement and progress of the age; he would delight in all humanitarian proceedings; I should think his mind and energies were much engaged in those objects.

He has extreme fondness for home and domestic comfort; he loves children, and adores woman for her virtues and goodness.

He possesses very clear calculation, and is fond of accumulating, but not for selfish purposes. He has a fondness for the luxuries of life, yet would consider it wrong to live extravagantly. He would seem marked for his economy and good judgment.

He has great fondness for music, and for every thing of a refined nature that tends to elevate the soul.

He has a very extraordinary memory, and is exceedingly interesting and attractive in his conversation.

Never have I felt the delight and aspiration that I now feel on coming into contact with his sphere. He is a good spirit, and one whose example it would be well to follow, as he seems like a Father in Israel.

#### H. H. TATOR.

The writer of the letter which I hold in my hand, is a gentleman of active mind and temperament; his perceptions are quick, and yet he is given to reflection. He can theorize, and will strive to *practice* what he professes; is fond of philosophical studies. While he can apply himself to business, he has a love for scientific and literary pursuits. He is a great admirer of poetry and oratory, and having a good memory, will be likely to quote brilliant thoughts and fine sentiments, both in writing and speaking. He is attractive in person, and would be likely to be interesting in conversation; is fond of anecdotes that excite mirth, yet loves order and decorum.

This person is manly and courageous; he is polite and winning in his manners, conciliating in his address, yet firm and decided when his principles are involved. Whatever he receives

as truth, he will conscientiously respect and defend—here he is fixed and immovable. He is sympathetic, has strong attachments for kindred natures—perhaps has a feeling of indifference rather than of resentment toward others. He has some combativeness, chiefly displayed in his mental exercises—in argument, in which he might be prompted to engage, in order to elicit information from others, and to fortify himself. He has a way peculiar to himself, and ideas that are original.

The subject of these observations has large benevolence, which is exercised with discrimination toward the needy and deserving. He has a great veneration for truth, and will receive it regardless of the channel through which it comes. His views are comprehensive, and he has large sympathies and exalted aspirations.

This person is strongly attached to home, and is kind and affectionate to his family; he loves children and every thing that is innocent, and he holds wisdom and virtue in high esteem. Morally and socially, he is a model man.

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### MAN.

It is important to remember, that the *present condition* of things may be very different from the *ultimate design*. I have seen the rose, when only the thorn appeared. The careless traveler was wounded as he passed that way. When I saw it again, there was a sweet flower, that loaded the passing breeze with its precious odors. I love to think it is so with man—that what is most beautiful in his nature is not, at present, discernible. It is not yet unfolded to the view; or, to use the language of an Apostle, “it doth not yet appear what we shall be.” Man may now appear to be a *thorn* in the moral vineyard; yet there is, in his nature, a germ that is destined to unfold itself in a more genial clime. As the plant must necessarily pass through the successive stages of previous development, before it blossoms in the sunlight, so the interior faculties of the spirit must be progressively unfolded, until the soul blooms in the garden of God, filling the atmosphere with immortal fragrance! S. B. B.

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## Editorial.

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### THE TIME AND THE DEMAND.

THE Present is signalized by an important transition in the earthly condition of the race; one which will ever be distinguished as the beginning of a new Era in the history of Man. The most illuminated minds are rapidly ascending to the exalted plain of intuition, where the soul no longer follows in a dim, earthly light the devious line of induction, but reads with a clearer vision the unwritten language of the spiritual universe. The chain that once bound the creature to the domain of physical existence is being severed, and we are now approximating the sphere of invisible causes with which we are soon to be in intimate correspondence. Those who have restricted the Divine sanction to a single Book, and have arrogated the exclusive and Apostolic authority to expound its mystic lore, are emphatically reminded, by the course of events, that there are other sources and media of spiritual instruction. While these saintly Rabbis are left to nurse their gloomy phantoms, the world will rejoice to know that the spirit of Inspiration is not dead and buried, but was only silent while men were lost in their selfish and material schemes. That spirit still broods over the earth, inspiring the loftiest thoughts, and quickening the elements of our humanity into a divine life. Inspiration is only restricted by the disposition and capacity of the soul; it is the gift of all ages, but especially of those periods which are characterized by outward simplicity and inward growth.

We have looked for the dawning light of the new Day with

an interest that has often won us from our pillow, and made the night-watch the occasion of wakefulness and meditation. That interest increases, with each succeeding hour, as Morning sheds from her purple pinions the light of her rising. But while we rejoice as the day advances, the solemn reflection comes up that in proportion to the light of the age must be the responsibility of its living actors. If ours is a high position, it should inspire a lofty purpose and a noble effort. If we are raised to heaven in the sphere of thought, and the means of spiritual culture and advancement, our modes of action should be correspondingly refined and exalted. Our IDEA is surpassingly beautiful, but it yet awaits the hour of its incarnation. Who shall embody it in the glorious forms of a new and Divine Order? Who shall rear the temple and the shrine, and make the principle itself the indwelling spirit of Institutional Reform? Our light will be measurably concealed, unless a practical result is secured. Where, then, is the builder who will silence the cavils of skepticism, and realize the hopes of Humanity, by presenting to the world in *fact*, what advanced minds have formed in *theory*? The man who will do this will perform the noblest service, for which his name and memory will be forever enshrined in the hearts of the thousands whose woes he may remove or alleviate.

It is not enough to seek spiritual instruction and direction, and then go out to follow our old ways; nor will the earnest man sit down and spend his time in merely weaving a fabric such as

"dreams are made of."

The true reformer is a *working man*; he is always moving, and would not be still even in Heaven. And yet, with his mighty resolve and ceaseless activity, the Reformer of To-day may be scarcely equal to the work assigned him. The individual may fall, if left to battle alone, though the cause may derive new strength from the blood and ashes of its martyrs. To render the efforts of the Reformer eminently successful, it becomes necessary to concentrate the means and agents at command. There are latent elements of power, which, if judiciously combined and employed, would develop the most startling and beneficial

results. But little, comparatively, can be accomplished while we disregard the laws of organic relation and dependence. Nature, in all the superior gradations of being, performs her operations by organized action. The Life functions everywhere—at least within the sphere of human observation—depend on an organization adapted to promote the ends of that existence. Until something is done in this way, only those whom fortune has blessed above their fellows—and such as are sufficiently ethereal to subsist on faith—can devote themselves exclusively to the peculiar work to which Nature and their affinities have called them. We should not fear organization because some have made it the engine of oppression. Men have played the tyrant in their individual capacity, and may do so again. We must not hesitate because the old organisms are dying, since they have answered the end of their being, and now only disappear that the creative genius of the age—sanctified by a love of the divinely beautiful—may people the earth anew.

The forms of the new creation will soon appear, and possess the earth; but passive waiting is as powerless as mere oral prayer to hasten the time. There must be *action*, or there can be no *transformation*; and the most acceptable petition ever offered before the supreme Majesty, is that in which the earnest soul embodies its aspiration in a great humanitarian *WORK*. Indolence, selfishness, and hypocrisy, may profane the cathedral worship, but when the spirit is so moved that every fiber of the heart is smitten, and each nerve of motion vibrates in one great struggle for Man, there is no room to question the sincerity of the service. There is such a marked difference between the *praying* and *acting* of our time, as to awaken the suspicion that the chief element in many prayers is the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs. But the convulsed nerves, the quivering muscles, the tears, the sweat, the blood, these constitute a libation which only the devout worshiper will ever offer.

Nature, in every department, performs her work by a succession of progressive movements, often so gradual as to escape observation—and when, occasionally, an extraordinary convergence of her forces develops a sudden revolution in the forms of material existence, the results are often destructive of

property and life. The gentle dews and showers clothe the earth with a vivid beauty, but the tempest and the flood leave a record of ruin in their awful march. While Nature, by her prevailing modes, would forbid sudden or spasmodic effort, she sanctions, by unnumbered examples, a gradual transition. It appears to me that those who have labored to institute a new order of society, have violated the principles of Nature, and disregarded the lessons of experience, in attempting *too much* at a single move. To change the entire structure of society is not the work of a day; nor can the transition be accomplished without a suitable preparation of the social elements. Those who aim at the *ultimatum*, without the appropriate intermediate steps, are, as we humbly conceive, engaged in an unnatural and revolutionary movement which must be productive of confusion rather than harmony.

We can not withhold an expression of regret, that we have not some great spirit, baptized with the fire of the divine philosophy, to guide the wheels of progress. We only require a second Luther—a man adapted to the time and the movement—and a revolution would follow, which, by the divinity of its principles, and the splendor of its achievements, would darken the past, and compared with which, the glory of the Reformation would disappear, as the moonlight is lost in the effulgence of DAY.

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#### LANGUAGE.

If we stop, but for a single moment, to consider the nature and mission of Language, we shall be profoundly impressed with the consciousness of its intrinsic importance, and of its intimate relations to the noblest human enterprises. In Language, the treasures of human knowledge are chiefly preserved. The discoveries of science; the achievements of art; all human feeling, and purpose, and action; our silent emotions—the tender as well as the terrible; every thought that hath vitality in itself; every

deed that is sanctioned by the soul—all, all may be registered here; and, perchance, live on for all time. Here the elements of all human history are rendered accessible. The divine thoughts of ancient Prophets and Seers are incarnated in language; and their speech, like a perpetual inspiration, yet falls sun-like on the kindling souls of men.

Great thoughts may survive, for a time, in the individual memory, and noble deeds may live in the sculptured marble. There is a history of human thought and endeavor—eloquent and impressive indeed—in the monuments that are scattered over the surface of the earth, or concealed in its bosom. The classic traveler bows amid the ruins of Grecian and Roman temples and palaces, to invoke the spirit of Genius; but marble memorials are perishable, and the noblest of these are fast crumbling away. Yet the humble student, in some remote part of the world, yet feels, in all its freshness, the inspiration of ancient poets and orators, and rejoices that among the monuments of Greece and Rome, their Language, at least, is immortal.

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#### OLE BULL.

It is objected by certain critics that the great Norwegian is, in some respects, deficient in Art. This is not, however, a necessary inference from his occasional neglect of what others may deem requisite to artistic precision. If the perfection of art be admitted to consist in the assemblage and harmonious distribution of such forms and qualities as embody the soul's highest ideal of beauty, there can surely be no standard above the refined taste of the most gifted artist. Ole Bull may disregard ordinary rules, not because he is unequal to the task of their critical observance, but for the reason that *he is superior to the necessity which dictates such rules*. The laws prescribed by art are of human ordination, and can not be superior to the spirit of Inspiration itself. Men of common minds may not hope to attain a higher excellence than what consists in a strict con-

formity to the accredited laws of musical composition and execution; but Ole Bull, in his inspired moments, rises superior to these, and becomes obedient to that higher law which governs the noblest efforts of creative Genius. Nor is he less an artist on this account, since it demands the most consummate art to disregard the requirements of the schools, and in so doing to achieve a more perfect mastery over the cultivated taste and enlightened judgment. A sort of mechanical accuracy is not, in our apprehension, the highest conceivable excellence. Arbitrary rules and artistic guides are important to men of ordinary gifts, but Inspiration requires no such earthly aids, and it knows no law above the Spirit that animates its immortal creations. Herein consists the true distinction between Ole Bull and the critics who complain of his want of artistic precision.

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### LIVES OF THE SEERS.

IN selecting subjects for the series of portraits and biographical sketches, in course of publication in THE SHEKINAH, it was never our design to exclude persons who are still living the life of the body; nor do we propose to follow the suggestions of any school in philosophy or sect in religion. Our plan is not restricted by these or any similar considerations. What if the mental vision of some men be exclusively adapted to the inspection of remote objects; the distant stars are not more luminous on that account, nor yet because they are far removed from the point of observation. In gazing at the constellations in the heavens, we need not, and indeed we must not, forget the earth on which our lot is cast. Our cotemporaries justly claim a share of our regard, and among these we may make choice of several not anticipated by the reader. If we chance to offend the reason or the reverence of some people, it may be our fault—it may be theirs. Great Reformers *have* come out of Nazareth, and, if others shall come hereafter, may we have grace to acknowledge their claims.

# Gentle Waves upon the Deep.

A SONG.

COMPOSED FOR THE SHEKINAH, BY V. C. TAYLOR.

*Sprightly, Playfully.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Sprightly, Playfully.' The score consists of several systems of staves. The first system shows the piano accompaniment. The second system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics '1. Gen - tle waves up -'. The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'on the deep, Murmur soft when thou dost sleep; Lit - tle birds up -'. The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment with a 'Sva.' (Sustained) marking. The score is written in a clear, legible hand with standard musical notation.

1. Gen - tle waves up -

on the deep, Murmur soft when thou dost sleep; Lit - tle birds up -

Sva. . . . .

# GENTLE WAVES UPON THE DEEP.

on the tree, Sing their sweetest song for thee, Sing their sweetest  
*loco.*

song for thee. *Sva.*

Cool-ing gales with voi-ces low, In the tree-tops

gen-tly blow; When thou dost in slumber lie, All things love thee,

# GENTLE WAVES UPON THE DEEP.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into three systems. The first system begins with a vocal line marked *f* (forte) and *m* (moderate), with lyrics "so do I: When thou dost in slumber lie; All things love thee,". The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with flowing sixteenth-note patterns and a left hand with block chords. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics "so do I; All things love thee, so do I." and includes a *Slow.* marking. The piano accompaniment also features a *Slow.* section followed by a *a tempo.* section. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and a piano accompaniment ending in a sustained chord.

2.

When thou wak'st, the sea will pour  
 Treasures for thee to the shore;  
 And the earth, and plant, and tree,  
 Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee,  
 While the glorious stars above  
 Shine on thee like trusting love;  
 When thou dost in slumber lie;  
 All things love thee, so do I,  
 All things love thee, so do I.

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